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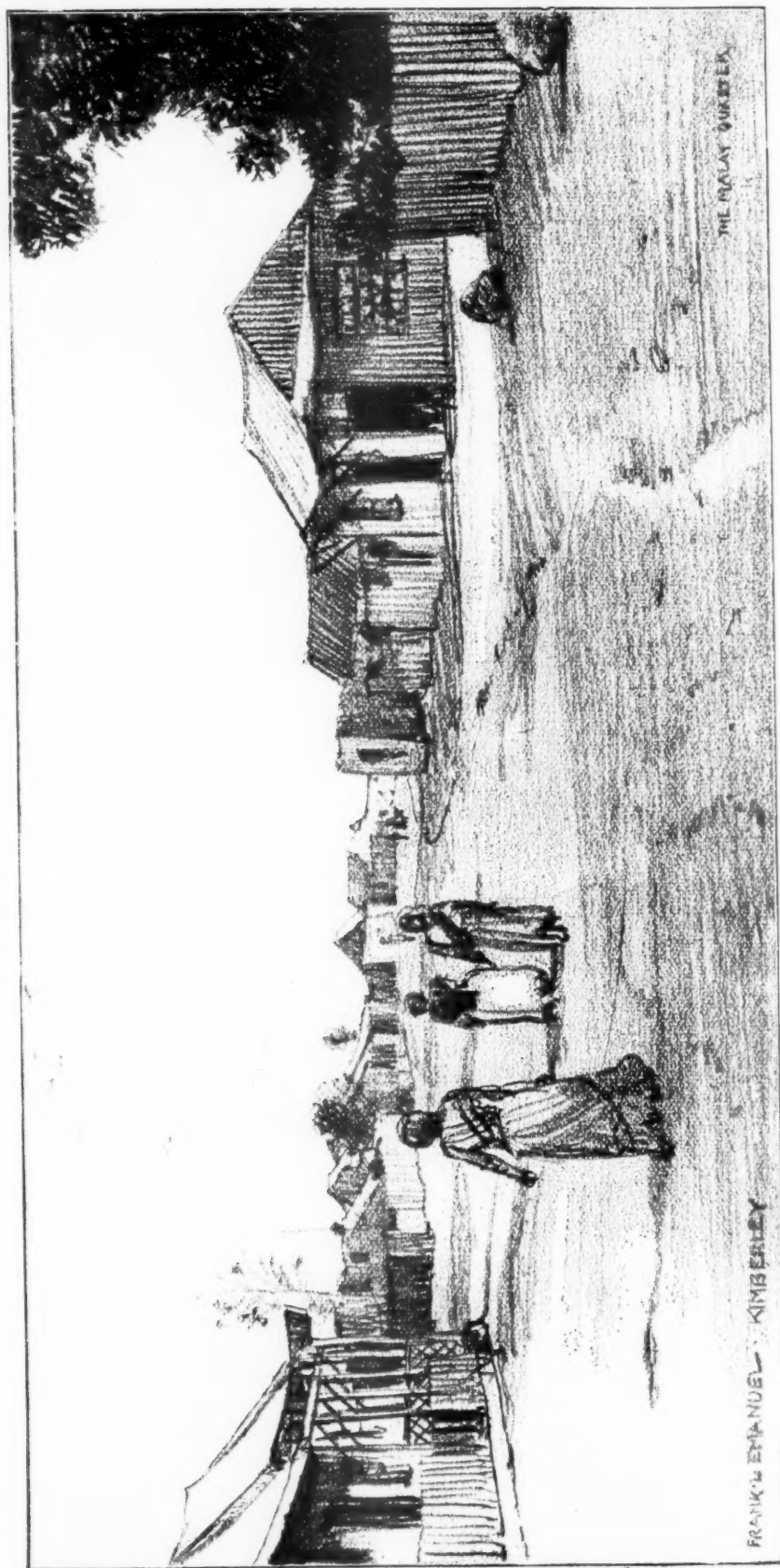
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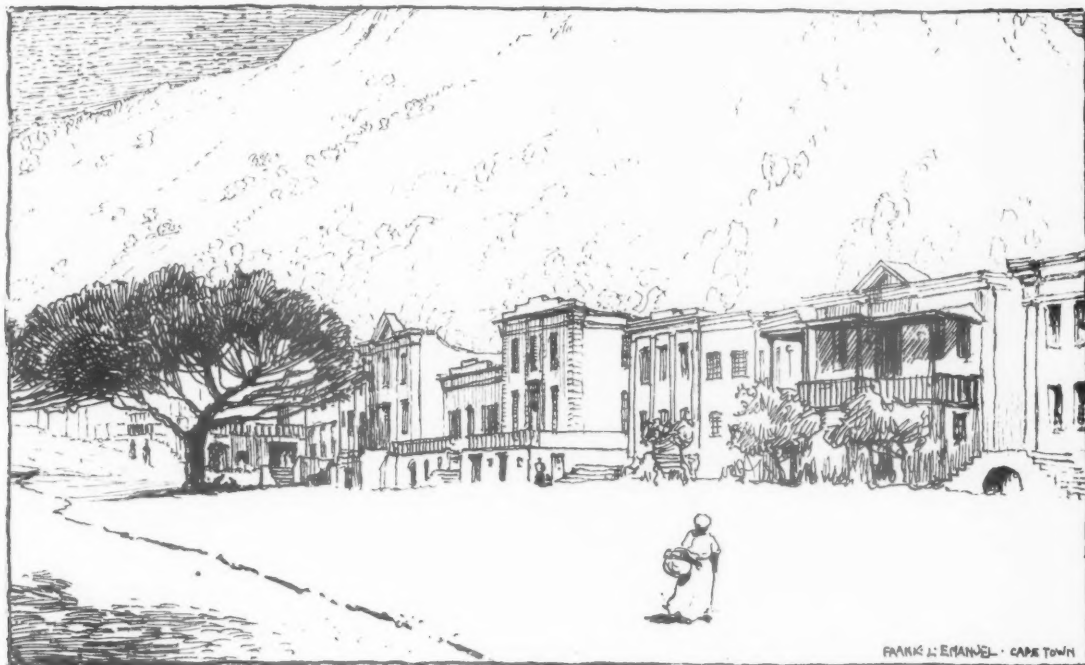
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KIMBERLEY : THE MALAY
QUARTER : FROM A SKETCH
BY F. L. EMANUEL.



OLD DUTCH MANSIONS, HOTTENTOT SQUARE, CAPE TOWN.

BRITISH AND DUTCH ARCHITECTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA: WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. EMANUEL: PART ONE: CAPE TOWN AND KIMBERLEY.

ALTHOUGH South Africa is hardly the part of the world that one would select for the prosecution of one's studies in architecture, yet the man of artistic tendencies who ventures so far afield is bound to be struck by the interesting study that the successive stages of South African architecture offer to him.

For, possibly, nowhere else may be seen so complete a chain of human habitations in actual occupation as in the group of countries referred to collectively as South Africa.

This chain starts with the caves or the twig and mud huts of savages, and finishes with the lordly mansions of multi-millionaires or with the palatial business blocks of Cape Town or Johannesburg. There is no link of the chain missing between these two extremes.

Then, again, the blood-stirring history of the early struggles in which a number of the towns have been involved—struggles between white and white as well as between white and black—lends an additional interest to the buildings which record the steady march of progress through such exciting times.

Despite the immense expanses of impressive scenery which separate the leading towns one

from another, they strike an important note in the general impressions one carries away from the various countries visited, and one's memory accords to each a distinctive character of its own. There are many causes to account for this variety in the architecture of the towns, notably the various elements in the composition of the population, the very varying nature of the sites on which the towns have been built, and their corresponding variety of temperature. Then there are some towns of ancient origin and gradual, steady development, such as Cape Town, while others tend to grow in the precocious manner of Johannesburg, which shot up in a night, and in a decade assumed the dignity and proportions of city-hood.

One generally lands at Cape Town, and no more striking portal to a strange continent could well be found. The city is of a dazzling cream colour, and is built at the foot of the mighty Table Mountain, which serves its edifices as a background of thrilling beauty. Dull gold where the sun lights up its scarred sides, and of an ethereal purple in the shadows, it towers up majestically to where the white tablecloth of clouds is constantly being spread and as constantly withdrawn over its topmost edge. This nebular phenomenon is pointed out with a kind of proprietary pride by the Cape-tonians. The dreaded sou'-easter, another of Table Mountain's favourite playthings, is not cherished in the same way, for it plays havoc in the town, and frequently spells disaster on the bay.

Adderley Street is the main thoroughfare of the

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city, and the handsomest in South Africa, despite the look of unfinish which is notable throughout the country, and caused by the replacing of old one or two storey buildings by erections of fine elevation and great height. Adderley Street is very broad, as are most of the others, is planted with trees, and contains many buildings which would undoubtedly be an adornment to any European town. For instance, the Standard Bank is a noble building, massive yet elegant. The main front is enriched by a fine portico surmounted by a dome-roofed tower, topped by a figure of Britannia; this central portion is flanked by rusticated wings of two storeys. The architect was Mr. Freeman, and the building cost some £32,000. This fine block, which for years held a dominant position in the street, is now, however, overshadowed by the immense Renaissance post office buildings, a very handsome structure erected on the adjoining plot. Next to this again is the Railway Station, a very extensive building, solid, severe, and business-like in appearance.

Palatial blocks of business premises are superseding the older lofty and spacious buildings, two storeys high, which were erected during the early years of the English occupation, and which can claim no further meed of praise than that accorded to mere respectability. Among the finest buildings in the street, all, by the way, constructed of stone, should be mentioned those of the Grand Hotel, which looks appropriately inviting; the Colonial Mutual Buildings, somewhat marred by a corner turret, which, however good in itself, fails to accord well with the rest of the building; the well-balanced premises of Messrs. Juta and Co., surmounted by that rarest and most valuable of architectural features — a handsome roof; the Union Steamship Company's imposing premises; and the retail stores of Messrs. Thorne, Stuttford and Co., of Messrs. Heynes, Matthews and Co., of the Messrs. Garlick, and of others.

The only example of the older Dutch *régime* remaining in this particular street is the Dutch Reformed Church, whose quaint old turret pleases the eye as much as the body of the church, re-erected in 1837, offends it. The piquant quaintness of the Evangelical-Lutheran Church, built, apparently, at about the same period, is more evenly spread throughout the building.

Adderley Street continues its gentle ascent from the sea to the foot of the mountain by way of Government Avenue. This shadowy tunnel of ancient oak trees, through which the sun splashes flecks of molten gold, is three-quarters of a mile in length, and is the chief promenade of the Cape-tonians, for it is here that the band discourses sweet music. In the immediate vicinity are the Government buildings.

The Houses of Parliament are the pride of the city, and are, besides being conveniently planned, pleasant to the eye. Erected in 1885 at a cost of £220,000, from the designs of H. S. Greaves, they rise amidst beautiful gardens, are built of red brick and cement over a ground floor of granite, and resemble somewhat the new Admiralty buildings at Whitehall. The chief features of the main front are a long pilastered façade of two storeys and a basement, with a slightly projecting bay at either corner, surmounted by low domical roofs. In the centre is a fine projecting portico, supported on six columns, and approached by a broad and handsome flight of steps. The ends of the building are shorter, and instead of having a long pedimented portico are provided with a smaller doorway, approached sideways by two flights of steps. The vestibule, with its gallery supported on green granite columns, forms a magnificent entrance hall, while the Debating Chamber within is almost as spacious as that of the House of Commons at Westminster. However, one's first impression, judging by the exterior, is that the building must be an opera house or huge casino, for, to tell the truth, it appears hardly dignified enough for the seat of Government. This may arise from the fact of its being planted in the midst of "Monte Carlo" looking gardens.

In an adjoining and equally beautiful garden is situated Government House, commenced by the Dutch East India Company; it has an air of comfort from the lawn, but presents to the road a front that is mean and uninteresting, even repellent.

Close at hand, also, is the Public Library; reposeful, dignified, and picturesque, its Grecian features seem at home in the all-pervading sunlight, and, embowered as it is behind beautiful trees, it forms a tempting subject for the painter. It was opened in 1860, and contains over 55,000 volumes.

The avenue emerges in one of the nearer suburbs which encircle the city with a belt of entirely eastern-looking byways and thoroughfares. The houses, which appear to quiver in the heat and dazzling light, are generally of one storey, flat-roofed, plastered, and washed with some pale colour. Their only ornamentation consists in a heavy cornice of Dutch pattern. Many of these poorer houses have a stout wall built at right angles to, and across, the pavement, into which a shady seat is built. Here and there one comes across the modern villa, its garden of aloes, palms, and silver-leaves generally commanding a magnificent panoramic view of the town and bay.

The Malay quarters centreing round the mosque are characteristically Oriental in appearance. The synagogue is an interesting little essay in the Assyrian style, flanked by an equally successful garden wall and overshadowed by stately blue-gum trees, but St. George's Cathedral, with its fine

Grecian front and very handsome octagonal tower, is far and away the most imposing place of worship in the city, and looks as if it had been shipped entire from, let us say, the Euston Road.

In St. George's Street is the Bank of Africa, a fine building spoilt by the introduction of incongruous ornament on the parapet.

That which may be considered the most interesting quarter of the town comprises Loop, Burg, and Bree Streets, for they contain numerous examples of those old Dutch warehouses and mansions which

the fine Corinthian columns and pilasters supporting a rich cornice is, however, almost discounted by the staring signboard which runs right round the building and cuts it in two. Again, Messrs. Cuthbert's otherwise handsome block in Longmarket Street is severely handicapped by the lavish display of vulgar advertisements it bears.

What a deplorable thing it is that architects the world over are not commissioned by their clients to embody the advertisements which it is desired to affix on buildings into their original designs.



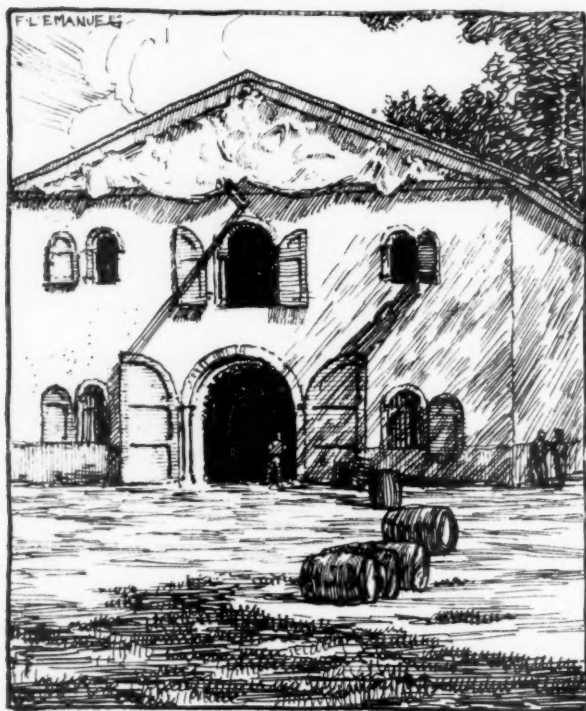
THE TOWN HOUSE, CAPETOWN.

point to the affluence of their former proprietors. One sees none of the crow-step gables or fine brickwork of Amsterdam; but these tall, spacious warehouses with their typical cornices, symbolical figures, and stoops, their exterior crane-beams, their elaborate fanlights and many-paned windows, compel one instinctively to sniff for the Dutch canal which should be near at hand.

Among the modern business premises of this quarter one may admire the block at the corner of Plein and Longmarket Streets, occupied by Messrs. Hepworth. The imposing appearance attained by

Sign-boards and advertisements are a necessary feature of modern commercial architecture, and should be accommodated as such by the architects of the period. If, as now, they fail to do so, their work is almost sure to be hidden or ruined by the super-imposition of the hideous incongruous products of the sign-writer.

The stone-built premises of Messrs. Koch and Dixie at the corner of Burg and Castle Streets are meritorious. At the angle a spruce turret with a mansard roof gives a pleasing finish to the two originally-treated fronts. The stone-fronted ware-



GROOT CONSTANTIA: WINE FARM, TOKAI.

houses of Messrs. Findlay and Co. in Grave Street, and those of Messrs. Gordon, Mitchell and Co. in St. George's Street are alike notable for their appearances of true Londonian solidity.

In Hottentot Square is a whole row of fine old Dutch mansions; silent and massive, they speak eloquently from their broad verandahs of past ease and wealth gained by pluck and tenacity freely admixed with brutality. The Dutch feature of the "stoep," a platform or terrace before the front door, reached by a broad flight of steps at either end, and pierced in front to afford an entrance to the basement, certainly lends dignity to the entrance of these mansions. They are now dedicated to the purposes of trade.

The Town House, built about 1760, is a charming little building on Greenmarket Square, with a fascinating "Old Colonial" smack about it. Facing it is the Wesleyan Church, elegant and compact, and provided with a graceful spire.

On our way to the other ancient public building, the Castle, we shall pass, on the Parade Ground, the new Opera House. It does not adorn the fine site it occupies. Despite its size, it looks a small fidgetty building, although its interior is well planned. It provides seats for 1000 persons.

The Castle is full of antiquarian interest, but the disgraceful state of neglect and ruin into which it had been allowed to fall was well calculated to produce feelings of utter contempt from all travellers, who could not fail to see it from the railway.

Personally, I had nowhere seen such a wreck of a place in the active use of any Government. It is possible, however, that recent events have led to the exterior of the buildings being made less of a laughing stock to the casual visitor.

Parts of the Castle date from 1666, and the remaining portions are about one hundred years old. The gateway, beneath a two-storeyed octagonal tower, forms a very picturesque entry to the two large quadrangles within.

The entrance to the General's quarters is beneath a very fine and original portico. A richly-moulded cornice of bended-bow shape is decorated with figures and armorial bearings carved in relief and supported on pilasters and four fluted columns; the space between the two centre ones is ornamented with beautiful iron work, while the steps curve inwards on either side from the front, and give access to a handsome front door flanked by pilasters.

From the Castle it is but a step to where Adderley Street meets the city's water-front on Table Bay, and it astounds one to find, instead of a noble quay lined with the finest buildings, nothing but sheds and circuses, rubbish heaps, and open air fish auctions. The rickety wooden landing stage should be replaced by a modern promenade pier, whence the splendid views could be enjoyed in safety and comfort.

To use an Irishism, some of the most interesting examples of architecture in Capetown are outside of it, set like jewels in the outer ring of lovely suburban townships. The very varied scenery around the metropolis is in every direction simply gorgeous. At intervals along the coast, where the mountains do not fall sheer into the sea in the form of Titanic cliffs, there are to be found little beaches of silvery sand, on which shady bathing stations have grown. Each little coterie of villas is snugly ensconced within the horns of its own bay.

Simon's Town is one of these easily attainable resorts, and is especially attractive by reason of its being the Cape naval station. It is also a garrison and dockyard town. Its situation is delightful; built on a kind of undercliff beneath the mountains, its cosy villas, embowered in a wealth of foliage, encircle the deep blue waters of a sheltered natural harbour. The whole is strongly suggestive of the Riviera.

The New Somerset Hospital, which serves the entire neighbourhood, is a handsome and spacious edifice at Sea Point. It stands in a breezy position on the sea front. Built in the baronial castellated style, it fails, however, to indicate the peaceful purposes to which it is put.

Inland a string of happy villages, such as Newlands, Rondebosch, Claremont, and Wynberg,

nestle in dense and grateful umbrage under the grisly escarpments of the mountain peaks. Scattered among them we shall find some of the old Dutch country seats. They are generally thatched and whitewashed, and have tall, small-paned windows with external shutters; there is frequently a high central gable, beneath which is the great front door with its ornate fanlight and carved doorposts. Notably fine buildings of this order may be seen at the Government Wine Farm of Groot Constantia, at Tokai, near Kalk Bay, a house occupied by the Woods and Forests Department, and at Mowbray, where lies Rhodes' splendid residence, "Groote Schuur."

The modernising of this old house by Herbert Baker, A.R.I.B.A., has been carried out in a manner so sympathetic and artistic as can only have added to its original stateliness. Within, all is solid and reserved, and treated in a beautiful, low key of colour; the harmony is complete. One feels it to be the ideal home of a man of the keenest artistic perception and culture.

From the great marble-paved verandahs one steps into the wooded grounds which climb the mountain side, and contain, among other attractions, a beautifully designed pine-clad Italian garden, the ruins of an ancient Dutch windmill, and, on the spot whence the most glorious view is obtainable, a lordly stone summer-house furnished with massive oak tables and chairs.

Above Hout's Bay is perched the Round House, a beautiful circular building erected as a hunting lodge (but used for entertainment purposes) by Lord Somerset, a former governor.

Kimberley, from an architectural point of view, is most disappointing. Despite the noticeably superior

calibre of its inhabitants, it has never raised itself far above the status of an overgrown mining camp. The streets are broad, but it is rare to find anything along them superior to a one or two-storeyed brick and corrugated iron construction plentifully adorned with details in the jig-saw order of architecture.

The men of Kimberley are so proverbially sociable and clubbable, that it does not surprise one to find their clubhouse superior and comfortable. It holds its own in comparison with the larger clubs of Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Pretoria, and other centres.

The Public Library is a spacious, creditable building, well furnished and well regulated.

The church, situated in a prominent position at the foot of the main street, has a curious tower with a base that is more or less classical, a middle



THE MOSQUE, CAPETOWN.

part like a Chinese pagoda, and a top that finishes in a bulb.

The Malay quarter of the town consists of little mud and iron shanties, which congregate round scorching irregular open spaces.

The offices in which the immense business of the diamond mines is done are, seen from without, mere shanties. Inside they are offices of the ordinary type. The villas recently erected round the park show evidence of a nascent desire for a better order of things.

The buildings used in the mining industry both here and on the Rand, although forming the most prominent feature in the landscape, and visible for miles around, unfortunately have no pretensions to rank as architecture. They are generally huge wooden or iron sheds, provided with tall iron shafts, distinguished by the badge of the owning company.

GREEK TERRACOTTA STATUETTES.*

"IT may be said of a certain number of Greek terracottas that they do not need much explanation. If a statuette is charming in its expression, its pose, and its costume, that was about all it was meant to be. Or, if we meet with a figure taken from common life, such as an old nurse with a child on her lap, and are amused by it, that again was about all it was meant to be." So Mr. Murray begins his preface; and, if the construction of his sentence reminds us of the schoolboy who said of the horse: "It is a docile animal, but if harshly treated, it ceases to do so," his sentiment is unexceptionable. Terracotta statuettes are not like the monumental remains and official documents of antiquity; they represent and illustrate those features of ancient life which are most common to all ages, and therefore little knowledge of antiquity, little special cultivation of the taste is required for the appreciation of their artistic value. Nevertheless, there is much to be learnt about them; and we do not remember to have seen any book in which this sort of information is more freshly and more pleasantly imparted than it is in the one before us. We may pardon a slight tendency to irrelevancy for the sake of the intrinsic interest of the digressions. Again, unlike many popular books on similar subjects, Miss Hutton's is the work of a person who has a thorough first-hand acquaintance with terracottas, who has handled them and not merely looked at them through glass. Hence one most satisfactory feature: she does not illustrate a single terracotta to the genuineness of which exception may be taken. This question of genuineness

is the more important, as of late years so many clever forgeries have been passed off on collectors. "The forger," says Miss Hutton, "produces a figure which sins against every canon of Greek art, but which appeals to even cultivated modern taste, for many, judged by modern standards, are quite charming, only they are not Greek, and to an eye trained in the severe school of Greek art, they are not merely ridiculous, they are a crime against that art." There is no reason why private collectors should not admire and possess such ornaments to their drawing-rooms; but we have a right to complain of their being exhibited in the galleries of museums, and published as antiques in sale catalogues. Although it is impossible to train the eye merely by means of illustrations, a collector who lays Miss Hutton's principles to heart is less likely to be led astray than if he trusts solely to the representations of "expert" dealers. Let us say, by the way, that nothing could be more delightful than the eight coloured plates which, with thirty-six monochrome figures, make this volume one of the best illustrated of Messrs. Seeley's publications. The base of the illustration is a half-tone block, on which colours are laid by lithography. The fine network under the colour reproduces the texture of the original terracotta in a way that is altogether admirable.

In case this book goes into a second edition, as we sincerely think it deserves to do, let us give a few words of counsel to its writer. Her actual experience of terracottas is, as we have said, thoroughly sound; but outside that practical sphere one serious flaw is perceptible. She should either entirely omit the originals of her quotations from Greek literature—and in a book of this sort nothing more than a reference is needed—or revise them more carefully. As they stand, these quotations are too often mere eyesores, thanks to errors of accentuation and punctuation. We have no doubt that the printers are largely to blame, for do we not remember the Greek quotations in some of Mr. Ruskin's books? As to the translations, Miss Hutton has borrowed most of them, with due acknowledgment; and borrowed wisely, since her own Muse is somewhat pedestrian. But, then, it must be admitted that most translations of the *Anthology* by professional versifiers are astonishingly lame and limp. Outside the Greek quotations, we have noted a few small errors of scholarship of the sort which are supposed to justify the sneer that people who fail as scholars take to archaeology. As, however, Mr. Murray vouches for Miss Hutton's classical learning, we must put slips like "*Erichonios*" and "*Scholia*" (for "*Scolia*") down to careless proof-reading, and hope that we shall soon see them corrected in a second edition.

* "*Greek Terracotta Statuettes.*" By C. A. Hutton. With a preface by A. S. Murray, LL.D. London: Seeley and Co. 7s. nett.



SHUKINRO (TEA HOUSE) NAGOYA.

JAPANESE DOMESTIC INTERIORS :
WRITTEN BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM
AND ILLUSTRATED BY SPECIAL
PHOTOGRAPHS.

WHILE in public architecture, in painting and sculpture, in the industrial arts, and even in the greater part of the domestic architecture of the better class, Japan is fast losing all national quality, the houses of the lower and middle classes still preserve the beautiful characteristics of the old art that was so unique, so refined, so wholly ethnic and national.

The nobles are making themselves uncomfortable and absurd in preposterous structures designed by third-rate English and American architects, and the same agency is responsible for shocking public buildings, vast in size, fearful and humiliating in design. Each year exhibitions are held in Uyeno Park, where the pitiful attempts of Orientals to copy European modes of painting in oils and water-colours are held up to the awe-struck admiration of those that short-sightedly desire the death of Japanese civilisation, and to the pity and dismay of such westerners as feel the glory of the abandoned art and the futility and folly of the movement that aims to establish in its place a false theory, an alien regime.

Yet there are wise and philosophical men in Japan who fight strenuously against the foolish fashion of westernism, and are made to suffer for it. Professor Okakra, for instance, who is the strongest influence for good in Japanese art to-day. Then there are architects who steadily refuse to have anything to do with foreign architecture in any of its forms. Such an one is my old friend, Kashiwagi San, whose house is a faultless model of native architecture, and who now and then builds some delicate and exquisite house for such of the nobility as are still unreconciled to the new era in Japan. Thanks to these men and their colleagues, and thanks also to the strong conservatism of the middle classes, Japanese domestic architecture is still a vital art, strong with a life that may even yet last through the present inauspicious days, and form a basis for more logical work, when the times have changed and national pride and national self-confidence are restored again.

The wonderful power and splendour of Japanese decorative art are a bye-word; the masterly sculpture of the seventh and eighth centuries is as yet rated at a part only of its value; native architecture is almost wholly unconsidered, or, at least, is dismissed as flimsy, erratic, undignified. I am sure this latter condemnation is wrong, and that the national architecture is just as logical, just as firmly

based on the enduring laws of art, as any other style in the world. It is the perfect style in wood, as Gothic may be called the perfect style in stone. Considered as an expression of profound and subtle artistic feeling through the mediumship of wood it demands, and must receive, recognition and admiration. The great temples are the apotheosis of this system of building, but the private houses are its basis, and in them one feels equally the logic of the construction, the clear knowledge of the essential beauty of the material.

To the Japanese, wood, like anything that possesses beauty, is almost sacred, and he handles it with a fineness of feeling that at best we reveal only when we are dealing with precious marbles. From all wood that may be seen close at hand, except such as is used as a basis for the rare and precious lacquer, paint, stain, varnish, anything that may obscure the beauty of texture and grain, is rigidly kept away. The original cost of the material is a matter of no consequence; if it has a subtle tone of colour, a delicate swirl in the veining, a peculiarly soft and velvety texture, it is carefully treasured and used in the place of honour.

The same respectful regard is shown towards plaster. With us of the west, plaster is simply a cheap means of obtaining a flat surface that afterwards may be covered up in many different ways; with the Japanese, plaster is an end in itself, and well it may be! We ourselves know nothing of the possibilities of this material. In Japan it has the solidity of stone, the colour of smoke and mist and ethereal vapours, and the texture of velvet.

Wood and plaster—these are two of the four components of a Japanese interior. The third is woven straw of a pale, neutral green; this is for the inevitable mats that carpet all the floors. The fourth is rice paper, creamy white, thin, and tough, stretched over the light lattice work that forms the windows and the outer range of sliding screens (*shoji*), or covering the thicker screens (*fusuma*) that form the dividing partitions of the rooms. Now and then these *fusuma* are covered with dull gold, and faintly traced with dim landscapes or decorative drawings of birds and flowers, or else they are wrought with great black ideographs; sometimes the paper is faintly tinted, or varied by an admixture of delicate sea-weed, but, as a general thing, and except in a noble's *yashiki* or in some house of entertainment, the four component parts, remain; natural wood, tinted plaster, plaited straw, and rice paper.

Not an ambitious collection of materials, and yet for refinement, reserve, subtle colour and perfection of artistic composition and ultimate effect, I know of few things to compare with the interior of a Japanese house.

For the extreme reserve that marks the architectural forms is echoed in the furnishings; they are few, and of the utmost simplicity, nothing appearing except such articles as are absolutely necessary, and, inconsistent as it may appear with the common ideas of Japanese society, there is a certain austerity, asceticism even, about the native character that reduces this list of necessities much below that which would be acceptable to western ideas. A number of thin, flat, silk cushions to kneel on, one or two *tansu*, or chests of drawers, *andon* or lamps with rice paper screens, small lacquered tables a foot square and half as high for serving food, *hibachi* or braziers, several folding screens, a standing mirror of burnished steel, and dishes of lacquer and porcelain form the entire list, with the exception of cooking utensils, and the beds that are rolled up and put away in closets during the day. Under ordinary circumstances, a living room, even of the better class, contains nothing in the way of furniture except what appears in the *tokonoma* and *chigai-dana*. Cushions are produced when the room is in use by day, beds at night, small tables when food is served, and a brazier if the weather is cold—this last, apparently, as a formality, for it has no appreciable effect on the temperature. One would say that the effect would be barren and cheerless, but this is not the case, every detail of form and colour being so exquisitely studied that the empty room is sufficient in itself. There is something about the great, spacious rooms, airy and full of mellow light, that is curiously satisfying, and one feels the absence of furniture only with a sense of relief. Relieved of the rivalry of crowded furnishings, men and women take on a quite singular quality of dignity and importance. It is impossible, after a time, not to feel that the Japanese have adopted an idea of the function of a room, and the method of best expressing this, far in advance of that which we have made our own.

From the moment one steps down from one's *kuruma*, and, slipping off one's shoes, passes into the soft light and delicate colour, among the simple forms and wide spaces of a Japanese house, there is nothing to break the spell of perfect simplicity and perfect artistic feeling; the chaos of western houses becomes an ugly dream.

Except in the state residence, or *yashiki*, of *daimyo* the entrance to a private house was usually without distinguishing marks, and one alighted at any portion of the narrow verandah or *yen-gawa* that surrounds the house; but in more pretentious structures the vestibule was a dominant feature, and nowadays this emphasis has been borrowed from *yashiki* and temple, and is found in all houses of the better sort. This vestibule is a square porch, open in front, with a wide, curved roof. At the end is a narrow wooden platform, from which a



STATE APARTMENT IN THE ZASHIKI OF A DAIMYO.

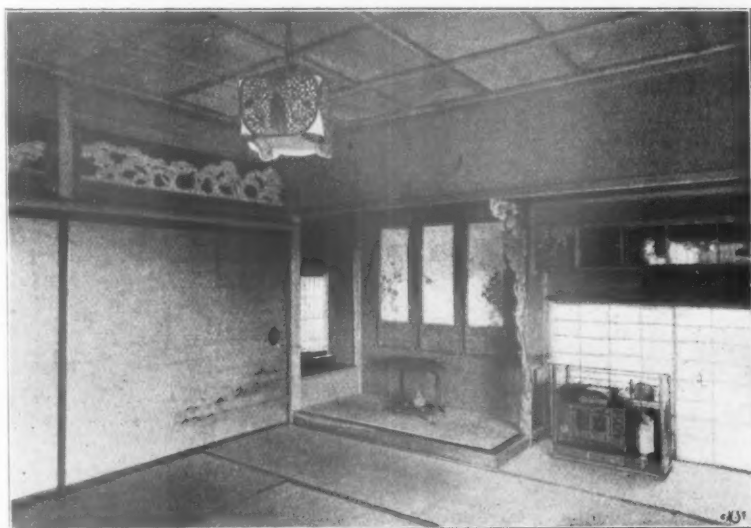
big door gives access to the grand corridor or *iri-kawa* that surrounds and isolates the state apartments. Opposite the door is a low, square, gilded screen in a lacquer frame, usually most gorgeously decorated; sometimes a dwarf tree stretches its gnarled branches athwart the burnished gold, or a great branch of blossoms in a precious vase gives a note of splendid colour. The *iri-kawa* is a corridor from 6ft. to 12ft. wide, that serves at once as a passage way and as a kind of anteroom to the chief apartments, called *jo-dan*, and *ge-dan*. When it leaves these rooms of honour its name changes, and it becomes the *ro-ka* or passage way, giving access to the parlours or *zashiki*, the anterooms or *tamari*, the tea-rooms or *cha-dokoro*. In addition to these rooms are the kitchens, baths, dressing-rooms, and servants waiting-rooms, but no bedrooms, as such, for any apartment serves this latter purpose, and also that of a dining-room, the beds being made up on the thick floor mats, the meals brought by the myriad servants to any part of the house, and served on many little tables of red and black lacquer.

Nor does the arrangement or decoration of the rooms differ materially. Posts and beams of natural satiny wood, wonderful plaster of many subtle colours, ceilings of narrow timbers and delicately

grained boards, floors covered with straw mats 2in. thick and always 3ft. by 6ft. in size. In all the chief rooms one end is formed of two alcoves called *tokonoma* and *chigai-dana*, the former to hold the picture of *kakimono* of the day, the other to display the selection of artistic treasures made from the stores ordinarily concealed in the fireproof *kura*, or "godown." These two alcoves form the places of honour, and in feudal times the *daimyo* sat in front of them on the floor of the *jo-dan*, raised a step above the lower half of the room, or *ge-dan*, where guests and retainers assembled to pay their respects. Now the guest is

placed nearest the *tokonoma*, while the host chooses a lower station.

In the *chigai-dana* and *tokonoma* are concentrated all the richness and decoration in the apartment. In the ancient palaces and *yashiki* they were of incredible magnificence, gold and lacquer, carving and precious woods forming a combination of almost unexampled richness; but in the modern house, while they remain very beautiful, they have become comparatively simple and modest. In every case, however, they show to perfection the wonderful artistic feeling of the race, for in line and colour and form the combination of picture-flowers, and bric-à-brac is beyond criticism. One



A RECEPTION ROOM.



TOKONOMA AND CHIGAI-DANA.

picture only is exposed in each room, and this is changed daily. Is the master going a-fishing? Then some appropriate *kakimono* is hung in its place. Is it cherry time, or the time of chrysanthemums, or peonies, or any other wonderful flowers of Japan? Then this feeling is echoed in the *kakimono* and in the flowers that stand in front. The whole basis of artistic combination may be gained in a study of Japanese *tokonoma*, for in them one finds preserved all the matchless refinement of feeling, all the result of centuries of artistic life that raised the art of Japan to the dizzy height from which Europe and America are now engaged in casting it ignominiously down.

In the ultimate analysis a Japanese house is seen to be simply a wide floor raised on posts two or three feet above the ground and matted with woven straw, covered by a low, tiled roof supported on many square posts, and then divided into apartments of varying sizes by sliding screens. There are no windows as we know them and no doors.

Around the outside of the narrow verandah run the *amado* or storm screens of solid wood, closed tightly at night but slid back into pockets during the day. On the inner side of this *yen-gawa* is the sliding wall of translucent rice paper screens, through which the light comes soft and mellow to the inner rooms. Between the inner posts run the solid *fusuma* that may be removed altogether, throwing the whole space into one enormous apartment, should this be desired. In modern times, permanent walls of plaster have taken the place of

some of the sliding screens, but the greater part of the dividing partitions still remain temporary and removable. Seldom more than six and a half feet high, these *fusuma* have a space between their tops and the ceiling, and this is filled with openwork panels or *ramma*, often marvellously elaborate in design, their delicate patterns coming black against the pearly light that glows through the white *shoji*.

Faultlessly cool, airy, and spacious in summer, a Japanese house leaves much to be desired in the cold winter of the north, for the wind filters through every crack and crevice, and the only heat comes from charcoal braziers, beautiful in design but woefully inadequate as heating agencies. But the Japanese are a strangely hardy race, and, clothed in thin silks, sit comfortably in a temperature that would chill an European to the marrow. Only in a bath is it possible for a foreigner to get warm, and here he is parboiled, for the temperature of the water ranges from 110deg. to 125deg. A bath in a private house or hotel in Japan is, at first, something of an experience, for the bath-room is rather more public than any other apartment; in native inns, indeed, it is often open in front, giving perhaps, on a court or garden, and it is possible for a guest to boil placidly in his tank and converse amicably with the other guests and the housemaids as they pass to and fro. But what it lacks in privacy the bath makes up in beauty, for it is often fantastic in design and elaborate in its decoration, with its walls of pierced woodwork, its lofty roof, and its floor of brilliant tiles.

In plan a private house is irregular and rambling to the last degree. The corridors reach off into long perspective, the rooms open out one after another, full of varying light and subtle colour; here and there little gardens appear in the most unexpected places, giving wonderful glimpses of pale bamboo groves and dwarfed trees and brilliant flowers, with silver sand underneath, and tiny water courses paved with round pebbles. Great stone lanterns and bronze storks and dark pools of water are arranged with the most curious skill, and from every room one can look always either out to the great surrounding garden, with its thick foliage and wandering brooks and curved bridges, or into the little enclosed courts, dim and damp and full of misty shadows.

The world offers few experiences more unique and charming than a visit to a Japanese house of the better class. The nation itself is hospitality incarnate, and to see this at its perfection one has only to possess himself of a letter of introduction to some conservative old noble. From the moment his *kuruma* stops under the great porch he is made to feel that the house is his, the host but an humble agent who has long waited the return of the rightful owner.

The "ricksha" rolls swiftly into the outer garden, and the brown-legged *kurumaya* gives a long, wailing cry of warning. Hardly has the ricksha stopped when the vestibule doors are slid back, and between them appears an old porter in blue-grey silk, kneeling and bowing solemnly until his head

almost touches the floor. Shoes are slipped off in the porch, and, following the noiseless porter, one is ushered into an ante-room to kneel on silk cushions while his card is taken to the master. Presently the *fusuma* slide softly and a little maid enters, bringing fanciful sweetmeats in dishes of red and gold lacquer. Kneeling to open the *fusuma* and again to close them, for it is an unpardonable breach of etiquette for a servant to slide the screens standing, she glides away only to return with tea and a tobacco box with its cone of glowing charcoal in fine white ashes. The silence is profound, and there is no sound except, perhaps, the ripple of running water in the garden without, or the splash of a leaping carp in the pool, dark under over-hanging azaleas or purple wisteria with its long racemes of flowers touching the surface of the water.

Finally, the *fusuma* open and *Danna San* is seen kneeling and prostrating himself in reverent greeting. He enters and, placing himself on the cushion opposite, bows again with grave dignity and inconceivable courtliness. The long formalities of a preliminary conversation are proceeded with to the accompaniment of tea and pipes, and presently, summoned by a clapping of hands, the maids slide the *fusuma* and we pass through the wide, low corridors to the state apartments. *Fusuma* and *shoji* are wide open and all along one side of the room lies some magical garden, even though the house may be in the midst of Tokyo or Kyoto.



A PRIVATE SHRINE.

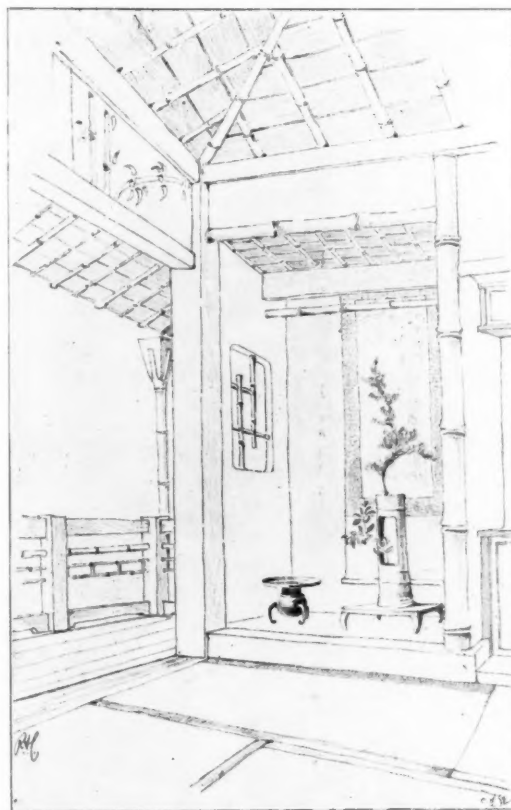
One is seldom entertained in a private house, the clubs and restaurants being for this purpose, for there one can have amazing dinners with music and geisha, but now and then specially favoured mortals dine with the lord in his own residence. Let us suppose this is to occur now. The master claps his hands, the screens open, and several little maids appear, bringing lacquer tables, covered with bowls of porcelain and lacquer. Facing each other host and guest kneel on their cushions, and the tables are arranged between them, the maids placing themselves on one side, to be of instant service at any moment, and to fill little cups with hot, aromatic *sake*. Soups of many kinds, thin flakes of opalescent raw fish, eels, lobster, and fish of every kind, and cooked in every way, follow each other in bewildering succession, and finally rice appears, served from a great lacquer box. Outside, the garden is full of shifting light and subtle colour. Here, where we are sitting, the room is spacious and airy, and at every point the eye is refreshed by the most delicate detail, the most refined tone, the most perfect repose and reserve. Presently, at a gesture from the master, every vestige of the feast vanishes, and we are left to smoke and talk, more intimately now, and without the many formalities that are unavoidable at first.

When the time for departure arrives, the master himself comes to the door, and servants assemble from every quarter to kneel on either side of the platform, while host and guest face each other and bow again and again, murmuring the formal phrases of leave-taking, each of which is centuries old, and breathes all the courtliness and dignity of a dead epoch, when feudalism was a vital and glorious institution. Shoes are resumed, the guest mounts into his *kuruma*, and as the circle of servants prostrate themselves, rolls away, bearing some gift commensurate with the rank of the host, and the more enduring memento of an unforgettable impression of refined living, courtesy, the product of immemorial centuries, and hospitality that is genuine in impulse, profoundly grateful to the western recipient.

For the courtesy and simplicity of Japanese home life, the domestic architecture forms a faultless setting. It is absolutely frank and straightforward in construction, perfectly simple in its form, and reserved and refined in its decorations; all the ornament is rigidly constructional, while the furnishings are of the simplest nature and only such as the nature of the life demands. There is no ornament for the sake of ornament, no woodwork or carving not demanded by the exigencies of construction, no striving for picturesque effect through fantastic irregularity, no over-loading of unnecessary decoration, no confusion of furnishings, no litter of

trivial and embarrassing accessories. The spirit of ornamented construction and no other ornament whatever that characterised Greek architecture finds its echo in Asia. As a result the effect is more reserved, refined, gentlemanly, almost ascetic, than is found elsewhere. No greater contrast to our own fashion could be imagined. With us the prime object appears to be the complete concealment of all construction of whatever nature by an overlay of independent ornament. With wainscot and marble and tiles, plaster, textiles, and paper hangings, we create a perfectly fictitious shell that masks all construction and exists quite independently of it.

We pile up our immutable little cells in superimposed courses, cut narrow openings in the walls, and fill them with flapping doors that are always in the way. We perforate the outer walls with awkward holes and fill them with plate glass, in order that we may gaze on a narrow back garden or a narrower street where nothing that is worth seeing ever occurs. With wainscot and tapestry and paper hangings we strive for an effect of protection and then nullify it by our plate glass windows that afford only a garish light, and, in most cases, a view of things not worth looking at. As a result the rooms are chilly and without sense



A BAMBOO ROOM: SKETCHED BY R. A. CRAM

of protection in winter, and stuffy and oppressive in summer. The Japanese house is a revelation of the possibilities of exactly the opposite course. It is a permanent lesson in the value of simplicity, of modesty, of frankness, of naturalness, in art.

In the inns and public houses of amusement we find the same qualities that mark the private house carried a little further. The form, the arrangement, the materials are the same, but with the greater size come also larger opportunities for artistic effects. The inns are almost always two stories high, never more, and the buildings enclose wonderful little courts surrounded by narrow galleries, or border on stone terraces and wandering gardens. There is one hotel at Uji that is a vision of delight, as it climbs along the high bank of a river, with its terraces crowded with blossoming, sweet scented shrubs that lean over the mossy stone paths and crumbling steps. There is another wonderful inn at Hikone that was once the summer pavilion of the great Ii-Kamon-no-Kami, and its garden is famous throughout Japan. The building is only one storey high and rambles for an apparently illimitable distance up, and down, and away, at surprising angles, its last outworks perched on the great wall over Lake Biwa, its scores of apartments opening on marvellous views that almost make one forget the beauty of the architectural surroundings. The Shukin-ro at Nagoya has no views, except of its own inimitable little courts, but it is the perfect type of a courtly and hospitable inn, every room being a work of delicate art. All the true Japanese hotels are practically the same as a private house, so far as planning and construction are concerned, and in them a guest has the same privileges as in a dwelling, being at liberty to wander anywhere and even change his apartments every day if he like. Of course he eats, lives, and sleeps in the same rooms; but if he prefers, and the inn is not crowded, he may choose any vacant room he pleases for his meals or for his sleeping apartment.

In another class of public houses the variation from the domestic type is more marked, for they tend to pile themselves up to the loftiest heights, even five and six storeys not being uncommon. In these there is usually one great inner garden, with hanging galleries and dizzy bridges curving themselves across the void from one side to another.



A MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE.

At night, when the whole fabric glows with pale light through latticed rice paper, and blood-red lanterns droop from the gallery roofs, while the air is sweet with the scent of flowers, and full of the sound of plashing fountains and the tinkling of *samisen*, the effect is almost unimaginably dreamy and poetic.

But, whatever the nature of the structure, the same qualities always express themselves. There is always a perfect frankness, almost *naïveté* of plan; there is airiness and space, and a constant variety of view, but quite without affectation or striving after effect; there is a faultless blending of subtle colours, a constant composition of delicate line and graceful form. Above all, there is a soul-reviving simplicity that is infinite in its dignity and reserve.

MEDIA: WRITTEN BY JAMES LEICESTER, PH.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.

COLOURED pastes made of earth and water are the first attempts at painting. Then gum was added by the Egyptians, and wax, with which they covered the finished painting.

Coloured clays with lime and cement, and terracotta covered with vitrified substances, were also made and used in ancient days; and these enamels and cements, broken into small pieces, are the earliest kind of mosaic work. They were in Greece finely powdered and mixed with melted wax and resin, forming coloured pastes which were worked with a hot bronze spatula. Then came the time of

essential oils with resins dissolved in them, forming varnishes. These various methods were used until nearly the Middle Ages, when wax was seldom used, and egg painting became general. Missals, panels in shrines and over altars, and walls of churches, were painted by this process. It was in use during the Byzantine period until the time of Giotto, and was in favour with the early Italian painters to the end of the fifteenth century. Cennino Cennini mentions a mixture of the entire egg with fig juice, also the white of egg alone, but recommends the medium of yolk of egg as the best.

The juice of the fig contains caoutchouc, which, with the albumen of the egg, would give an excellent medium.

The yolk binds the particles of the pigment and the layers of colour; it works well with a brush, and mixes easily with water. The colours are beautifully fresh and brilliant, so little medium being required that the colour is like it was in the dry state. When reduced with water they have a wonderful transparency, becoming like water-colours, and are excellent for glazing, drying very quickly and being unchangeable. The egg colours, as manufactured at the present day, consist of pigments, yolk of egg, a little wax and gum, distilled water, and some disinfectant.

In the yolk of an egg there is a chemical substance resembling caseine, a peculiar oil, and other substances which do not take a necessary part in egg painting. The albumen of the white of egg, united with the caseine and oil, are all the necessary constituents. The egg oil will dissolve resins easily; it boils at 370 deg. C., at which temperature it dissolves copal, forming a colourless varnish which does not turn yellow.

Size made from parchment was used as a medium in the olden times.

The real fresco painting (*buon fresco*) is on a mixture of wet lime and sand, the plaster being put on as required. The carbonic acid of the air unites with the lime to form calcium carbonate thus fixing the pigments. *Fresco secco* is not so durable. Various processes are now in use, based upon silicate of soda (soluble glass) in place of lime. The spirit fresco process of Monsieur Gambier Parry is easily cleaned, which, under present conditions, is a great advantage. To prepare his medium, heat to 80 deg. C. 8oz. of oil of spike lavender, adding 2oz. of gum elemi, and filter. Heat 2oz. of turpentine to the same temperature (80 deg. C.), and pour on the filter, and then mix the two solutions and heat them, pouring into the solution 4oz. of white wax, and finally, 16oz. of oil copal varnish, shaking all the time and adding in small quantities.

An excellent medium can be made from 8oz. of

beeswax dissolved in 24oz. of turpentine, and afterwards adding 32oz. of oil copal varnish.

The frescoes of Michael Angelo and Raphael are not in as good condition as their pictures painted with egg or oil.

Water colour pigments are best ground with the following mixture:—Gum arabic, eight parts; laevulose, five parts; glycerine, five parts; distilled water, thirty parts. The laevulose prevents them from cracking, and the glycerine keeps them moist.

It is a good thing to fix water-colours. The fixative surrounds the gum and pigments with a transparent cement which protects them in every way. Any part of a water-colour may be fixed during the painting, and afterwards re-touched above many times. Water-colours can also be fixed by fire. The colours are mixed with water and a little glycerine; after heating, the glycerine is washed away with water, and again dried. Wax can also be introduced in this process.

The gum resin sarcocol can be used to unite the pigments in water-colour painting, the ingredient sarcocolline being the active agent. It imparts to the colours great richness and colouring intensity, and if they are mixed with alcohol they adhere to greasy surfaces, so that water-colour and oil-painting may be worked together.

Mastic medium should never be used in oil-painting. Megilp has been the chief cause of deterioration in oil pictures during the last hundred years. It is a mixture of mastic varnish (gum mastic and turpentine), and linseed oil, a pale drying oil being used. If used in glazing it soon becomes discoloured; and if the varnish of a picture painted with megilp has to be removed, the solutions necessary to remove the varnish attack the picture also. The pigment supplied already contains a good deal of oil, in the majority of cases too much.

Raw and boiled linseed oil, amber or copal oil varnish, and rectified petroleum, can be used in various mixtures. Copal oil varnish thinned by carefully rectified petroleum would be an excellent medium. The copal varnish hardens the surface of the picture. A medium should never be used which, on the addition of glycerine and ammonium sulphide, gives a dark brown colour, because the colour indicates some salt of lead. Very little medium should be mixed with a light colour to thin it for solid painting. If a pigment is too thick a little raw linseed or walnut oil will make it thinner, and the same oils in warm weather will give a drying quality to opaque pigments. When using transparent pigments for glazing copal varnish and a very little raw linseed oil may be used. In the case of madders they dry well, and it is better to use copal varnish alone.

It is probable that the early Flemish painters used their pigments separately when glazed upon a white ground, which method added to the permanency of their works.

It is supposed that at the time of Van Eyck, amber, copal, and sandarac were the chief resins used, and that amber and copal were dissolved in various oils like linseed, walnut, or poppy. The sandarac was dissolved in a spirit or essential oil. The copal varnish, being paler, would be more suitable for the lighter colours than the amber varnish.

From the condition of many old pictures containing fugitive pigments in perfect condition, and the fact that for this to have been accomplished, a medium must have been used which was able to protect the pigments from air and moisture we are compelled to admit, that the medium was not amber and copal varnishes with linseed and walnut oil, on the following grounds:

No matter by what method, ancient or modern, linseed oil or walnut oil is prepared, moisture readily penetrates it.

Sierra Leone copal and amber dissolved in benzole or turpentine form a brittle substance not suitable as a medium, but protect from moisture where they do not crack.

If fugitive pigments are ground with oil, and then mixed with a little oil varnish, they are not preserved.

The balsams are of the utmost importance, especially Venice turpentine (balsam of the larch) and Oleo de abezzo (balsam of the silver pine). Large quantities of these balsams were used. Take the following two recipes for examples:—

Three parts balsam of the larch, one part mastic, three parts oil.

Two parts balsam of the larch to one part of oil.

Another recipe recommends that balsam of the silver pine should be dissolved in turpentine or naphtha, with a little mastic.

Again, verdigris is said to be preserved by heating with a mixture of balsam of the larch and turpentine.

Amber dissolves in balsam of the larch.

An excellent illustration of the use of balsam is the canvas of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the Royal Academy, where gamboge and larch balsam is perfectly fresh to-day, and the patch labelled "gamboge and oil" has faded away. Larch balsam keeps out moisture. Pigments can be ground with it with a slight addition of oil, and amber and copal easily dissolve in the mixture. With this medium carmine preserves its freshness, verdigris does not blacken, and a mixture of verdigris and cadmium yellow can be made to form a permanent green.

In old manuscripts one finds that the balsams alone are stated to be the best for varnishing, or as a medium.

EMANUEL HOSPITAL: A VANISHED LANDMARK OF OLD WESTMINSTER: WRITTEN BY BULKELEY CRESWELL: ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR STRATTON.

THOSE who have long been habitants or frequenters of Westminster, and all who esteem fine architecture or picturesque buildings; who revere the traditions, ideals, and inspirations of their forefathers; and who know the charm of that subtle eloquence which pervades the relics of antiquity; must have deplored the demolition of the beautiful little group of almshouses, which, until a few years ago, surprised and delighted the chance passenger in James' Street; and was a well loved memento of old Westminster with those who had watched the close upspring crop of coarse, gaunt dwelling-houses, which distinguishes the modern city. For many years previous to its destruction, the old building had carried its impending destiny clearly implied in its desolate forlorn aspect. The courtyard was neglected and rank with weeds; the gates broken; the roof sunken in places; the windows shattered; the woodwork sadly lacking paint; and these things, combined with its incongruous environment among the shadows of the many-storied modern buildings, all foretold the approaching date of dissolution. When it became known that the act of destruction was about to be authorised, protests were raised and some attempt made to induce the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, in whom the guardianship of the charity vested, to preserve the building. A public subscription with a view to buying the property was even mooted; but the inevitable duly befel, and in 1893 Emanuel Hospital was pulled down, after having borne the stress of weather for two hundred years.

"Emanuel Hospital" is a name which ill describes either the building or its institution to modern ears, and its alternative designation of "Dacres Almshouses" is a fitter and more reasonable appellation. Emanuel Hospital, or "Hospital of Jesus" as it was once used to be called, was the earliest of four old foundation schools, and comprises, with St. Margaret's Hospital, Palmer's School, and Hill's Grammar School what have, since 1873, been known as the United Westminster Schools. Emanuel Hospital was established pursuant to the will of Anne, Lady Dacres, dated December 2nd, 1594, "towards the relief of aged people and bringing up of children in virtue and good and laudable acts." This Lady Dacres was the widow of Gregory, the last Lord Dacres of the South, who died in 1594; and sister of the poet Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset. Lady Dacres died in 1595, a year after her husband.



EMANUEL HOSPITAL: THE COURTYARD.

They are both buried in old Chelsea Church, where will be found a stately monument to their memory.

The charter of incorporation of Emanuel Hospital is dated 1601, being the forty-third year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and on the death in 1623 of the last surviving executor of Lady Dacres the guardianship of the hospital descended, under the terms of the charter, upon the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London. Provision under Lady Dacres' will was made for twenty old men and women, seventeen of the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, two of Chelsea, and one of Hayes; and each of these old people "had liberty to keep and bring up one poor child in some good or laudable art or science." The children, however, were not chosen by the pensioners, but were nominated by the governor for the time being, and after 1623, as above described, the right of nomination vested in the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and continued so to vest until the schools were reconstructed by the endowed schools commissioners in 1873. The parent of a boy seeking admission was bound to be a "resident housekeeper for upwards of three years last past;" he must have duly paid his rent, "with all parochial taxes," and must have been a "Protestant," and never have been maintained in the workhouse. The children remained in the charge of the hospital until they reached the age of fourteen, when any who wished it were apprenticed with a premium of £10. The original building of Emanuel Hospital, dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, decayed, or became destroyed, and was supplanted by that here illustrated in 1698. From a report of a committee of the Court of Aldermen, published in 1843, it appears that the almshouses were built at a cost of £1776 os. 7½d.

For more than a hundred years after the incorporation of Emanuel Hospital in 1601 the endowment was absorbed by the almshouses. In 1728, however, improved rents enabled a school to be organised, and in 1736 a school for the twenty children, boys and girls, was opened, and from that time the educational establishment gradually increased in size and usefulness, until in latter years two-thirds of the property was absorbed to this purpose. The gradual growth and prosperity of the charity is epitomised in the inscriptions which appeared on the tablets that occupied the blank gable-ends facing St. James's Street.

The inscription on the left-hand gable was as follows:

This is Emanuel Hospital
Of the charitable foundation of the late
Lord and Lady Dacres
For the maintenance of ten poor men, ten poor women,
and twenty poor children,
Under government of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen
of the City of London.

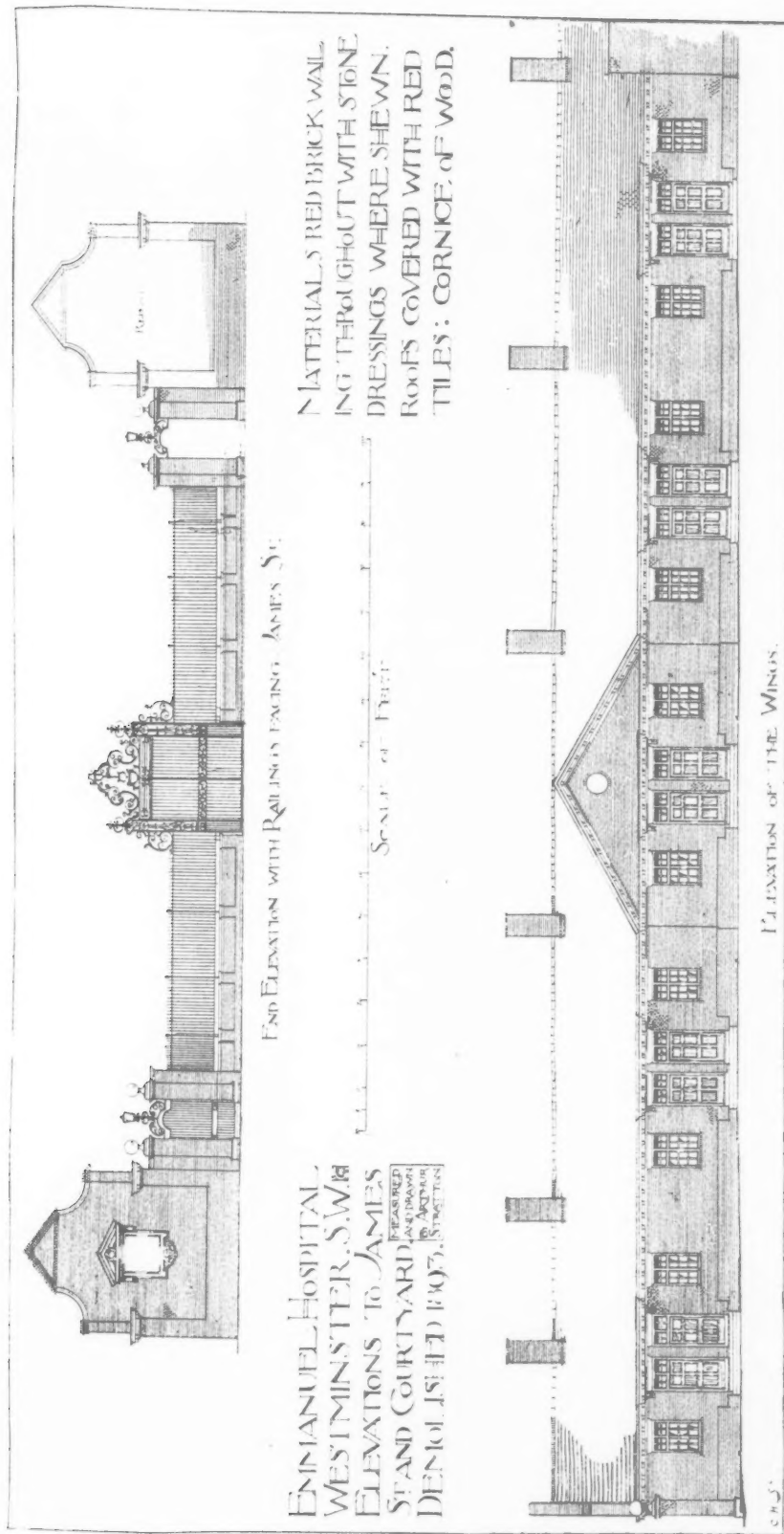
- Anno 1781. Resolved that the boys and girls be increased to the number of twenty each, to be educated and maintained in the Hospital.
That a proper school and dormitory over the same for the boys be erected.
- Anno 1844. Ten additional boys admitted.
- Anno 1845. Ten additional girls admitted.
- Anno 1847. The establishment now consists of sixty.

The tablet on the right-hand gable repeated the above inscription down to the word London, after which was added:—

- Anno 1795. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of



EMANUEL HOSPITAL: THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE.



London resolved that five poor aged men and five poor aged women be relieved as out-pensioners.

Anno 1819. Resolved that two additional boys be educated and maintained in Emanuel Hospital, two additional girls having been added to the number of girls in 1795.

Anno 1857. The establishment now consists of sixty-eight.

In 1873, when, as has been said, this school was united with others to form the United Westminster Schools, there were thirty-two boys in Emanuel Hospital, and in the four combined schools above enumerated a total of eighty-seven boys. Under the new administration this figure rose to 850, and the number of boys now exceeds 1000.

Unfortunately the almshouses of Emanuel Hospital have not prospered in any like fashion. In consequence of failure of income, owing to depreciation of agricultural rents, thirteen almshouses were in 1890 unoccupied, and vacancies caused by death were not filled. This phase of the charity has now lapsed entirely.

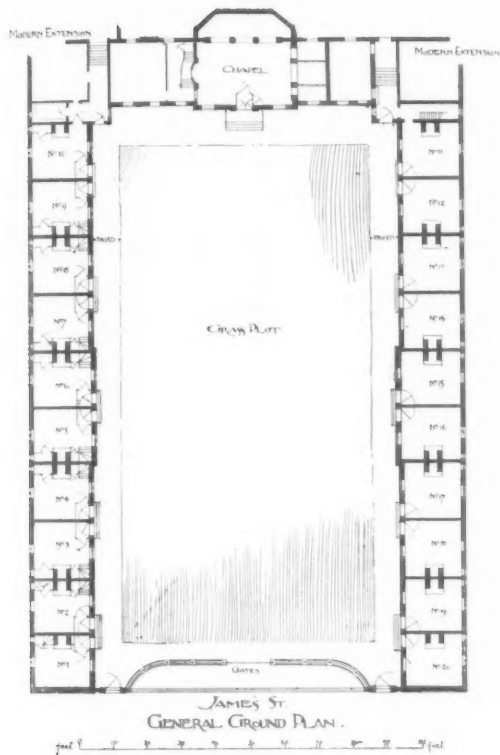
It is curious to consider the state of development of Westminster and its environments at the time that Emanuel Hospital was newly built, and entering upon its beneficent career of education for the young and succour for the old. In the fourth century there was no Westminster, but the broad, shallow estuary of the Thames brought its mud-stained waves with each tide to wash upon the higher ground of Thorney Island, at the point where the Abbey now stands. There was so much mud at Westminster in early days that it has been urged that the early British city of "Lun Din"—"the city of mud"—was at this point, and not where the modern City of London stands. From Thorney to the rising ground beyond, where St. James's Palace now stands, was a wet marsh or swamp; and marsh land stretched away on all the northern side of the river, including Chelsea, and extending as far as Fulham; and the greater part of Westminster as we now know it was a tidal mud flat, covered twice a day with the brackish water of the Thames. Gradually the river has been banked and compelled to proper limits, the level of Westminster has gradually been raised by accumulation of rubbish, and the marshes have been gradually drained into the ornamental waters of St. James's Park and Buckingham Palace, but even in the present century wild fowl have been shot in the low-lying lands about Westminster.

When the red brick and white stone of Emanuel Hospital was still garish to the fastidious eye, old Somerset House yet stood as the dower house of the Queens of England; the site of Buckingham Palace was a mulberry garden; the waters of St. James's Park was a canal 600 yards long by 17 yards broad through which the stream of the old Tyburn still ran, and the ruins of Whitehall

Palace, burnt in 1698, were to be seen at its eastern end. The neighbourhood of Leicester Square was then fenced-in fields lying south of Soho, and known as Leicester Fields, a famous duelling ground. Soho was the established fashionable quarter of the town, and, although the days of its pristine splendour were passing from it, Soho Square was still the first residential quarter of London, with the exception of St. James's Square, which was then quite new and acquiring high reputation. This square, unlike other parts of the town, has not decayed in fashionable repute, but still remains the most desirable residential quarter of London. St. James's Church was as new as Emanuel Hospital itself. Grosvenor Square was only being thought of; Portman Square had no existence; Belgravia and Pimlico were undreamed of; and the wide marsh and meadowland stretched away from the mulberry gardens at the west end of St. James's Park, to the villages of Chelsea and Fulham.

Emanuel Hospital, apart from the undoubted distinction of the architectural qualities it possessed, has a particular claim to attention from the close resemblance it had to the well-known Trinity Hospital in the Mile End Road: a resemblance which may be traced in the plan, the materials used, and in the general proportions and treatment of the elevations. The similarity of the designs would, in itself, suggest a connection other than that which might be attributed to a mere coincident, and the surmise grows in plausibility when we learn that Trinity Hospital was built in 1695, or three years prior to the date given for the erection of the Westminster building.

The two hospitals are associated in yet another connection, for at about the time that the destruction of Emanuel was mooted, Trinity was similarly threatened. The Trinity Corporation, tempted by a brewery company which offered a large sum for the site, petitioned the Charity Commissioners for leave to break up the hospital and pull down its buildings, the site being of great value; but the petition was dismissed, avowedly on the ground that the endowments remained sufficient, and that there had been no failure of trusts. That this hospital, more fortunate than its prototype at Westminster, exists to-day is, however, due to the extraordinary outcry which was raised when the proposal of the Trinity Corporation became known for the Charity Commissioners could not but be impressed by the public protests which appeared in the London papers, notably in the *Times* and *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Leighton, Mr. William Morris, the Duke of Argyle, and Sir E. J. Poynter were some of those who lent their weight to the discredit of the programme of destruction; and the Essex House Guild of Handicraft,



EMANUEL HOSPITAL: PLAN.

under the presidency of Mr. C. R. Ashbee, memorialised the London County Council and the Charity Commissioners, to the end that the old hospital might be preserved; for, apart from its beauty, it is the sole remaining memorial of Trinity Guild, and dates back to the time when the Guild was identified with the British Navy.

In 1896—the year following that in which the above incidents took place—the Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London made Trinity Hospital the subject of the first of the monographs which the Committee from time to time purpose to publish. This monograph, which is the work of Mr. C. R. Ashbee, is fully illustrated with architectural drawings and sketches, and, besides constituting a useful epitome of the origin and history of the old building, has some interesting notes on its architecture. On the evidence of a print in the Crace Collection at the British Museum, which shows the Trinity Hospital at Deptford, long since destroyed, the Mile End Hospital proves to be almost a prototype of this earlier building, so that the genealogy of Emanuel may be traced back yet one step further.

An old engraving of Trinity, dated in the last century, shows some variations on the present design; the most important being the existence of nineteen dormers in the roofs; two little statues of youths holding nautical instruments, standing within the two niches towards Mile End Road; and a high vane over the chapel. We know, however, that historic accuracy was no part of the engraver's calling in the eighteenth century; and any interpolations or modifications of the design were justified in the picture, so long as they contributed to the patron's dignity. The chief alterations since the building was erected have been the removal of the two houses east and west of the chapel to unite the smaller court with the larger quadrangle behind, which is of a later date than the former; and the lowering of the floor of the chapel. Although the steps and door to the chapel have been left intact, the entrance is now placed under the flight of steps. This alteration was made after an accident which befel one of the inmates, who, on a frosty day, slipped in leaving the chapel.

If we restore the two houses which originally flanked the chapel of the Mile End Hospital and compare the design with that of Emanuel, we see that the disposition of the plan, and the arrangement of the architectural features of the building are in each case essentially the same. Each is planned to form a courtyard separated from the public road by a palisade of stone and wrought iron. The cottages of the pensioners in each case form two symmetrical blocks, which face each other upon either hand, right and left of the entrance, and the end block opposite the gates is allotted to the chapel which is made the central architectural



EMANUEL HOSPITAL: END ELEVATION
OF ONE OF THE WINGS.

feature and is distinguished with a fleche and a clock. In the Mile End Hospital the frontages of the blocks of pensioners' cottages on each side have been set slightly askew, a delicacy of composition which sets the chapel in an enhanced vista of architectural perspective, and emphasises the central richness and dignity of the building and its exalted institution, in a very charming manner. Such a treatment is more aptly applied to the Mile End than to the Westminster building, where the chapel is less conspicuously composed, and the proportions of the courtyard are more broad and open. In both designs, however, we find again that the central bay of each of the three blocks, which form the end and sides of the courtyard, breaks slightly forward of the line of frontage, and is surmounted with a pediment. A consideration of the plan of the palisade, which separates the court from the public road, will reveal in each design a similar treatment, modified by the peculiar exigencies of each case. In both hospitals the materials are the same—red brick with stone dressings, tiled roof, and wood cornice returned round brick gable end, with a lead flashing above. The little ships upon the gables of the Mile End Hospital are of marble. The stone frontage of the chapel of the last named is perhaps a little out of keeping with the treatment of material which distinguishes the rest of the building; but there is some evidence to show that the stone casing was added at a date subsequent to that of the original building, although no positive confirmation of this can be given. Mr. Ashbee considers it doubtful. Trinity Hospital bears a statement of its genesis and the object of its institution upon a shield on its gable, and, as we have reproduced the inscription from similar panels at Emanuel, we reproduce it here:

"This almshouse, wherein 28 decayed masters and commanders of ships, or ye widows of such, are maintain'd, was built by ye Corp^o. of Trinity House An. 1695. The ground was given by Capⁿ. Hen^r. Mudd, of Ratcliff, and Elder Brother, whose widow did also contribute."

Mr. Ashbee in his above-mentioned monograph proffers some interesting remarks on the probable author of the thoughtful, delicate, quaint, and homely qualities of design which characterise Trinity Hospital. "There is about Trinity Hospital," he says, "a cultured amateurishness that gives it its peculiar charm," and both from internal evidence and external evidence he concludes by attributing the culture exhibited in the design to Wren, and the quaint, homely, amateurish quality, to Evelyn. The design is obviously in the style inspired by Wren, and by him grafted in England; and by comparison with his work at Greenwich, Chelsea, Emanuel College, and Cambridge, notably with reference to the long low

pediment and the grouping of the parts, Mr. Ashbee traces the directing mind of the omnipotent Surveyor General; while in the arrangement of the garden, and in the playful lapse from classic dignity which is exhibited in parts of the design, the author sees the work of the polished *dilettante* who included architecture among his hobbies, along with horticulture, science, and education. The suggestion is plausible enough, for in the ordinary course the design would have been submitted to Wren, who would have exercised a revisionary right by title of his office; and the manner in which the awkward and seemingly unmanageable diagonal line of the Mile End Road across the frontage of the building has been seized, and made to lend itself to the expression of a beautiful architectural effect, may well be attributed to no less a genius than Wren's. Moreover, we know from the frequent mention of Wren by Evelyn in his diary, that the two were intimately acquainted; and we know also that Evelyn was closely interested in matters of the Trinity Guild. In 1673 he was sworn a younger brother of the Trinity House. In 1695, being the same year in which the Mile End Hospital was built, he was appointed one of the Commissioners on the foundation of Greenwich Hospital; and there is in his diary an entry which shows that on the 21st of May in that year he, in company with Wren and others, went to "survey Greenwich," while in the following year he laid the foundation of Wren's great building in person. The papers and records which would be expected to undoubtedly establish the authorship of the design have been burnt, and it therefore seems at least a plausible conclusion which attributes the design to the joint authorship of Sir Christopher Wren and John Evelyn.

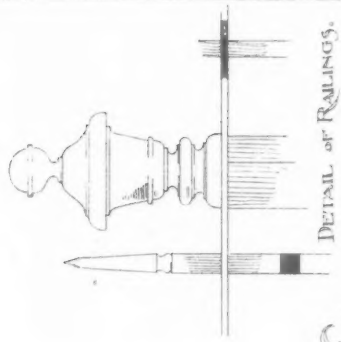
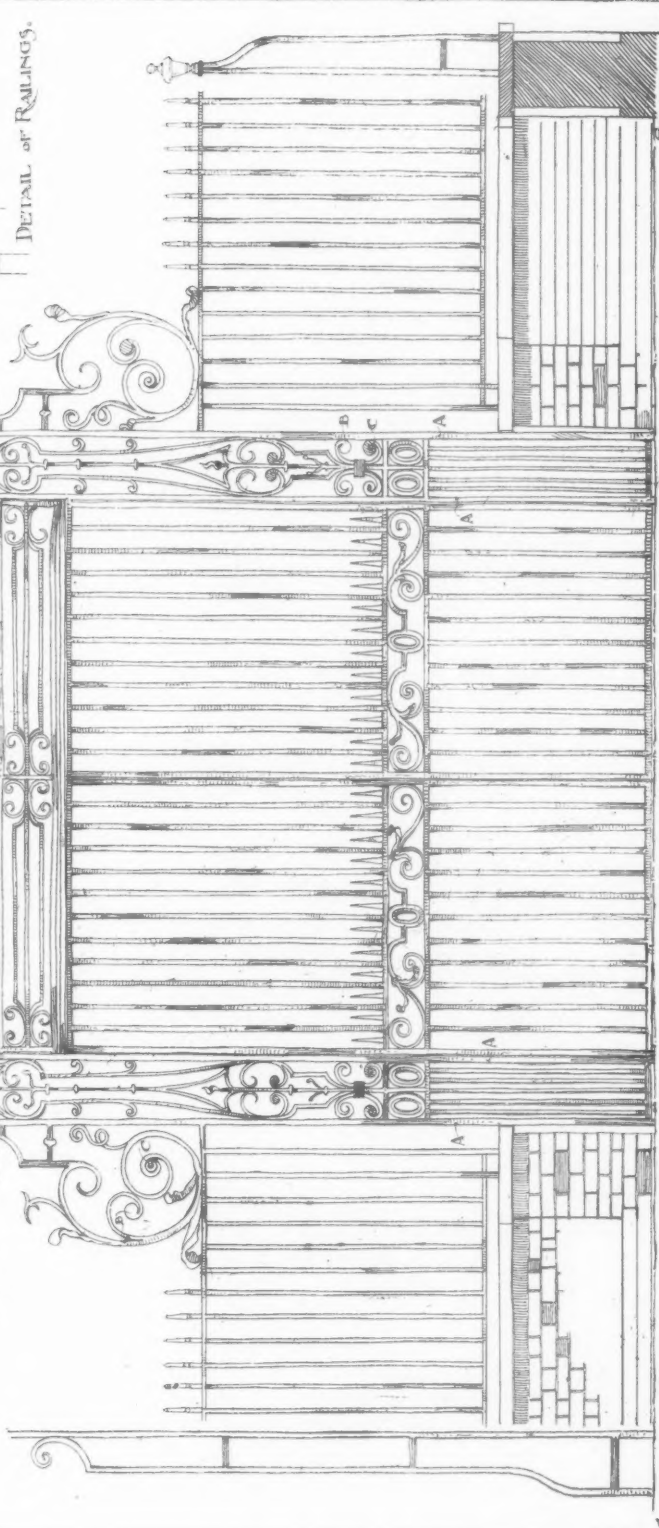
There seems, however, to be no record which attributes the Westminster design to any definite source; but a comparison of the two buildings very naturally provokes the inference that the plan of Emanuel Hospital is derived from that of its prototype in Mile End, and that the design of the latter suggested that of the former. As has been already pointed out, Emanuel was built only three years after Trinity Hospital.

These examples of early eighteenth century architecture, in view of the popular revival of the style known as "Queen Anne," are of peculiar interest and value to us at this present time. Both buildings may be considered to be in the category of great architecture, for they truly present what was best in the national character at the time they were built. They exemplify, in a wholly fine manner, that combination of classic dignity and breadth, with qualities of the homely and picturesque, which is surely the most charming characteristic of architecture of the early part of the eighteenth century. At the same time, while

EMMANUEL HOSPITAL.
 DETAIL OF WROUGHT IRON
 GATES AND RAILINGS LOOK-
 ING TOWARDS JAMES ST. S.W.
 PRIOR TO REMOV-
 -AL IN 1893: SEE PLAN.

MUCH DILAPIDATED AND
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PLAT D.
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DETAIL OF RAILINGS.

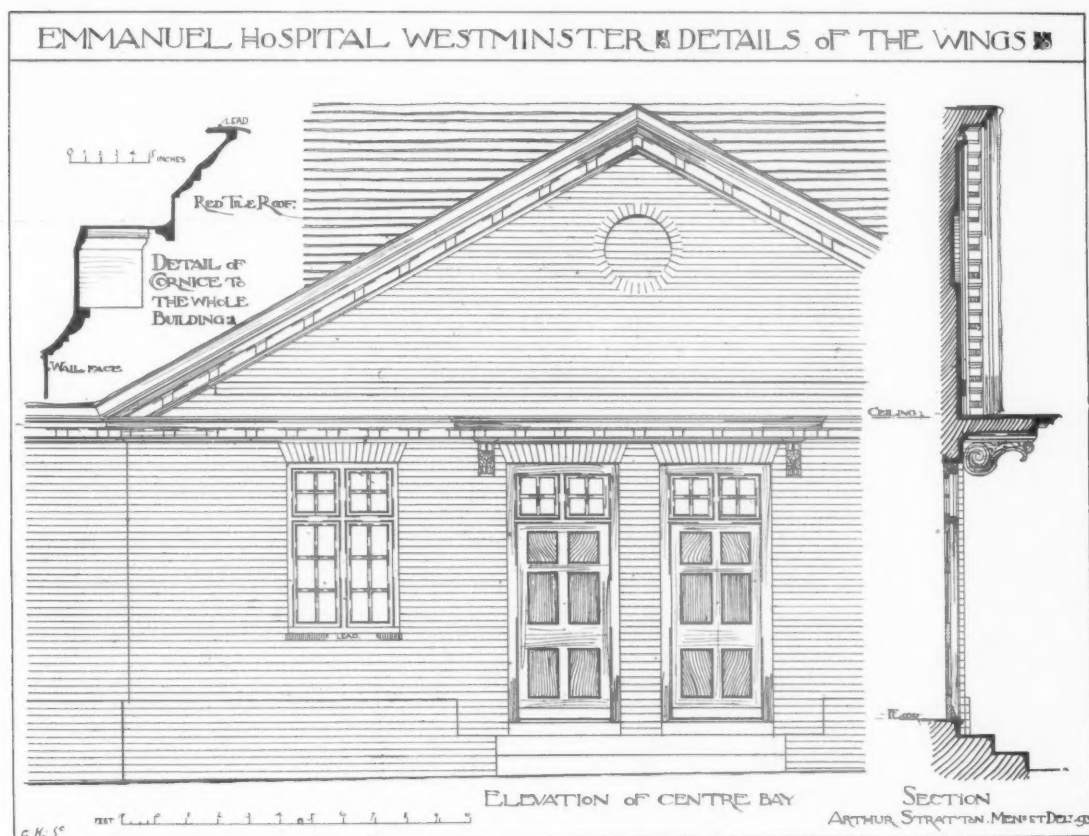
STANDARDS AT A. ELEVATION: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 FEET. SECTION OF DWARF WALL. ARTHUR STRATTON: MEAS. EST. DUBLIN 1893.

EMANUEL HOSPITAL: WROUGHT IRON
 GATES: MEASURED AND DRAWN BY
 ARTHUR STRATTON.



Emanuel may be held to be an example of the severer "Queen Anne" manner, it is impossible to designate Trinity Hospital by any other term than Classic. The mere fact that the design of this building can be attributed with some show of plausibility to Sir Christopher Wren at once disqualifies it for inclusion under the term "Queen Anne," for the distinctive quality of this style is its indigenous character. It was the style of the people, and stands quite apart from the designs of the architects of the epoch, who regarded it

synonymous with "barbaric." It was left to Horace Walpole nearly one hundred years later to take the first step towards awakening again an appreciation of indigenous architecture. Jones, Wren, Kent, and Lord Burlington, with many another patron and professor of the new Art of Building, trained a school of workmen to their needs, and planted a classic tradition upon the ruins of the indigenous Gothic style; and when these men set about to build at their own discretion the humbler dwellings of the people, their buildings expressed



EMMANUEL HOSPITAL: MEASURED DRAWING BY ARTHUR STRATTON.

with scorn and abhorrence. At this date, when classic architecture had come to be thoroughly understood, the previous styles which are known to us as Elizabethan and Jacobean architecture, were designated "King James Gothic." The intolerance and contumely implied in the use of such a term becomes obvious when we recall the hate and distrust of the newly dethroned Stuart dynasty and its supporters by the popular party at that time; and remember the perverted enthusiasm which, a little later, denied to Shakespeare and Chaucer a place among English poets, and gave a meaning to the term "Gothic," which revived the implication of its origin, and almost made it again

the dual impulse of Classic detail subordinated to a Gothic spirit of design. Thus may the "Queen Anne" style be held to be the last of the true traditional styles; it was not an architect's style at all, and it has been left to the architects of this century to make designs in accordance with this tradition, and in particular to Mr. J. J. Stevenson, who was, I believe, the first to apply Queen Anne architecture to modern needs. The first example of the revival of the style is the Red House, Bayswater Road, designed by Mr. Stevenson in 1868. The essential quality of the style, as has been said, is the combination of Classic with Gothic impulses.

26 *The Painter's Lack of Appreciation of Architecture.*

Thus the plans of Trinity and Emanuel Hospital, while availing of so many classic features in their designs, are reminiscent of mediaeval times in the form of their plans. In this style, while the workmen used the knowledge of classic detail which their training gave them, they applied it to usages which had their origin in the indigenous Gothic architecture of their country. At the end of the seventeenth century the use of brick had become general and the building material of the people; and undirected by an architect their apprenticeship in the classic and instinct for the Gothic styles of design were modified to such forms and contrivances of architectural beauty as were dictated by the limitations and possibilities of this material. Where flint was the readiest and most usual building material, flint was used for the walling; the jambs, reveals, and angles and architectural parts being in brick. In a country long used to the freedom of Gothic rules, and with such extravagant examples of design as were afforded by the Elizabethan mansions, the mobile possibilities of brick soon produced many original and fantastic features. The shaping of gables and the use of free curves somewhat following those of the contemporary Louis Quatorze style in France, belong to this period; as do also scrolled "aprons" under the windows; window frames brought forward to the face of the wall, and heavy window bars. Bricks of an equal soft granular texture, such as we now call "rubbers," were introduced, and carved after the manner in which the architects of the period used stone. Carved capitals of brick, which we owe to this period, may be seen in some old houses in the Temple. This treatment of brick, however, although no doubt genuine innovation with those who first used it in England, was not an architectural anomaly, as Roman examples of carved brickwork are known.

Few of the characteristics of the "Queen Anne" style here enumerated will be traced in the design of Emanuel Hospital, but the building is distinguished by an air of instinctive fitness and propriety, which belongs to the master builder rather than to that conscious architectural effort which would mark the design of a seventeenth century architect, and it is the master builder, and not the architect, who holds the magic secret of the art.



EMANUEL HOSPITAL: ONE OF THE DOORWAYS.

THE PAINTER'S LACK OF APPRECIATION OF ARCHITECTURE.

WHY is it that artists (using the word in its common acceptance as meaning a painter of easel pictures in oil or water colour) have so little appreciation of architecture? It is not intended to assert that no painters have the knowledge and feeling necessary, but it is indisputable that the average artist does not understand either architecture or decoration, and it is curious at first sight that this should be so, for men whose days are passed in the practice of an art should be capable of appreciating a sister art (perhaps one should rather use the word "mother"?) and of leading public opinion to the better estimation of its value. The quality which most appeals to the painter's imagination is picturesqueness, but he is often deficient in sense of proportion, of spacing, and of construction; and though he may realise the beauty of proportion in a scale drawing or a perspective, he does not generally appreciate "scale." This is shown by the numerous large pictures which are exhibited each year in which the subject is of the slightest, and the composition of which shows that they are enlargements of small sketches. It is not generally recognised that certain subjects demand treatment on a certain scale, and that it is as great a mistake to paint a trivial subject on a large scale as to build a mansion on the design of a cottage, increasing the size of the bricks proportionally. In either case a monstrosity is produced, and one feels an emptiness. The recent controversy over the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral shows that the public feels that something is wrong, without knowing exactly what

when the scale of decoration is "out." In this work the artist has made use of three or four different scales, some of which are too small, so that the detail is invisible from the floor, and others so large as to dwarf the proportions of the architecture, to which scant consideration has been shown in other ways also. Construction is a matter as to which painters of easel pictures can scarcely be expected to know much, or to properly appreciate difficulties overcome. How should they? Construction deals with reality, and their concern is wholly with appearances; but it is a curious fact that proportion which looks right is always stable, so that a true feeling for proportion should be a sufficient guide to the appreciation of construction even when technical knowledge is inadequate. In the matter of spacing and proportion the practice of decorative painting would be of assistance, and even the production of easel pictures should be helpful if design in line and mass were considered and practised. And here we come to a point at which it seems possible to put one's finger on the lack which is the cause of the mischief. Design is the last thing thought of in most easel pictures. The attention of the painter is directed first to clever and effective manipulation, to forcible and vigorous drawing, and to a strong effect of light and shade or of colour, to the dramatic presentation of the incident chosen, but hardly ever to the beautiful distribution of the forms, to the consideration of line as beautiful in itself, and as expressing motion or rest, or to the decorative spacing of groups and beauty of silhouette.

A. W.

"THE RELIQUARY": NEW SERIES: VOL. V.

THE fusion of "The Reliquary" with the "Illustrated Archaeologist" was a sensible arrangement, although it did not at the time make much noise in the archaeological world. If the new periodical has not revolutionised the study of archaeology in England, it has at least taken one step in the right direction, and, as Volume V. of the venture now lies before us, we may presume that its success is more or less assured. The editor, Mr. Romilly Allen, who is inspired by a generous enthusiasm for the communication of the archaeological knowledge of which he possesses so great a store, saw that nothing could be done without accurate and plentiful illustration.

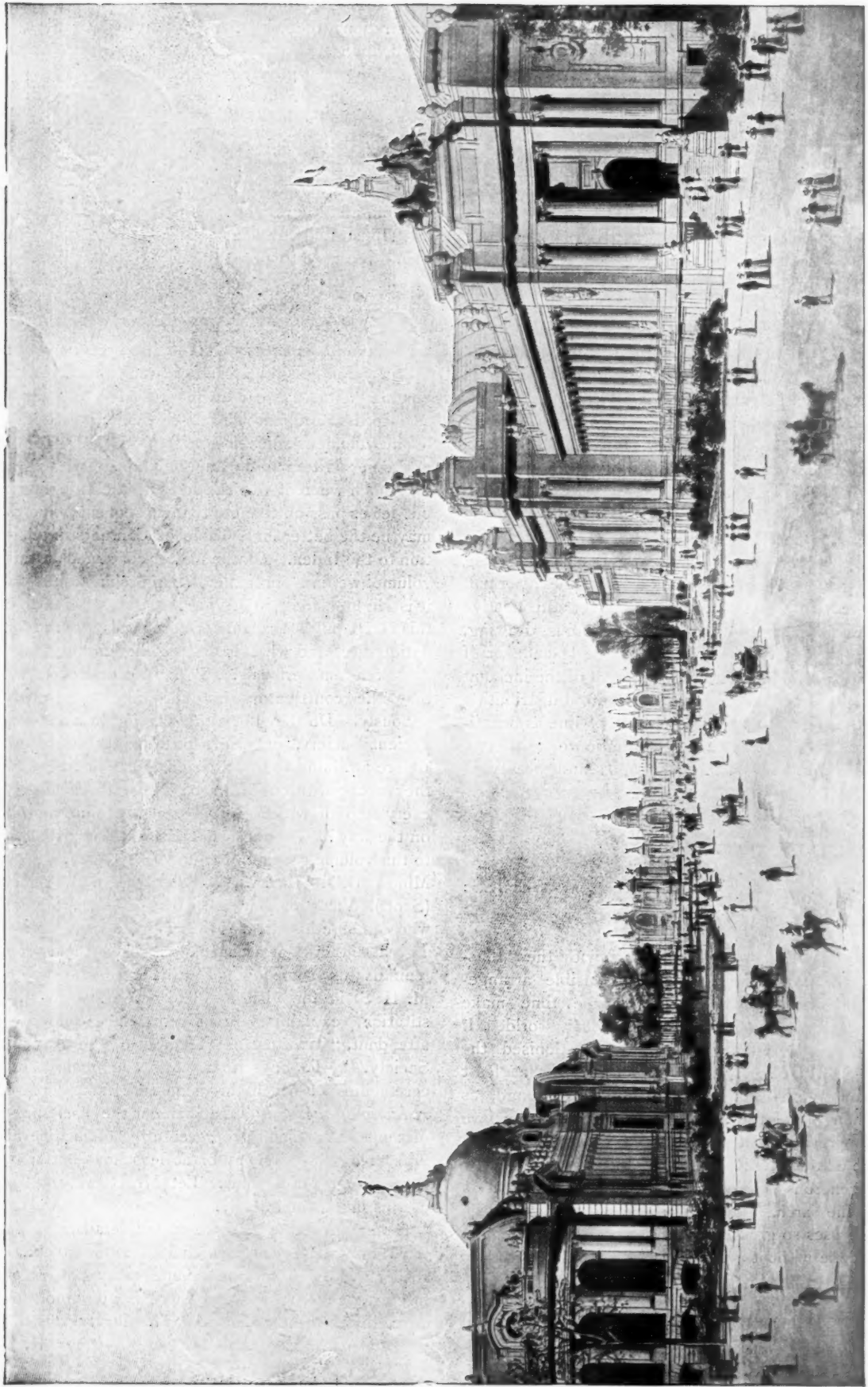
Illustration, then, is the special feature of his publication; and, modest as the "half-tones" and cuts may be, bitterly as the artist may cry out against cheap processes, the archaeologist realises with gratitude that here they are numerous and good of their kind. We may note, however, in passing, that the extension of this principle to the wrapper of the quarterly parts causes the ungodly to scoff, and to ask whether that fearsome figure is an "Illustrated Archaeologist," and if so, which one. We have to protest that it is not a portrait of the editor; and so nervous are we of being driven to identify the figure with some particular archaeologist whom we respect and esteem, that we hasten to conceal the offending wrapper from the unsympathetic eye, even as in railway carriages you may note that certain periodicals are seldom seen in their too recognisable covers. Happily the bound volume is *simplex munditiis*.

Having written so far on the wrapper, we might find much whereof to discourse on the title-page; but let us pass on to note that subsequent volumes may be the better for a Table of Contents in addition to the Index. Of the matter contained in this volume, we find our general impression to be that it is slighter than in its predecessors. Of course this is a popular periodical, a sort of playground for antiquaries, and what is written therein must not be taken too seriously. By this we do not mean that the contributors do not take themselves seriously. Do they not either belong to a certain ancient society, or else aspire to that honour? Before attaining to this archaeological peerage, do they not go through a sort of *cursus honorum*, every step of which is, if possible, carefully noted on the way? The most distinguished contributor to this volume seems to be the "(Rev.) P. J. Oliver Minos, D.D. (U.S.A.), M.R.A.S. (Lond.), F.E.I. (Scot.), Vicar of Garway, Ross-on-Wye." One who can sign his articles thus must necessarily be a great authority on archaeology. Nevertheless, he reminds us somehow of a visitor who wrote M. H. S. in the visitor's book of a learned institution, explaining proudly to the wondering attendant, "That means 'Member of the 'Arleian Society.'" To be serious, it is the pomps and ceremonies of which this signature is a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* that hamper the usefulness of the society chiefly representative of mediaeval archaeology in England, or at least make it in a certain degree ridiculous. Let Mr. Romilly Allen use his blue pencil boldly.

Generalities have as usual ousted details, and we have only space to say that our architectural readers will find in this volume many papers of interest. We regret that there is no important article by the editor himself. The illustrations, as we have said, are good.

H.

* "The Reliquary and Illustrated Archaeologist." A quarterly Journal and Review. Edited by J. Romilly Allen, F.S.A. New series. Vol. V. London: Bemrose and Sons Limited, 1899.



GENERAL VIEW OF PARIS EXHIBITION
BUILDINGS FROM THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.

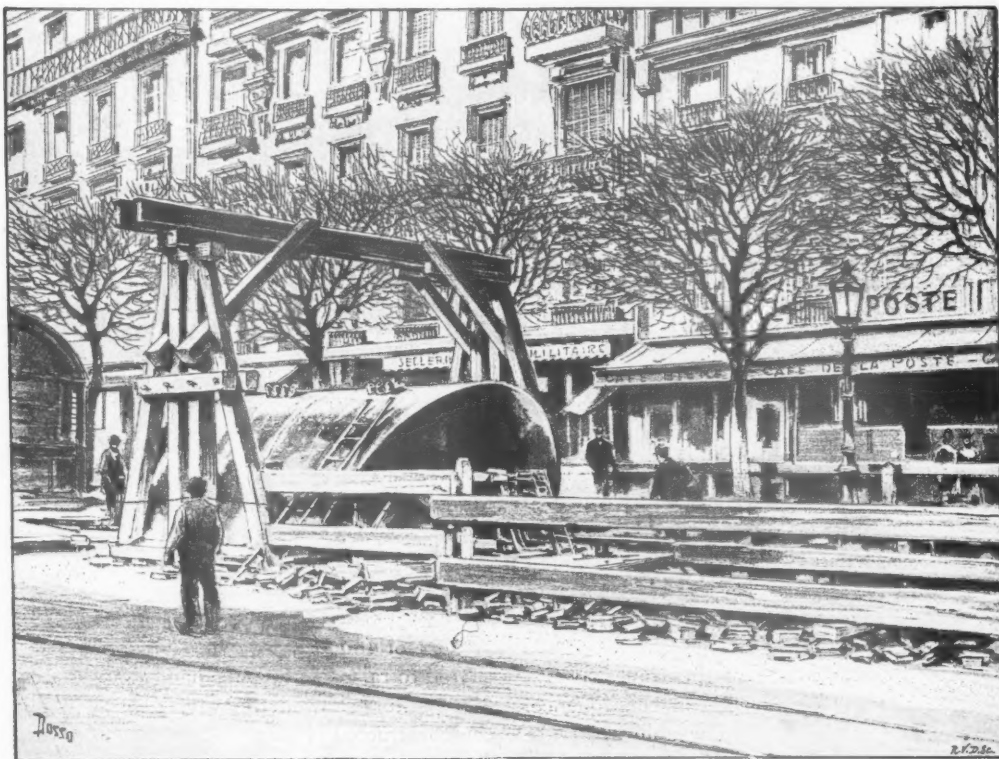
THE PARIS EXHIBITION AND
SOME OF ITS BUILDINGS :
WRITTEN BY A. ANDERSON.

FROM whatever point of view it be regarded, the task set before the organisers of the Exhibition on the banks of the Seine, to which the world will be flocking in the course of a few months, was a stupendous one. During the half century that has elapsed since the era of international exhibitions was inaugurated through the intelligent initiative of the late Prince Consort, the institution has passed through most of the phases of the ordinary cycle of existence, and, if the truth must be told, has latterly shown unmistakable symptoms of approaching decrepitude. The cry of the world more than ever to-day is novelty, novelty at all costs! It is weary long since of tramping through miles of wooden galleries, and gaping, by order, at colossal heaps of jam-pots, however symmetrically arranged they be, at mountains of sham wool or gold, or at interminable rows of ploughs or carriages. And yet of these or similar objects must all exhibitions be in great part composed.

It is no exaggeration to say that during the last five or six years the most supreme efforts have been put forth by all who are the most eminent in every walk of life in France to make the occasion a memorable one in the history of mankind.

The task, as has been said, was no easy one. To galvanise into life a moribund institution, to eclipse all that Paris had done in the past, to teach without being tiresome, and to amuse and interest without being vulgar or trivial, such were but a few of the thousand aspects of the problem. That it is likely to receive a successful and brilliant solution no unbiassed mind can for a moment doubt after the most cursory examination of what has been already accomplished. For a work of such grandiose dimensions it is only possible, in the course of a short article, to trace out broadly a few of the main ideas which have presided at its inception.

Since London showed the way in 1851, Paris has been the scene already of four great international exhibitions, every one of which has exercised a greater attraction on the rest of the universe than its predecessor. More than thirty-two million visitors passed the turnstiles of the exhibition of



PARIS EXHIBITION: SHOWING THE WORKS
OF DEVIATION OF A MAIN DRAIN.

1889, compared to sixteen millions in 1878, eleven millions in 1867, and five millions in 1855. If the same proportionate increase be maintained, it will be perceived that there is not so very much exaggeration in estimating the visitors to next year's exhibition at from sixty to seventy-five millions. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the golden harvest likely to be reaped by France if these prognostications be anything like realised, and almost equally superfluous to seek much further for a most powerful incentive to surpass everything that has been done before. The greatest difficulty of all, however, to be surmounted was the memory of the tremendous success of the exhibition of 1889.

It has been declared, with more or less truth, that the successive exhibitions in Paris have been characterised, among other things, by the alternate predominance of the architect and the engineer. Certain it is that the exhibition of 1889 was a triumph for the latter. The enormous machinery hall, with its incessant roar and clatter, was like a temple dedicated specially to the divinities of force, while the iron rafters of the Eiffel Tower insolently dominated the whole scene, and diverted attention from almost all else. Next year the engineer will be, comparatively speaking, in the background. Thanks to the never-ceasing discoveries in the domain of electricity, there need be no concentration of movement and machinery as before. Invisible wires will transport force wherever it is required. Architecture, "the first of the arts because it comprises them all," will have her revenge, and take a more prominent place than she has held in any previous International Exhibition on the Continent.

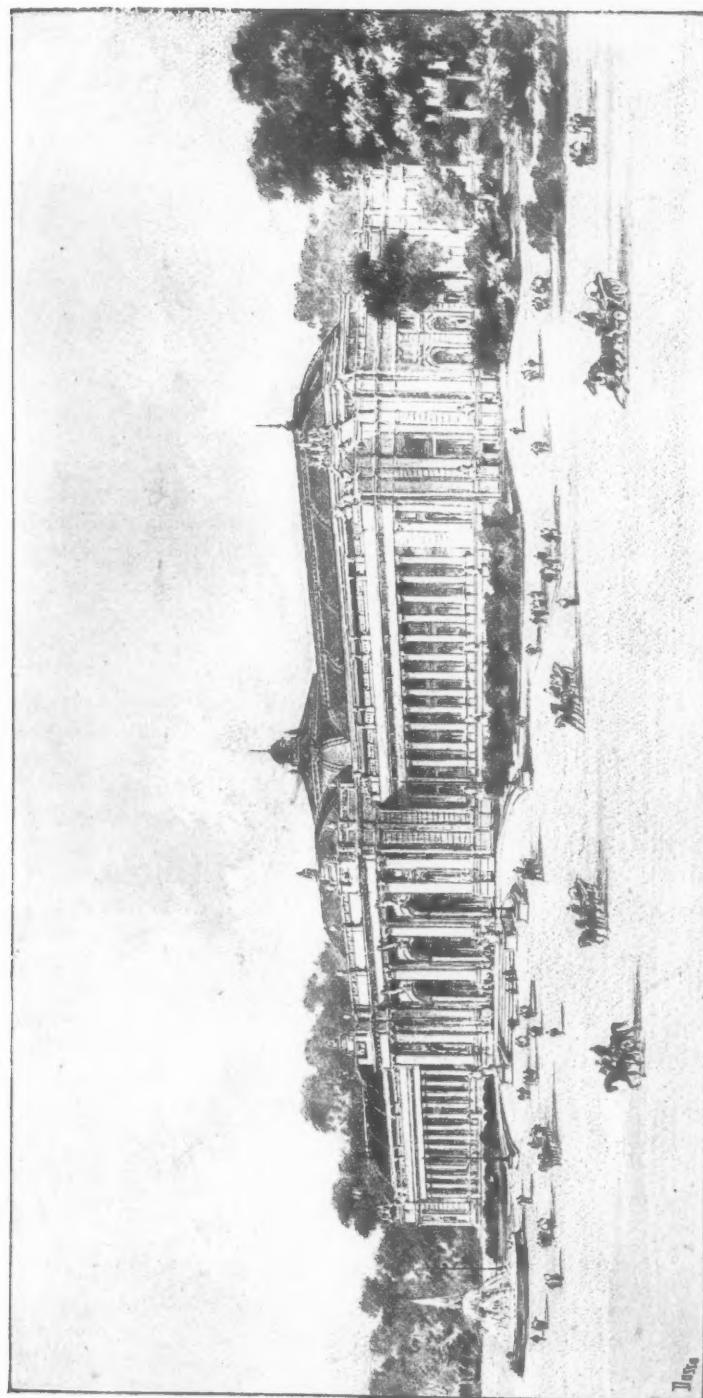
The end put before the architects of every section has been to symbolise in stone the objects for which each building was destined. First amongst these comes M. Binet, the designer of the main entrance gate to the exhibition from the Place de la Concorde. M. Binet is a member of the younger school, as, indeed, are all the architects, almost without exception, who have a part in the building of the exhibition. The door epitomises the whole exhibition: grandiose proportions, brilliant colouring, profuse decoration. Thirty thousand pounds was placed at his disposal, none too much for the work he contemplated. In its main lines the door consists of three large bays, with an opening of twenty mètres, forming a triangle supporting a circular crown, on which rests the cupola that closes the edifice. On either side of the front bay is a minaret, 45 mètres in height, visible, in consequence, over a great part of the city. These minarets are connected with the main body of the structure by two friezes, due to M. Guillot, nearly two and a half mètres in height, and with a development of nine

mètres. This in itself is an accomplishment representing workmen of all the different corporations bringing the products of their labour to the exhibition. The work is executed in freestone, and is a striking instance of the immense strides made of late years in the ceramic art.

If he has sought his principal inspiration in the Byzantine epoch, M. Binet has given a distinctly personal stamp to his door, so that, both in ensemble and in detail, it impresses one as a fresh departure. Colour plays a most important part, red, gold, and black producing striking effects, which will be still further heightened after nightfall, when the illumination of the door will be carried out on a vast scale. A separate chapter almost might be devoted to the turnstiles, thirty in number, which are arranged in a most ingenious manner in a fan-like form, in such a way that a quarter of a million persons can pass through, if necessary, in the course of an hour without overcrowding.

M. Binet's door has been mentioned first because it is the entrance to the exhibition, though its existence will be but ephemeral, terminating fatally with the end of the exhibition, like so many other of the white and gold creations that have sprung into life during the progress of the scheme. Of more interest, perhaps, in some respects, are the buildings destined to remain permanent architectural features of Paris. These are the two structures known as the Grand Palais and the Petit Palais, and the new bridge, Alexandra III., which form the principal elements in the large new avenue opened up from the Champs Elysées, crossing the Seine, and terminating with the gilded dome of the Invalides.

The design of the first, the Grand Palais, is a necessary consequence of the ground available. Four of the plans submitted at the first competition for the exhibition involved the total demolition of the Palais de l'Industrie, a survival of the first great international exhibition, which has done yeoman service for the past half century, and formed one of the most conspicuous landmarks in the Champs Elysées. With the disappearance of this structure, the dome of the Invalides, far away across the intervening river, was at once exposed, and the notion of a new great avenue joining the two points immediately took form. It had been in the air, it would now appear, for the best part of a century, being only shelved, not killed, by the Palace of Industry, against which none had since dared to raise sacrilegious hands until the four bold competitors showed the way. The new palace to be constructed in place of the old had necessarily, of course, to develop its principal façade perpendicularly to the Champs Elysées instead of parallel. On the other hand, the proximity of another wide

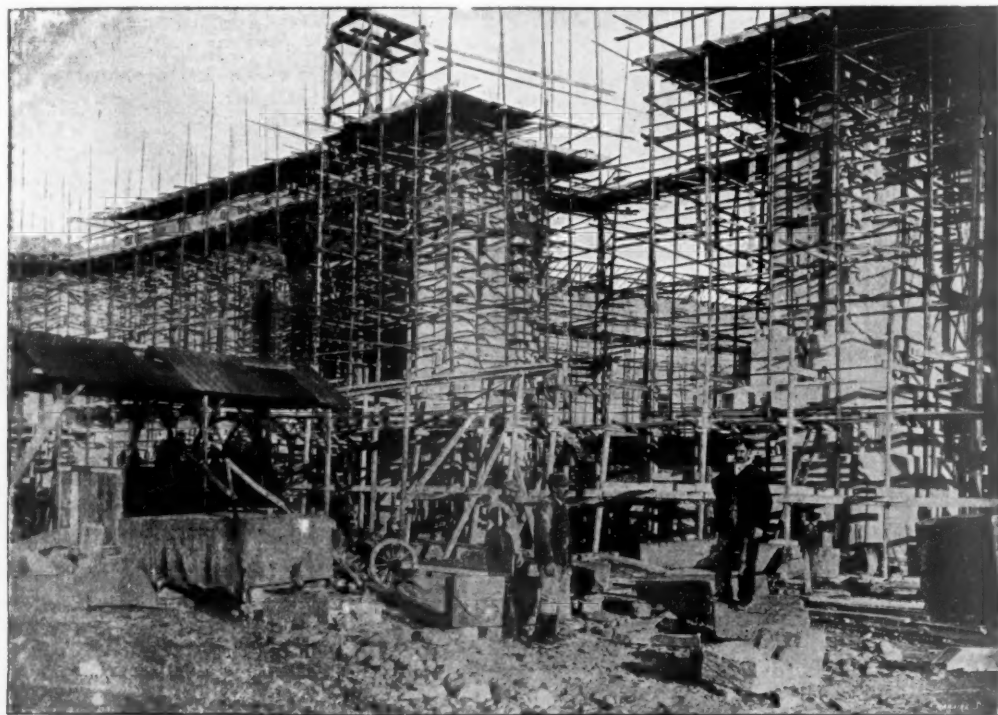


PARIS EXHIBITION : "THE
GRAND PALACE"

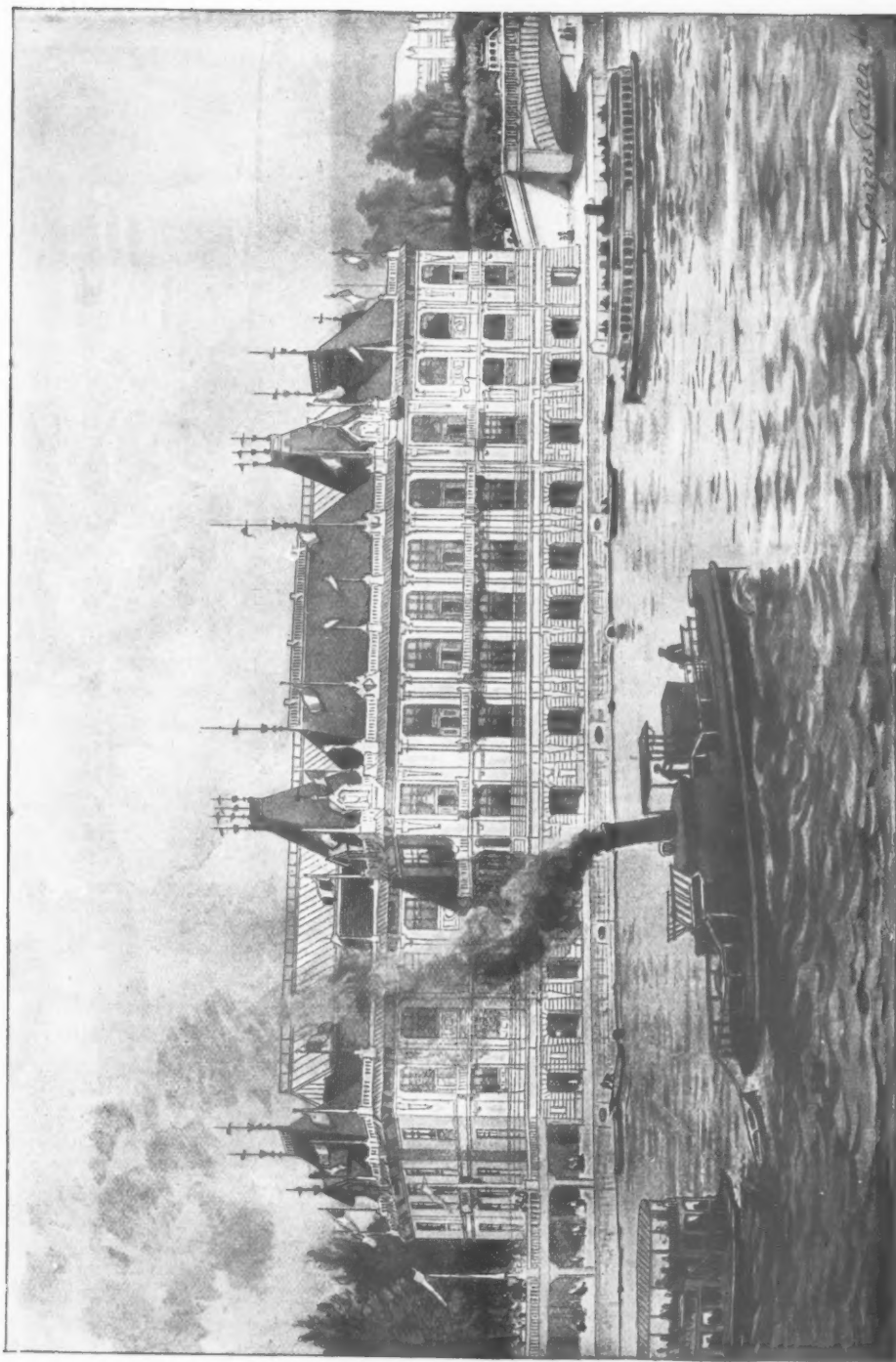
avenue, the Avenue d'Antin, involved the necessity of prolonging the structure so far laterally as to present a frontage to it also. The two avenues, the new one and the Avenue d'Antin, are not quite parallel, however, but converge slightly, one towards the other, and, moreover, it was necessary to treat the Champs Elysées trees with the respect which the Parisians regard as due to them. Every time a tree is displaced for any reason journalists on the outlook for subjects for "copy," seize upon the fact, and hold up architects and engineers to the popular indignation. For these and other considerations, therefore, a new competition had to be decreed for the plans of the Grand Palais, as the result of which, M. Girault was nominated principal architect, with Messrs. Deglane, Louvet, and Thomas as his principal collaborators, with charge respectively of the anterior, middle, and posterior portions of the palace. The façade fronting the new avenue, christened Avenue Nicholas II., is the work of M. Deglane. It is composed of a central porch flanked by two open galleries furnished with enfilades of columns, the porch alone occupying a third of the whole façade. The porch is formed of three large bays separated by columns. As regards the lateral galleries, they are formed by a raised understructure supporting Ionic columns elaborately decorated, their profile being well displayed by the polychrome mosaic frieze, the work of M. Fournier, which is carried

along the inside of the galleries. At the two extremities of the façade are two pavilions, on the summit of each of which there is a colossal group in hammered copper by M. Recipion, an artist who has acquired a great reputation for his monumental works of sculpture. These groups are each 12 mètres in height by 10 mètres in depth, and as many in width. One of them symbolises *Harmony overpowering Discord*, the other *Immortality overthrowing Time*.

On entering the building through the principal doorway one is at once in an immense open area, having almost exactly the dimensions of the Palace of Industry. The roof in steel, composed of curved girders, also recalls the roof of the old Palace, the principal, indeed the only essential, difference being the circular cupola dominating the exterior of the edifice. This cupola serves as point of junction between the principal nave and a transept 50 mètres in depth exactly facing the main entrance. The ground floor of the Grand Palace is composed, then, of an open area, round which a terrace is arranged, on which tiers of seats for spectators can be placed. After the exhibition the building will serve the same ends as those of the Palace of Industry, being by turns a gallery of sculpture, an agricultural show, and a scene of ornamental horsemanship. On the first floor there are long suites of rooms for the annual *salons* of painting.



PARIS EXHIBITION: SHOWING SCAFFOLDING
OF THE "LITTLE PALACE."



PARIS EXHIBITION: THE PAVILION
OF THE CITY OF PARIS.

The intermediate portion of the Palace has for principal object to compensate the necessary deformity of the plan, as well as to conceal from the eyes of the spectator the fact that the two façades are not parallel. It is composed of the transept referred to and the rooms on the first floor surrounding it. About the middle of the transept a large staircase conducts to what will be known as the *Salon d'Honneur*.

The rear portion of the Grand Palais, fronting the Avenue d'Antin, might almost be considered in the light of a separate structure. Its façade, due to M. Thomas, though more or less on the lines of the principal façade, has an individuality of its own. The main entrance, crowned by a flattened cupola, is composed of columns supporting a wide decorative border, serving as support to a large bronze group. The lateral portion of the frontage consists of two series of columns, springing from a very much raised base in front of another long frieze, giving the history of the century, and executed in the National Manufactory at Sèvres. The interior of M. Thomas's edifice consists of a spacious hall under the cupola, elliptical in shape, and flanked by two long rooms intended to be used for exhibitions of sculpture. Round these chambers runs an interior balcony, three mètres in width, which is itself the solution of a very pretty architectural problem, having no sort of visible support of any kind. It is made of "armed cement," which here and in other portions of the exhibition has an exceptional opportunity of conquering once for all the suffrage of the building world. It is firmly believed that it will be adopted all over the world. The building of the Grand Palais will have occupied less than three years in all, having been commenced towards the close of the year 1897; the limited time at the disposal of the architects was one of the most difficult problems they had to overcome. During the year 1900 the edifice, besides housing the ordinary *salon*, will be filled with the works of contemporary painters and sculptors, French and foreign, who send their works to the exhibition. The cost of the Grand Palais is £800,000.

Facing the Grand Palais on the other side of the Avenue Nicholas II. is the Petit Palais, the work of M. Girault. The merit attributed to M. Girault's conception will be best estimated, perhaps, by the fact that this is one of the very rare occasions on which the plans for a public edifice have been adopted at once in their entirety and the structure erected without the slightest modification being demanded by the examining committee in the initial project. During the exhibition the Petit Palais is intended to afford shelter to a series of exhibits illustrating the history of Art from the earliest age until the beginning of the present century. Afterwards

its proprietorship reverts exclusively to the City of Paris, and it will be used as a permanent gallery of modern painting and sculpture. It has been specially built with this object in view.

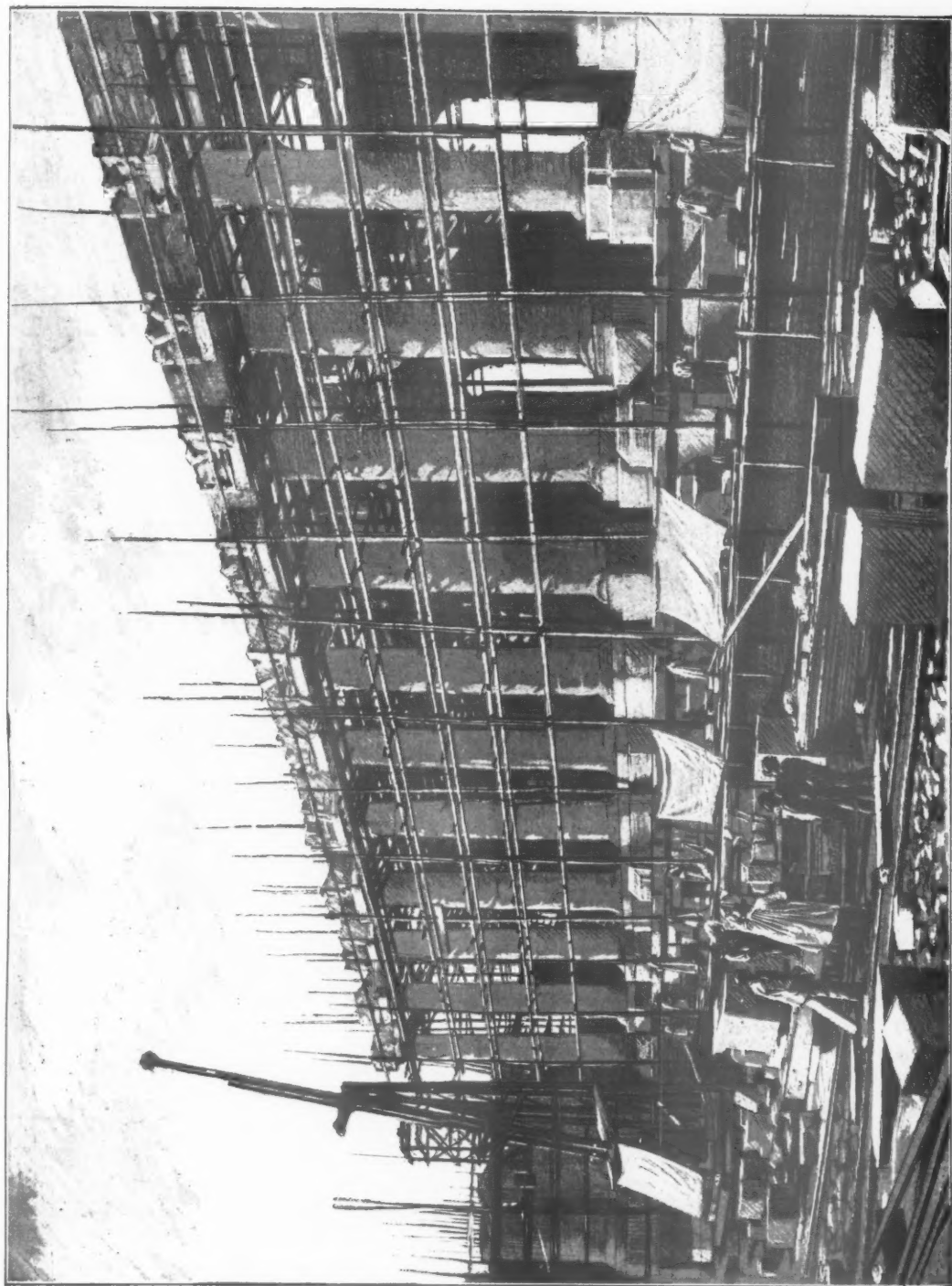
The plan of the Palace is that of a regular trapezoid, the larger side of which forms the principal façade. In the interior is a semi-circular court. Like its congener, the Grand Palais, it too presents a central *motif*, flanked by two series of columns. It would seem that this is obligatory nowadays for every structure that aspires to be thoroughly up to date. It would be difficult enough to class the style precisely. With its Ionic columns and its domes it would perhaps best be described as modernised Renaissance.

The central *motif* referred to is surmounted by a dome. The architecture is pompous without being excessively so, and its numerous ornaments have been kept comparatively sober, so as not to risk monopolising the attention of the spectator and diverting it from the unity of the perspective.

The interior is composed of two series of rooms parallel and juxtaposed, those in the exterior being lighted by lateral windows as well as from the roof, while the rest are illuminated exclusively from the roof. Passing further into the building, beyond the two parallel suites of rooms, and in the centre of the structure, we come upon a garden, closed in on all sides, and bordered by a covered gallery forming a peristyle. The methods of illumination being so varied, the light being admitted sometimes from the roof alone, sometimes laterally only, and sometimes in both manners, artists and sculptors will be hard to please if each work of art cannot be placed in the position best suited to show it off to advantage. The garden especially should merit the suffrages of the sculptors. The cost of the Petit Palais is just half that of its larger neighbour, namely £400,000.

The next feature in the new avenue, permanent also, of course, is the bridge Alexander III., an indispensable link in the chain. Of the construction of the bridge, which involved many delicate engineering problems successfully solved, space forbids more than a passing mention. The architectural plan has been devised so as to harmonise with the two palaces described, and the whole perspective is closed in at the other extremity by Mausart's gilded dome. The high pylon at each extremity of the bridge serve as resting-places for the eye in the general scheme of the perspective, their summits, intermediate between the two palaces in the foreground and the lofty top of Napoleon's tomb, serving to graduate the impression.

At the base of each of the pylons, which are vertical, is a recumbent female figure representing France at four great epochs in her history, namely,



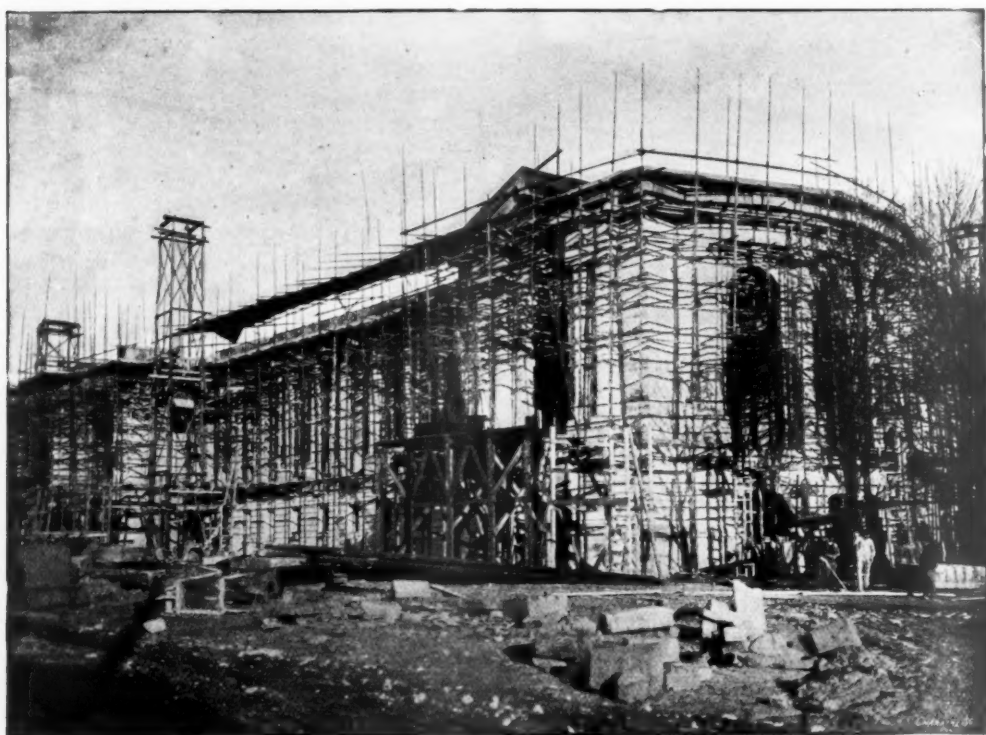
PARIS EXHIBITION : PLACING THE
CAPITALS IN POSITION ON THE
COLONNADE OF THE "GRAND PALACE."

the times of Charlemagne, Louis XIV., the Revolution, and to-day. They are due to the chisels of M. Coulan, who had already come to the front in 1889, by the monumental group of statuary situated over the Luminous Fountains, of M. Charles du Mars, M. Lenori, and M. Gustave Michel. At the summits are four specimens of a winged Pegasus led by heralds-at-arms. The architect's share in the construction of the bridge rests chiefly in the abutments supporting the pylons. They are of granite, of a grey shade. The sculptural ornamentation of these abutments is completed by groups of lions and children. One of the chief difficulties to be overcome was to ornament and

been made with every likely shade. As a result, it has been decided to adopt a very light tint, midway between grey and blue, the ornaments in relief being picked out in silver. The entire cost of the bridge is £280,000, a seventh part of which was devoted to the purely architectural features.

Of all the buildings erected in view of the exhibition the Grand and the Petit Palais and the bridge Alexander III. are the only ones presenting a definite and permanent character; the others will all disappear as speedily as they have been created.

The new palaces on the Champs de Mars, the scene of the Exhibition of 1889, are five in number,



SOUTH ANGLE OF "THE LITTLE PALACE."

give an air of lightness to the metallic body of the bridge. The architects, MM. Cassin-Bernand and Cousin, have met this difficulty by decorating the sides with long garlands of flowers and shells springing from the piles of the bridge.

The name of the bridge necessitating some allusion at least to the christening ceremony, a female group, in hammered copper, symbolical of the Franco-Russian alliance, the work of M. Recipon, forms the key of the central articulation. In a metallic structure of this kind colour plays a very important part—a part that is not always appreciated unfortunately—and, as in the case of the Eiffel Tower, a long series of experiments have

the bottom of the plan being formed by the Palace of Electricity dominating the Chateau d'Eau, forming, as it were, the back cloth of this part of the Exhibition, and facing the Trocadero on the opposite side of the river, the Eiffel Tower breaking the perspective midway. The Palace of Electricity, all in perforated metal work, stands out in strong relief against the sky like a frieze of lace, its central feature being 90 mètres above the surface of the ground. It forms a kind of temple for the goddess who gives promise of so rapidly transforming the surface of the world, and who, in any case, is the presiding genius of the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

The Chateau d'Eau, in front of the Electrical Palace, is a large erection of coloured plaster in Louis XV. style, down the middle of which rolls in successive tiers a cascade, from a total height of 40 mètres, into a large basin.

To the right and left are the palaces reserved respectively for textile industries and transport, built on analogous plans. The Palace of Mines and Metallurgy, the architect of which is M. Varcollier, is placed in the foreground of the Champs de Mars, facing the Palace of Education.

On the banks of the Seine, between the Champs de Mars and the Esplanade des Invalides are four principal palaces, those of the City of Paris, of Horticulture, of the Army and Navy, and finally that known as the Palais des Congrès, in which the delegates from the whole world to the scores of congresses will have opportunities of exposing and discussing the particular fads that interest them to their heart's content. Exteriorly the latter palace, the architect of which is M. Mèwès, is somewhat of an eyesore, there being absolutely nothing to relieve the gloomy squareness of the white walls. This is not the fault of the architect, however, but of the man who holds the purse-strings. By his intelligent arrangement of the interior the architect gives proof that, with a larger budget allotted to him, he could have made inside and outside better correspond. The doughty congressists are not likely to be deterred, however, by any such paltry considerations from giving vent to the pent-up floods of oratory, of which they are dying to unburden themselves.

The pavilion of the City of Paris, with its pointed roof, vaguely recalls the Hotel de Ville, and is entirely of wood. In the interior is a covered-in garden. Between the two preceding edifices is the Palace of Horticulture, composed of two twin glasshouses separated by a wide flight of steps descending as far as the Seine. It is quite possible that this palace will be permanently retained as a feature of the French capital, if the necessary funds are forthcoming after the excitement of the Exhibition is over.

Such is a brief *resumé* of what may be considered the leading features of the official Exhibition. In addition to the official, however, there is the unofficial Exhibition, constructed entirely by various private enterprises, a mere enumeration of which would occupy a larger space than can be afforded, though for the larger proportion of the visitors the attraction of these sections will, doubtless, completely eclipse that of the others. Regarded from an architectural point of view, the "Old Paris" section of the Exhibition is full of interest.

The total superficial area of the Exhibition and grounds is 270 acres, the expenditure being estimated at two and a half millions sterling.

MOTTOES: BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND: INTRODUCTION.

THE use of Mottoes is one of the most attractive features in mural, or wall, and architectural decoration, as all are aware who have paid the least attention to the ornamentation of the Middle Ages or of all the Eastern races.

For it may be observed that in themselves, letters when formed with care or grace, and regularly repeated or continued in lines, invariably form beautiful borders or friezes; in fact, they are to the cultivated taste far more attractive in most cases than mere flowers or conventional ornaments. The first reason for this is that, while there is a general apparent uniformity and *wholeness*, or unity, in the continued pattern or band between two lines, there is also very perceptible a great variety in the details, although this variety itself evidently follows some law.

It is on this principle that a vast crowd of people in holiday attire forms a very attractive sight, there being, indeed, a general likeness and great repetition relieved by the different gestures, acts, and attire of the individuals. So a garland of flowers is more beautiful when every one of its units is not quite alike. It amounts to this that *variatio delectat*—variety is pleasing while unity or strength is assuring.

The Gothic letter, or Old English is more suitable to ornamental mottoes than any other, because it was formed, created, and inspired in an age of decoration, being itself born, as it were, as much for that as for use itself. Thus we may observe, in the most serious and prosaic business and law papers of the Middle Ages, what appears to us to be a vast proportion of needlessly elegant capitals and other details—some of which survive to the present day in the conveyancer's or engrossing hands—the use of red ink, or rubricating, or "sweetening" and other details.

Another reason why Gothic lettering is so well adapted to ornament is that the minor letters are all far more regularly formed than in any other alphabet ever invented by man. They consist entirely of long and short bands—that is—made from a simple square added transversely at the ends to a band of several squares in length, as the reader may see by a glance at the alphabet. It was much easier with steady practice for a scribe in the Middle Ages to attain what seems to us to be print-like perfection, than for us to write our modern running-hand legibly—as may be seen by inspecting the signatures of any one hundred ladies and gentlemen of the present day. Any man who could make simple up and down or diagonal strokes, could infallibly form Gothic letters perfectly. In

our writing about twenty skilful turns are absolutely requisite to write well. It may here be noted as a curious survival of old custom, that we begin by teaching children to draw very needless straight lines, only not vertical, but do not familiarize them with drawing circles and spirals on which our current hand is really based.

Care should be taken even in Gothic lettering of mottoes not to make them extravagant, or *illegible*, or too wildly mediaeval, which is a very common fault, especially with mere beginners. It is quite possible to make all inscriptions in this style almost as clear to any eye as ordinary print, without any sacrifice whatever of picturesqueness. The worst sinners in this respect are the mere artisan—not artist—decorators and upholsterers and sign-painters, who go by any kind of "pattern books," and who have no feeling or conception of the inner meaning of any kind of Art whatever.

Inscriptions, whether painted, set in mosaic, or carved, are generally the cheapest kind of ornament, and yet there is none which goes so far as to relieve monotony and awake interest. At one time in all Europe, and especially in Germany, a vast proportion of all houses bore on their exteriors quaint and appropriate mottoes, without or with the special devices or images which became signs. By means of these inscriptions and images houses were at once known and remembered, and it was for most people a far better remembrancer than is the number, which very often is tagged with other directions. Even with our houses at the present day some accidental lion's head or similar ornament is really the best direction for anybody.

This distinctive and vigorous kind of ornament became unpopular when the *parvenu* and man of ignorance began to occupy to an unusual extent the better class of houses. All that was old-fashioned was to him repulsive, for it reminded him of a time when he was degraded. He also, like the servant-maid who refused to live in a villa-cottage because it had "them vulgar diamond panes such as honly poor folks use," regarded old-fashioned ornament as cheap and low. The Puritan movement had already done all in its power to destroy every trace of Art and beautiful tradition, and the ignorant rich man completed the work. He did not feel or understand Art at all, therefore he left it all to professed cognoscenti, dilettanti, and upholsterers, who all knew in reality as little of decorative art as he did.

In old times appropriate mottoes were also introduced to all kinds of interiors, such as dining halls or libraries, kitchens, bed-rooms, and the like. They were also found on every kind of implement. In the earlier Norse or Teutonic times they were extensively applied to weapons, arms and garments—in Runic form as charms; and many of

these survived in domestic mottoeing. Thus we see couplets or lines on old musical instruments, spoons, cases, work-boxes, and caskets, goblets; "posies" on rings, saws on knives and forks and plates, predictions on "roundels," proverbs on fans, adages on chairs and tables, moral maxims, conceits, and epigrams; in fact, wherever there was a blank space or anything to fill. Indeed, an exhaustive work on this subject would be the work of a long life, and form perhaps a small library.

For the present I have—merely to awaken more interest in the subject, and make, as it were, a beginning—confined myself to giving a certain number of rhyming mottoes, nearly all of my own composition. Mindful of the fact that there are many men of many minds in the world, I have tried to introduce a variety of styles in my verses. And here the selector may bear in mind the fact that in almost all cases any motto in the book taken at random will be just as likely to catch the fancy of the multitude as it passes by as the very best. What is invariably most popular is a striking familiar *conceit*, expressed in a fluent jingle, which is the secret why nursery rhymes live.

Mottoes for blank spaces in cottages and small houses, it seems to me, should be without excess of additional ornament, such as arabesque or flowers more or less conventional, because too much decoration on a cheap building betrays too much effort at mere show. This is a common fault in Germany and Italy at the present day, the result being that the motto is lost in mere flourishing or Schnörnkerei, which is fatal to architectural effect.

When the motto is in black lettering the capitals or even the first letter of every word may be in vermilion. If the capitals are in blue then many of the minor letters should be red. When the red capital is bold and broad, it may be outlined or decorated with blue.

Black lettering, when very broad, strong, and bold, was often executed very irregularly indeed, and that intentionally, to produce a varied, vigorous effect. With red letters and red underlining, it was all the more striking. Accustomed as we are to the strict uniformity of type, this seems at first almost unintelligible. Capitals in gold are very effective, but they should always be outlined with deep colour.

The easiest way to execute large lettering is by stencilling. That is to say, by cutting out the inscription from a sheet of hard smooth card-board, such as is sold for this purpose. This is laid on the surface and the colour then applied with a broad brush.

The Chinese and Japanese make great use of inscriptions, texts, and proverbs, as ornaments in themselves—every and any where. They also execute them on tablets, panels, or strips of cloth

which are hung up in any blank spaces, like pictures. I commend such decoration to those who wish very easily to decorate rooms. Mottoes on cloth can be executed in embroidery, by *appliqué*, or cutting out and sewing on letters, or by painting or stencilling.

Of late years the old fashion of decorating with inscription has been very much revived all over Germany, especially in restaurants, beer-houses, and the like. Westphalia was, in the ancient days, famous for these.

It may be worth while to remark that money may be made by those who will make a specialty of it, firstly by executing mottoes on the walls of houses, the interiors of shops, *et cetera*, the art being one which is easily acquired. Secondly, such mottoes can be executed at home on wooden or card-board tablets, and then sold to be hung up in appropriate places.

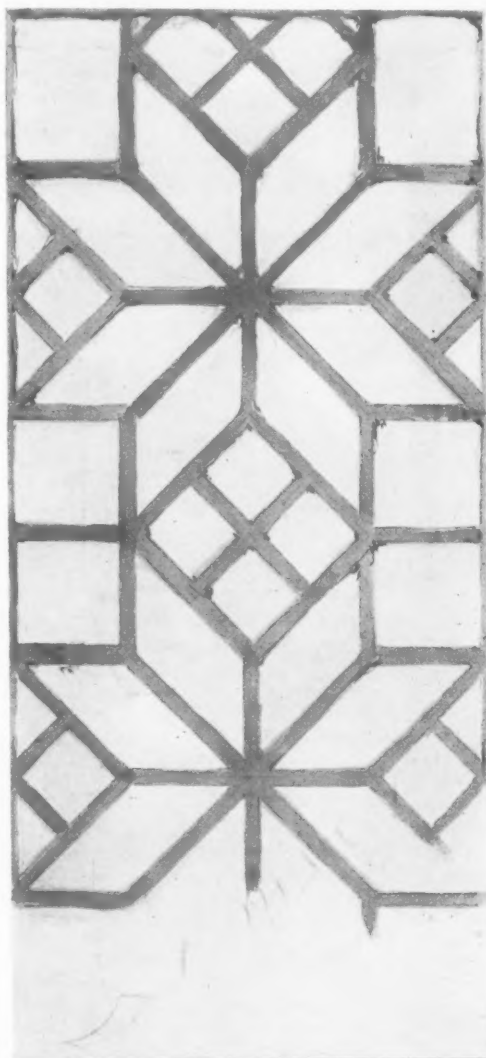
I would call special attention of critics, should any condescend to notice this article, that it makes no pretensions whatever to literary or poetical merit. If I had had more books at my command I should have compiled it altogether from better poets and great writers, and it is only my want in this respect which had compelled me to compose so many myself. I may make some exception as regards German mottoes having copied a great many from houses in Deutschland, and having been very much helped by the work "Deutsche Inschriften an Haus und Geräth"—(German Inscriptions on Houses and Utensils) fifth edition, Berlin, 1888" and also "Weisheit und Witz," or "Wisdom and Wit, in Old German Rhymes and Sayings," Berlin 1881. Yet even with these, and a fair collection of works on Proverbs, I found it no easy matter to get together a good number of mottoes, strictly applicable to the subjects selected. Most of the Old German are mere abstract moral maxims, applicable to anything.

All the mottoes * not indicated by quotation marks are with me original, though in a very few cases indeed I have rhymed some prose saying. One excuse for my writing so many myself was, the rapidly growing aversion among thinking people for well-known quotations, however apt or excellent they may be. Even an indifferent motto is better than none, but none at all is preferable to some "hackneyed saying heard on every tongue." I have, however, given a sufficient number of selections to afford variety, and to gratify the not inconsiderable number of those who judge of merit by past popularity.

* In future issues we shall publish, as space will permit, the "Mottoes" which Mr. Godfrey Leland refers to in this introductory article. Owing to their number and variety it would be impossible to confine them to the limits of even several articles.—Ed.

A BOOKE OF SUNDRY DRAUGHTES;
BEING THE REPRINT OF A
GLAZIER'S PATTERN - BOOK OF
1615.* BY W. GEDDES.

DURING the sixteenth century, when the torrent of Gothic, that in its flood had been essentially a monastic art, subsided into the channels of citizen building, before the coming in of the great palace-architecture of Inigo Jones, there was to be found a slack-water of style, with no very dominant impulse. If Gothic may be taken as Nature-art—as it were a sun-source of light and heat—while the Renaissance was to declare itself as Culture-art, with a moon-brightness of reflection—ere the latter rose above the horizon, there came, in

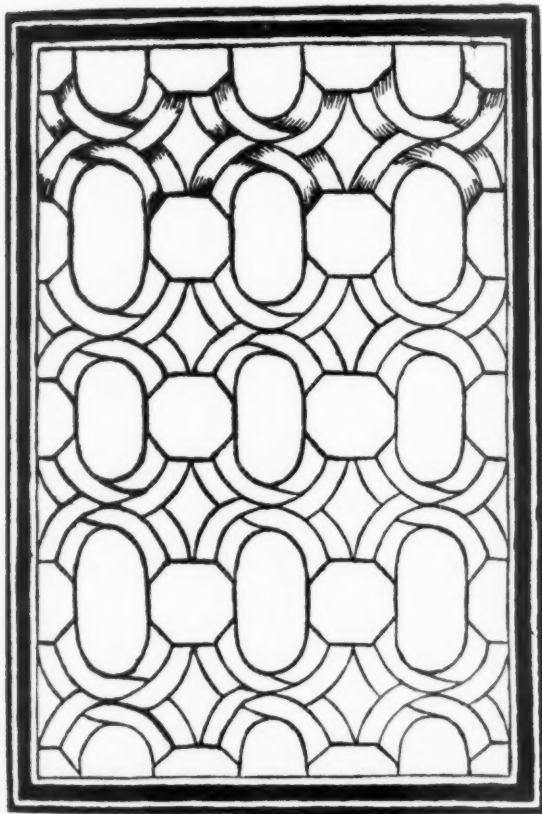


OLD PATTERN GLAZING:
GOWTHWAITE HALL, NIDDERDALE.

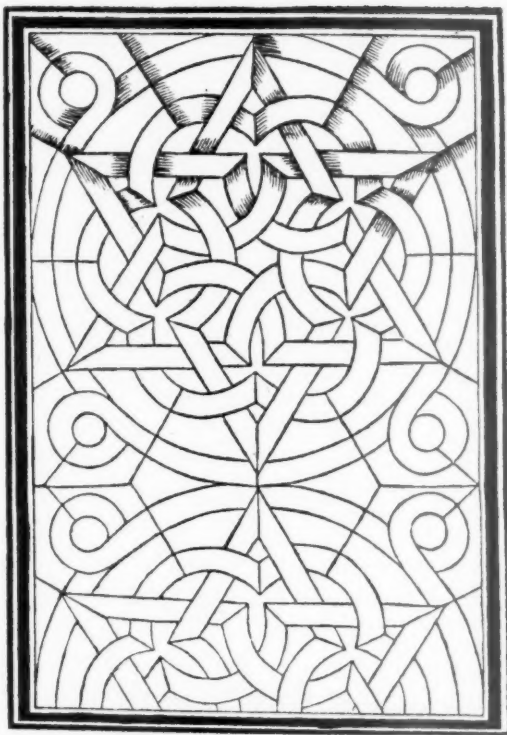
* "A Booke of Sundry Draughtes": Principally Serving for Glaziers. Leadenhall Press. London. 6s.

England, a twilight, in which an art of pattern-making loomed mysteriously large. These intervals, or twilights, come in the regular sequences of art progression, and it is curious how they seem to develop this interest in pattern for pattern's sake—as in the interlacements of the ninth century, and now in the strapworks and knots of the sixteenth. In his history of the English Renaissance Mr. Blomfield has well determined the Elizabethan and early Jacobean era as that of the pattern-book. This "*Booke of Sundry Draughtes*" was one among the many which supplied the decorations thought necessary for architecture when, after 1550, the Italians, who had devised the first veneerings of Gothic design, had departed.

W. Geddes' preface deserves to be quoted:—"As the principal beautie and countenance of Architecture consists in outward ornament of lights, so the inward parts are ever opposite to the eies of the beholder, taking more delight in the beauty thereof, being cunningly wrought, than in any other garnishing within the same." The position was clearly in line with the literary taste that overlaid Elizabethan style with an "outward ornament" of conceits that made, too, a conspicuous "garnishing within" the thought of Spenser and Sidney, as, indeed, of Bacon and Shakespeare.



FROM "A BOOKE OF
SUNDRY DRAUGHTES."



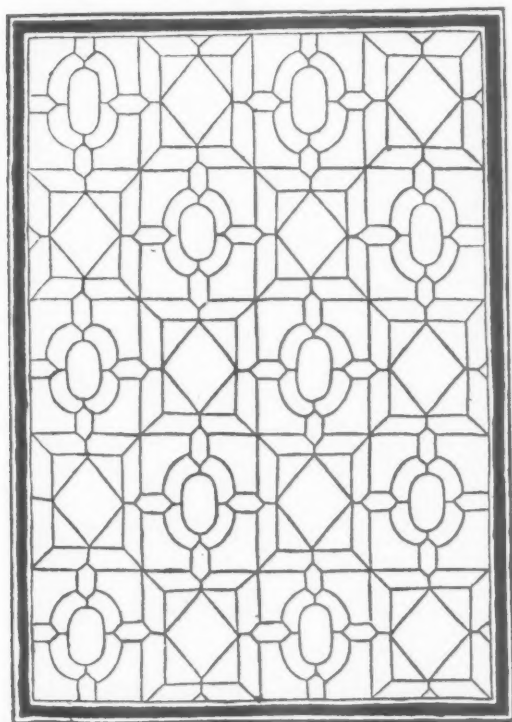
FROM "A BOOKE OF
SUNDRY DRAUGHTES."

But in literature this expression of taste was very differently endowed. For if the Nature-poetry, as it may be called, of scald and *jongleur* had passage by the Elizabethan era into the Classic-cult of the eighteenth century, the strongest art was that of the mid-stage, while in architecture the greatest things were the earlier. Still, the parallel holds good, so far, that the pattern-conceit, like the word-conceit, was a superficial euphuism. Beneath the trivialities of the pattern-making—which was very much that of a child playing with compasses and delighted with the ease of circle making—lay a strong habit of dexterous craftsmanship, handed down in the direct descent of Gothic tradition.

It must be admitted that the evidence of this craftsman's habit is not very clear in W. Geddes' designs. What his title-page describes as "sundry draughtes principally serving for glaziers, and not impertinent for plasterers and gardeners, besides sundry other professions," exhibit themselves in not a few cases as quite unsuggestive of an honest inheritance of workmen's craft. No glazier could think of glazing patterns as here drawn, except as *tours de force*; for they are not real glazing-designs, but fancy shapings, whose cutting could not be attempted without breakage. And the plasterer or gardener would be equally at a loss with most of them.

But this impression of dexterous line-twisting is not the whole story; wherever there have come

down to us genuine examples of the Elizabethan and Jacobean crafts we can at once perceive an atmosphere in which such patterns are not the dead things they here appear. I remember coming upon a well-preserved old hall in a moorland Yorkshire valley, where the glazings, dated within a few years of this pattern-book, were still intact—and W. Geddes' encomium on his craft was to be justified. "The principal beautie and countenance of the architecture" undoubtedly lay in the lights thereof. It was not only that they outside made for the window surfaces a delicate texture in harmony with the wall carvings—or that inside the rooms the scale of pleasant and stately proportion was set by the window pattern. One acknowledged this ;



FROM "A BOOKE OF
SUNDRY DRAUGHTES."

but besides it the art of the actual glazing was exquisite—the glass with a golden spray imbedded in its substance making a glory of the winter sunshine, and the subtle texture of the lead traceries veined like a vine-leaf.

Now, in our nineteenth century we have been passing through the last stages of that Culture-art which was inaugurated by the Renaissance. It has been a misty, dolorous moon-setting, whose glooms we have sought to light up by the lanterns of style and pattern-making. This reprinting of the "Booke of Sundry Draughtes" is an enterprise, possibly, in the service of our pattern-priests, so that architect and decorator may get here by heart

some snatches of the old ritual. But it is well to remember that we have now no oracle of ancient craftsmanship haunting the *temenos* of Art. "King Pandion he is dead." In the material of our glass, in the neat fashions of our workmanship, such patterns are twice "wrapped in lead," let our priests of architecture do what they will.

E. S. P.

CELTIC ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS: BY JOHAN ADOLF BRUUN: REPRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF DOUGLAS WANTAGE: CONCLUDED.

IN the richest works, according to a fashion known in other styles of book illumination, the letters were laid on decorative bands, this kind of background is seen to be worked with patterns that were, not infrequently, dotted or punctured out on the same principle.

Diaper work will be seen to be occasionally introduced to enliven smaller spaces and vacancies between the broader and more elaborate designs. But this stiffest of all geometrical elements never played any great part in Celtic decoration. Several varieties of it may be seen in the pages of the *Book of Kells*, where it occurs together with *rosettes*, a decidedly non-Celtic detail of ornament.

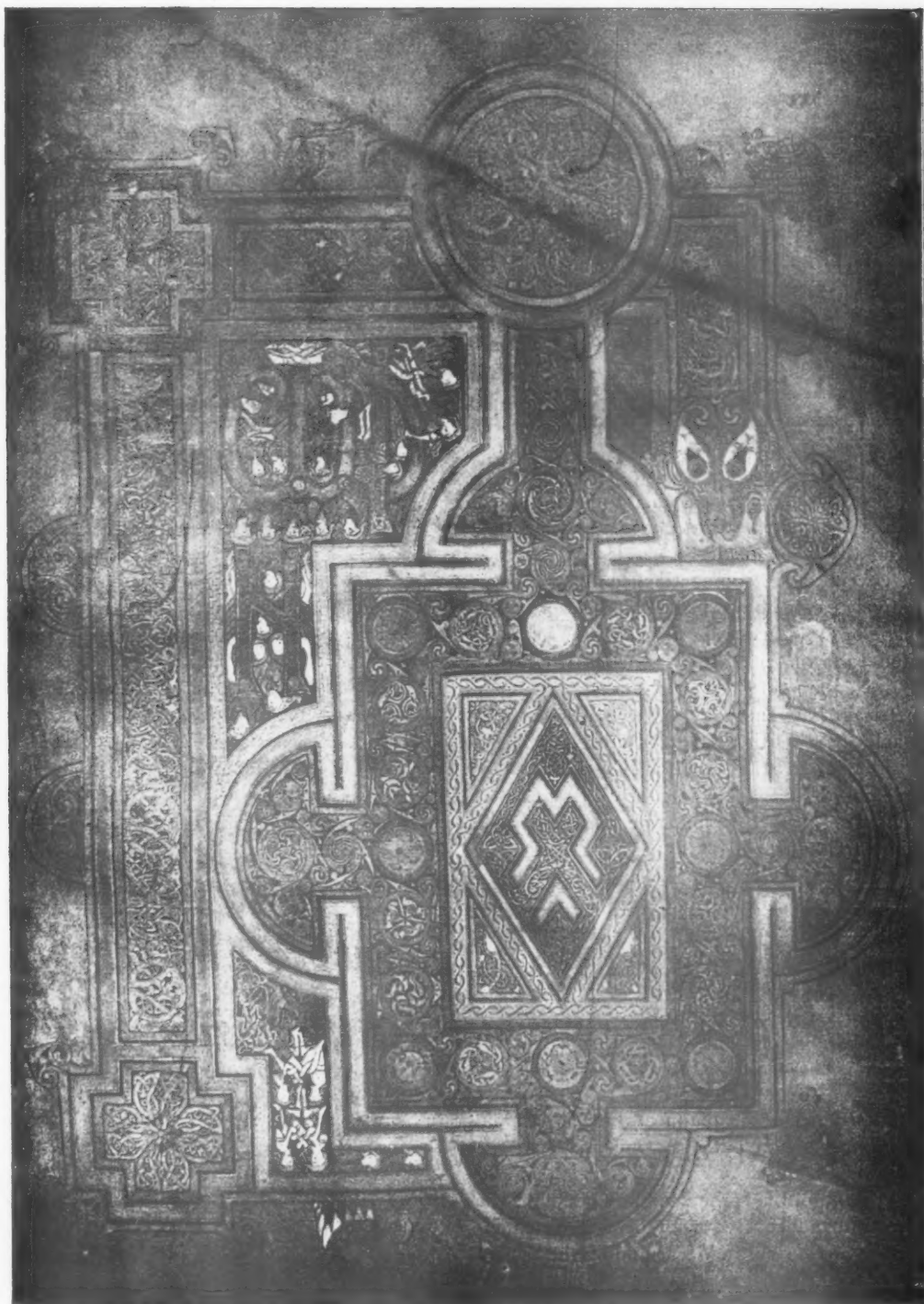
And with this we may lay aside the chequered variety of geometrical designs, a class of ornament which embraces the main mass of patterns to be found in the illuminated manuscripts.

Yet the series of patterns which is next to be considered still includes sufficient variety of types of a pronounced Celtic character to form important co-ordinate classes. In these we group the ornamental designs in which a copying of natural forms is more or less conspicuous. It must be distinctly understood, however, that in speaking thus we do not mean to assert that any object was represented naturally. For quite the reverse is the case. In most instances the decorative form is as different as it possibly could be from the forms of any object in actual existence. Among the *zoomorphic* schemes there are birds, quadrupeds of a nondescript nature, sometimes even the utterly contorted outline of a human figure. As to the birds and quadrupeds, it would be of no use to be too particular in any attempt to trace their zoological prototypes. Regarding the former, the most outstanding features are such as might be derived by decorative treatment from almost any variety of the species; and in the case of the latter the origination is, if possible, still more hopelessly obscured.

An observation connecting these forms with



FROM THE BOOK OF KELLS: JESUS
ON THE PINNACLE OF THE TEMPLE.



FROM THE BOOK OF KELLS:
INITIAL PAGE OF THE GOSPEL
ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE.

some hybrid figures, half nature, half fancy, which occur in their close vicinity, might perhaps settle the question. If we compare details, such as heads, limbs, and wings, in the zoomorphic interlacings with corresponding details in the representations of the Evangelistic symbols, which are a stock design in the illuminated copies of the Gospels, we find, in the majority of cases, a striking resemblance. This naturally suggests the idea that the ancient symbols, such as the eagle of St. John or the lion of St. Mark, repeated from copy to copy in traditional schemes, once served as the originals from which the designer gathered the zoomorphic details for his fanciful pieces of decoration. Hence we may fairly set aside the speculations on the zoological prototypes as rather unnecessary, the more so, because the peculiar nature of this kind of ornament depends—not so much on details as on the manner in which these are connected together so as to form a consistent whole. A zoomorphic interlacing used, like the forms of ornament we have been dealing with, to fill in a panel or compartment of more or less regular shape will be seen, in most cases, to arise from the repetition of a single figure, a bird or a quadruped, with head, leg, wings of a distinct, well-defined type attached to a curious, decoratively treated piece of a body. According to the shape of the space to be adorned, the figure is repeated to form either a continuous chain or a composite group of two or four specimens in symmetrical arrangement, which group, in its turn is capable of repetition. Occasionally we find a composition of two figures of different type—for example, a bird and a quadruped. This group is also capable of further combination and repetition. The chief trait common to all these varieties is the great pains taken in twisting, plaiting, and weaving them together in every conceivable manner. When the tangle produced by inter-twining the limbs, tail, neck, and trunk of the body, was not deemed sufficient, some further devices had to be invented. One was to prolong the jaw, the crest, or the top of the ear into a sort of appendix intended to serve as an additional link.

The animal element also appears in the terminations of borders and initials. One very favourite method was to add a beast's head and a pair of legs at one end of the border; and, if we follow the long broken band covered with decorative panels we should not be surprised at finding the rest of the body attached to the other end in the shape of a pair of diminutive hind-legs. Or, there is another border run right round the page, with a human head at the top, a pair of feet at the lower margin, and an arm attached to each side! Occasionally, the large ornamental initials are seen to be treated in a similar manner. In specimens of the decadent

period it is a rule to use zoomorphic terminals for the interlaced work which does duty for the body of the latter; a type from which evolved that composed of a complete animal figure or of a combination of such, as has been shown above. The peculiarities of the various types will be understood by studying the plates better than by words. There we see the form typical of the zoomorphic interlacings in the *Book of Durrow*. It consists of a body in the shape of a curved or undulating band, with fore-leg, hind-leg, a dull, tame head, and elongated jaws. There is, perhaps, along the whole line of the animal motives used in decorative art, none more utterly stripped of animal life and expression in being transformed according to the laws of a certain conventionalising principle. A marked contrast to this type is shown in the pages of the *Book of Kells** and the *Gospels of Lindisfarne*.† There we often meet with a head suggestive of a beast of prey; but rather exaggerating the bloodthirsty propensities of its zoological prototype. It mostly occurs at the end of a border or an initial, and may often be seen side by side with the lifeless schemes of the Durrow type. In the zoomorphic interlacings of the decadent period, when they appear chiefly in the structure of initials, the head assumes a variety of forms according to the whims of the draughtsman. Thus in the "*Liber Hymnorum*"‡ from which the initials in the present work are drawn, and which seems to date from the eleventh century, among the number of beasts' heads worked in the letters there is hardly one quite like another; and yet at the same time, they have such features in common as testify to their derivation from the types in use at earlier periods.

The bird frequently figures in the works of the best period. Its chief characteristics are a long beak curved at the end, a well-developed wing, which, like part of the body, is covered with various kinds of feather pattern, and a remarkably well-drawn leg. It is seen in profile, as are the animal motives with very few exceptions.

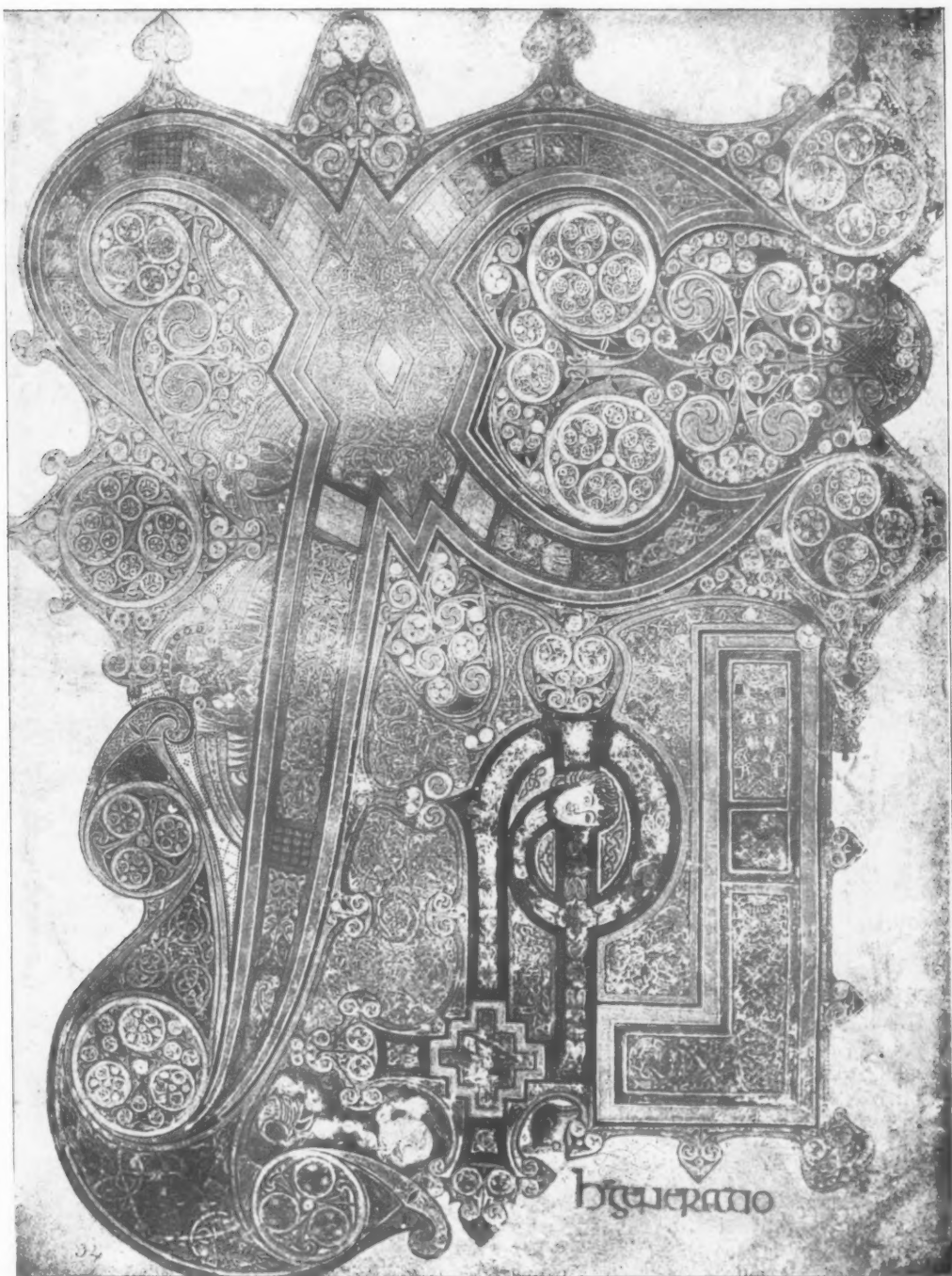
Motives derived from other departments of nature, such as leaves, flowers, and fruit of *plants*, never played any great part in Celtic ornament. So far as evidence at present goes, they may be said to have been utterly ignored, if not quite unknown, for a length of time. There are manuscripts, among those most lavishly decorated, in which it would be impossible to detect, even by the most careful examination, the slightest shade of a floral or foliaceous design. There is nothing of the kind in the *Book of Durrow*§; nor in the *Book of*

* MS. A, 1, 6, Trinity Coll., Dublin.

† *Cotton*, MS. *Nero*, D. 4, Brit. Mus.

‡ MS. E. 4, 2, Trinity Coll., Dublin.

§ MS. A. 4, 5, Trinity Coll., Dublin.



FROM THE BOOK OF KELLS: BEGINNING
OF THE NARRATIVE, "CHRISTI AUTEM
GENERATIO," ETC. (IN THE GOSPEL ACCORD-
ING TO ST. LUKE).

*Dimma**; nor in the *Gospels of MacDurnan*†; and in the most beautiful and perfect specimen of Hibernian art as cultivated outside of its native isle, the *Gospels of Lindisfarne*, the plant ornament is likewise conspicuous by its absence. Nor does it seem, when once introduced, ever to have become very fashionable. Together with some other devices obviously due to an influx of foreign ideas, it appears in the *Book of Kells*, engrafted, with as good grace as possible, on the national stock of ornament. After this epoch, in spite of its growth in the most brilliant work of Irish caligraphy and book-illumination, it will never well prosper. Occasionally we meet with a small panel filled in with what seems to be intended for a scroll of foliage; but, as a rule, the leaf design only survives in the very subordinate position of an appendix or termination ornament, where, moreover, under a not very careful treatment it loses its character, and dwindles into a semi-geometrical scheme, the true origin of which requires some thought and comparison to be detected.

We rarely meet with a scroll extending over a panel, as in the *Book of Kells*; but the leaf appendix of the animal body is of so frequent occurrence that it may be regarded as one of the leading characteristics of the designs of the decadent age. Most of the forms of leaf in this position are traceable to those shown in the *Book of Kells*, the trefoil and quatrefoil, as well as the lanceolate and heart-shaped types. An innovation appears with the introduction of the leaf with the tricuspid profile, a type characteristic of Carolingian art and afterwards a stock design in almost every dialect of Romanesque ornament. Only we should not expect to find anything like a fair copy of the original. The conventionalising principle asserts itself here as elsewhere, regulating the outline. The gracefully curved leaf becomes a stiff and formal affair with a contour drawn on the spiral idea. Near the point where the curved boundaries of the longest leaflet meet, we often observe a little oval figure laid across the leaflet. In its present position it appears quite enigmatic and out of place. What does it mean? And where did it come from? The little figure points back to our starting point, the pre-Christian art of Ireland. It is a hallmark connecting some of the latest and most debased types of Hibernian ornament as exhibited in the illuminated manuscripts with the ancient native work of the Isle, by testifying to the influence of the spiral principle in moulding and regulating Celtic design down to the very end of its national existence.

The same conventionalising tendencies as were shown in the treatment of the pure ornament

reappear in the drawing and colouring of the human figure. Of actual observation and imitation of nature there is very little, indeed. In moulding the type of the head the ever-present spiral was used as a means of putting the face into the requisite shape, by regulating the curves of the nose, the mouth, and the ears. Any attempt at real modelling is scarcely visible, unless it be that the fine lines which are sometimes seen to accompany the sharp, well-marked outline might mean an attempt at shading. In a type of face the linear beauty of which is expressed by the spiral, it will not surprise one to find paint, for example, of green or violet applied to heighten the general effect. Occasionally the whole thing is treated much in the same manner as the compartment of an initial, and filled in with spirals, fret work, or interlacings. Or, this more elaborate ornament is confined to smaller sections only or entirely displaced by some plainer pattern, the mass of the drapery being worked, for example, with a diapered design of lines and dots, while, at the same time, its folds are made visible. This is effected, not by shading, but by streaks of paint of a different colour from that in which the mass of the drapery is painted. The intensely decorative treatment shown in the surface enrichments, in the spiral details, and the impossible colours of the human figure, also characterises the representations of animal forms. Here it is, if possible, even more conspicuous. The spiral recurs in the ears, jaws, and junctions of the limbs with the body. The whole space of the body is frequently covered with an intricate pattern of some of the ordinary types, and the colours are distributed without the slightest regard to nature. An example illustrative of the method of procedure deserves to be recorded. It is taken from a copy of the *Gospels* dating from the twelfth century, and now preserved among the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum.* The figure in question represents the lion of St. Mark. The head is of the conventional type, and the tail foliated. The colours employed are red, white, green, and yellow, the former two being used for the head, while half of the body is painted green, and the other half yellow.

Among the ancient documents preserved in the library of Trinity College in Dublin is an illuminated volume of large quarto size containing the Four Gospels, mainly in accordance with the Vulgate version,† and generally known as the *Book of Kells*‡ (see *National MSS. Irel.*, Vol. I., Plates VII.—XVII.; Westwood, *Miniatures and Ornaments*, Plates VIII.—XI.; *Palaeographia*, Plates 16, 17; *Celtic Ornaments from the Book*

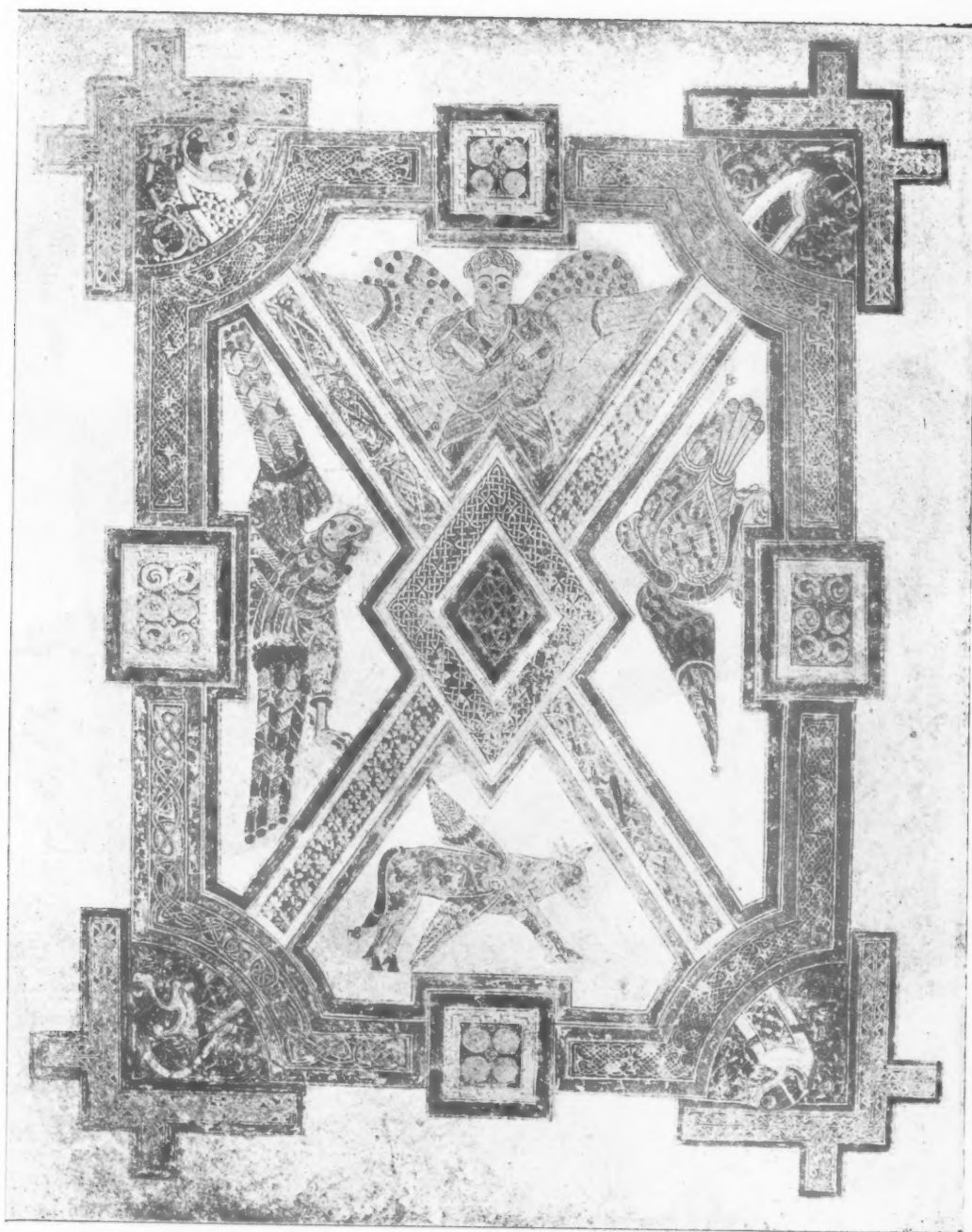
* MS. A. 4. 23., Trinity Coll., Dublin.

† MSS. collect. Archbishop's Library, Lambeth.

* Harl. MS., 1802, Brit. Mus.

† *Histoire de la Vulgate*, pp. 41, 42.

‡ MS. A. 1, 6, Trinity Coll., Dublin.



FROM THE BOOK OF KELLS:
SYMBOLS OF THE FOUR
EVANGELISTS.

of Kells, Vols. I—IX.). On account of the lavish abundance and exceptional perfection of its artistic work this book is justly regarded, not only as the chief treasure in this precious collection, but also as by far the costliest relic of ancient Celtic art that has come down to our time. It is known to have formerly belonged to the monastery of Cenannus, or Kells, in Meath: hence its name. At the commencement and the end of the volume some smaller portions are missing; but, leaving this defect out of account, we may say that the manuscript has descended to us in a very good state of preservation. In pages which were originally left blank, records referring to the ecclesiastical community of Kells have been entered at an early period; but there is no colophon nor signature left to tell us the name of the scribe or the circumstances under which the work was produced. If there ever was anything of the kind, it may have disappeared, together with the fragments missing at the end of the manuscript. The text is written throughout in a remarkably clear and regular hand; a few pages (26 recto and verso, 29 verso—31 recto) being in double columns. At the commencement some pages are written in lines of black and red alternately, while the rest of the text is in a black or brownish ink.

Concerning the age of the manuscript, nothing is known with certainty. The current theory, based on an ancient tradition, has, however, assigned it to a very remote period.

THE ELF: BY JAMES GUTHRIE.*

IT would be absurd to say anything unkind about so timid a venture as Mr. James J. Guthrie has made with "The Elf." The originals of the drawings with which it is illustrated were seen at the Exhibition of the "Clergy and Artists' Association" a few weeks ago, and admired not without reason, I think. In the reproductions a good deal is lost; the things themselves are so frail, and the pressure to which they have been submitted so brutal. A book-plate will reproduce well enough, but not a shadow's shadow, nor the vision of Castle Wonderful as seen by a tiny child, which is quite the best of the set. For the information of those who may wish to separate them, and make this, that, or the other his own, a price which puts it out of the question is named. "The Elf" is all Mr. Guthrie's from cover to cover—he has his own press, I am told—and it should not be taken from him. The artist is proved by the drawing specially mentioned to have the prettiest fancies

sometimes, and may be pleased to know that it is recognised.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.*

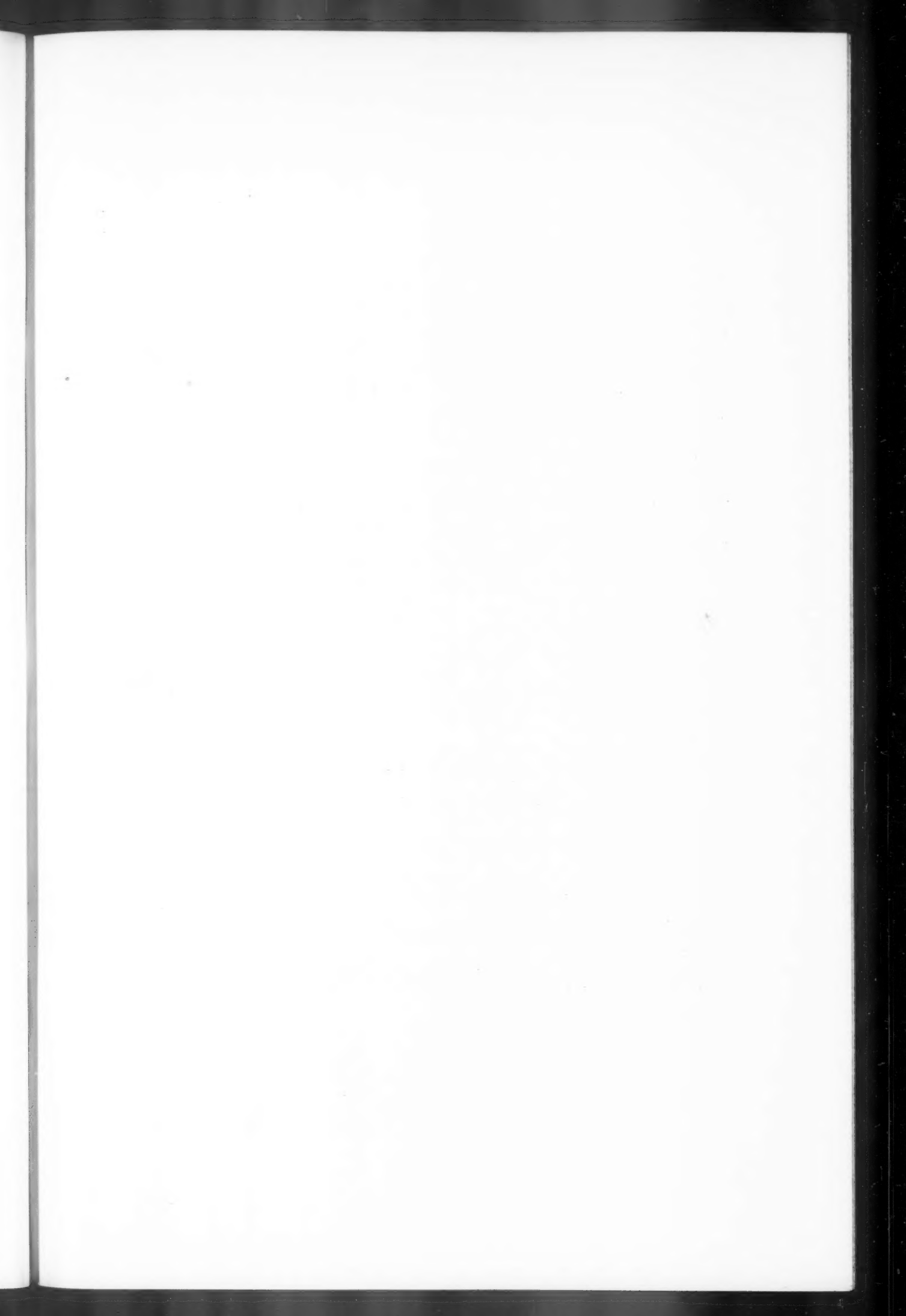
THE new volume of the "Magazine of Art" fully maintains the standard to which it has accustomed us in the matter of printing and illustration, and forms a sumptuous gift book appropriate for the approaching Christmas season.

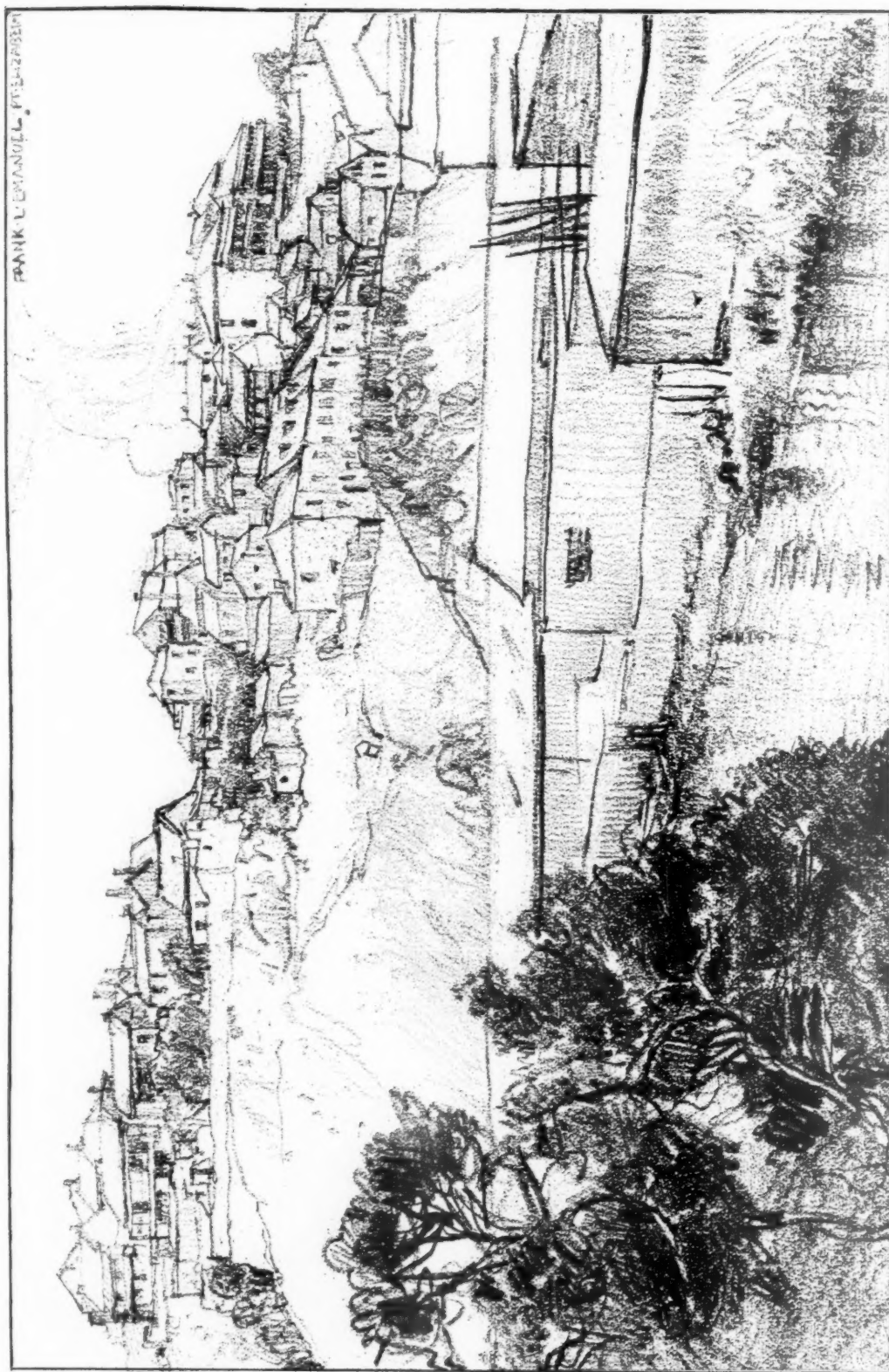
The articles upon rising and risen artists continue, and several discoveries of fresh aspirants are made after the manner of another magazine, which makes even a greater feature of this class of subject. The section entitled "The Art Movement" contains a good deal of useful information, and really interesting description of work of which one does not find a record elsewhere, and the "Chronicle of Art" gives information which will have historical value in a few years, though as bound in the volume it is not so fresh as when appearing month by month. The publication is, of course, intended primarily for those interested in pictorial art, and the greatest efforts are made in that direction, but such articles as the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's interesting sketch of the Limoges enamel workers and their works, and Mr. Starkie Gardner's "Revival of the Handicrafts.—Lead-working," which are outside of the "Art Movement" section, show that the editor caters also for those whose definition of the word "art" is wider. The coloured illustrations are not quite successful, the best are the frontispiece and the reproduction of Miss L. Kemp Welch's study of a colt, facing page 480, in which the texture and handling are well shown—the three-colour process not being delicate enough to give the variations of tint which an artist employs to render the complexity of nature (though it is a wonder that it gives as much as it does), and one is inclined to think that it would be wiser to keep to reproductions in one colour, which are uniformly successful, and which render the handling equally well. A good deal of attention is paid to foreign art, quite a large proportion of the articles either being written by foreigners or dealing with their productions. Among these one of the most interesting refers to Mucha, the celebrated Moravian poster designer, whose beautiful work is so much admired both in England and on the Continent. Many of the designers of such things would do well to follow—not his manner, which is individual, but his method, which shows great care and attention to both drawing and design, and a perfect acquaintance with the possibilities of chromo-lithography.

A. W.

* Published by the Author at Pear Tree Cottage, Ingrave, Essex.

* The "Magazine of Art," 1899. Cassell and Co., Ltd.





PORT ELIZABETH: FROM A
SKETCH BY F. L. EMANUEL.

BRITISH AND DUTCH ARCHITECTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA: WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. EMANUEL: PART TWO: JOHANNESBURG, HEIDELBERG, PIETERMARITZBURG, DURBAN, EAST LONDON, PORT ELIZABETH.

THE growth of Johannesburg from a single mud and thatch hovel into a fine city within the space of twelve years is a marvel only to be approached in America. The Britishers have created the city, in the face of Boer hindrances in the form of rapacity, corruption, and pig-headed aversion to progress. Unlike Kimberley, Johannesburg has very few early buildings still remaining. This is partly due to its phenomenal rate of progress, and to the perishable nature of the bricks which were at first used. They were manufactured in the neighbourhood, and besides being of poor consistency, were excessively costly.

Having quitted the busy railway station, one is confronted by the Synagogue, a handsome two-storey red brick building with circular-headed windows and a well proportioned dome, which, however, looks rather as if it had been deposited on, instead of having grown out of, the roof.

I believe it was at the consecration ceremony at this synagogue that President Krüger, in a moment of forgetfulness, concluded a well-meaning speech with the following words: "It now but remains to dedicate this building to the service of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Beside the Synagogue stands the Telephone Tower, one of the city's most picturesque buildings. It closely resembles one of those charming old brick-built water gates which adorn the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee. This, as well as two other very pleasing buildings, namely, the Market and the Law Courts, are probably the work of Dutch architects.

Close at hand, but across the railway, are the premises and athletic grounds of the Wanderers' Club, an institution which caters most admirably for the social and sporting requirements of the inhabitants. The pavilion and grand stand form an elegant structure, far superior in appearance to the average of its class.

The Market Buildings are built of red and black brick in the Flemish style, and present to the square a small central block containing the entrance to the markets, and two slightly projecting gabled wings with shops on the ground-floor. The longer flanks of the building project, a central entrance wing besides those at each corner. The buildings,

which cost £40,000, are cheerful looking and picturesque.

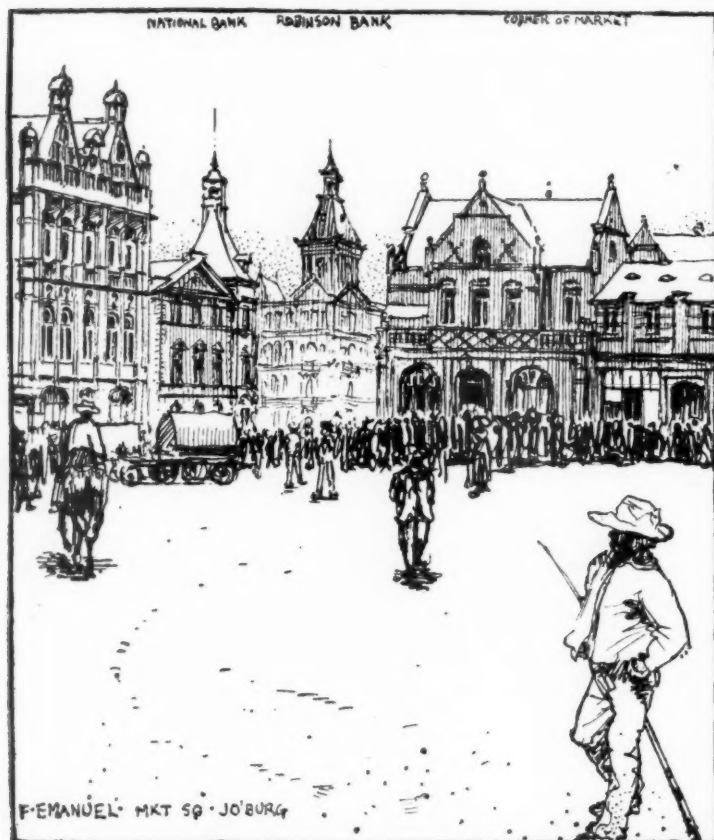
Near at hand are the imposing premises of the Hatherley Distillery, distinguished by a well proportioned high-pitched roof.

The Law Courts are reserved in treatment and not unpleasing; but the fact that the roof storey suggests that of a small town hall, and the lower floors those of a wealthy residence, destroys that expression of its purpose which every building should carry on its face.

The Hospital, built in 1880, is a well appointed building standing in a fine healthy position within its own grounds, but not admirable from an æsthetic point of view.



THE TELEPHONE TOWER, JOHANNESBURG.



THE MARKET SQUARE, JOHANNESBURG.

The Stock Exchange exterior is still less satisfactory. The advantage of long frontages to important streets has been frittered away in a profusion of restless, incoherent features. The great pillared hall within is, however, far more successfully treated.

It is along the wide teeming streets of business houses that we shall come across a succession of really fine structures. In Commissioner Street, for example, we shall find, among others, the premises of Messrs. Burmester, in which bricks of two colours have been used with much the same excellent effect as in the somewhat similar Bodega building. Then there are the Natal Buildings, a most successful block in the Gothic style, somewhat overpowered by the immense and exuberant South African Mutual Buildings, which adjoin. Despite the fact that this latter massive block is marred by a certain confusion of styles, it is impossible not to admire, on their own merits, some very excellent features which have been incorporated into its design. Notably is this the case with the charming overhanging balconies of the second floor, with their roofs supported on graceful pillars and arches, the whole upheld on strong brackets, which compose well with the doubled-arched recesses

beneath. Adjoining and assimilating well with this structure are Ziman's Buildings, which, for their happy union of grace and strength, are deserving of unstinted praise. The elevation of this business block is, perhaps, the most successful in Johannesburg.

The lavish ironwork of the verandahs, which completely hide Eckstein's Buildings, is also most beautiful. Iron verandahs are a feature of the city, and frequently completely overhang the footwalk, converting it into a cool, arched passage. In many cases they look too much like an afterthought, super-imposed on and without sufficient relation to, the building behind. An instance of this may be found in the Grand National Hotel, where two ill contrived storeys of flimsy verandah apparently support a good, solid roof storey. At the Rand Club, on the other hand, the well designed verandahs and main building have been cleverly welded into one another, so as to form an original and picturesque whole. Another excellent construction in iron not to be overlooked, is

the Arcade, as elegant a structure of its kind as one could see.

Pritchard Street is another leading thoroughfare which contains many attractive buildings. Mount's Bay House, for example, is noticeable for a very dainty corner turret; further along, one is attracted by the excellent Renaissance buildings, occupied respectively by Messrs. Duffus Brothers and Messrs. Paddon and Brock, as well as by the older portion of Messrs. Store Brothers' premises, with its tall, well proportioned gable. At the corner of Rissik Street are Bettelheim's Buildings, an admirably restful block one storey high, and built over the pavement on arches, which, in a way, recall the Rue de Rivoli, in Paris. This plan is very suitable where shade is so essential. The ornamentation on these buildings is simplified to the last degree, and the result is very pleasing. The roof is treated in a very similar manner to the successful one which crowns President House, along the same street. At the opposite corner are Palace Buildings, the handsomest block in the row. It is a spruce and attractive structure, accentuated where the two streets meet by a delightfully graceful tower, visible from most parts of the town. There is a smaller but equally happy

one in the centre of the Pritchard Street elevation. The sky-line, seen to the greatest effect at the sunset hour, is most picturesque. Standard Bank Buildings are too long and low, but the effect of the central portion, with its arched entrances, circular balcony, dormer windows, and mansard roof, is successful.

The Goldfields Consolidated Buildings, in Simmonds Street, present a reserved and stately appearance. Facing one another at the corner of Market Street are two other fine buildings. The National Bank shows great power and restraint, the disposition of its openings is excellent, as is also the corner tower with its charmingly novel roof. Traces of German influences are evident throughout the design. Next door is a tall Renaissance building of a high order of merit, while opposite, proud and imposing, stands Robinson's Bank, a palatial building erected in 1895.

It only remains to praise most highly the picturesque buildings of the Castle Brewery, which, although they look admirably suited to their utilitarian purposes, hold their own for beauty with the best in the city.

The roadways of Johannesburg are its disgrace; mere morasses during the rainy season, in dry weather they are Saharas of hot red sand, which, on the approach of wind, rises in blinding, choking clouds of dust, which permeates everything. This state of affairs is but one result of the all-pervading robbery and jobbery apparently inseparable from Boer rule.

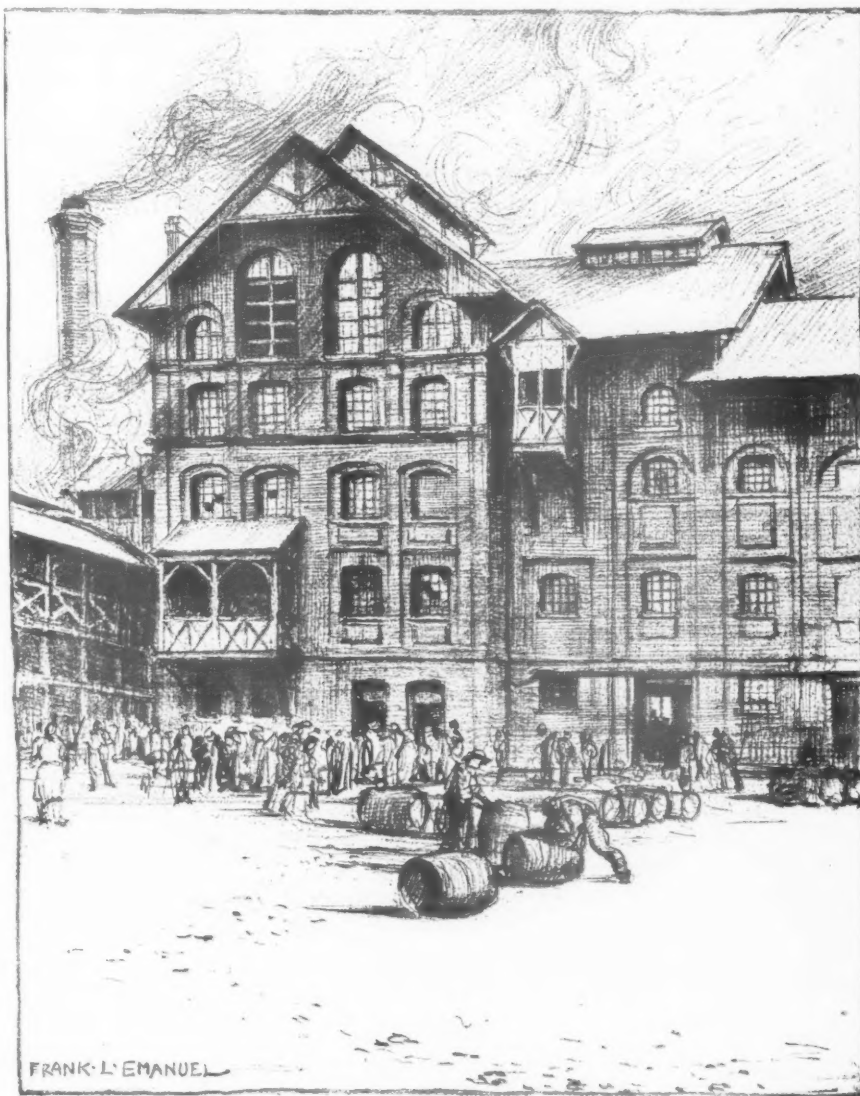
The charming village of Kenilworth, in the suburbs, has been laid out by the De Beers Company, and little

houses, complete with every comfort, have been erected in a veritable leafy Paradise. An excellent club has been provided, but no shops having been built, those in town are reached by a special service of trains.

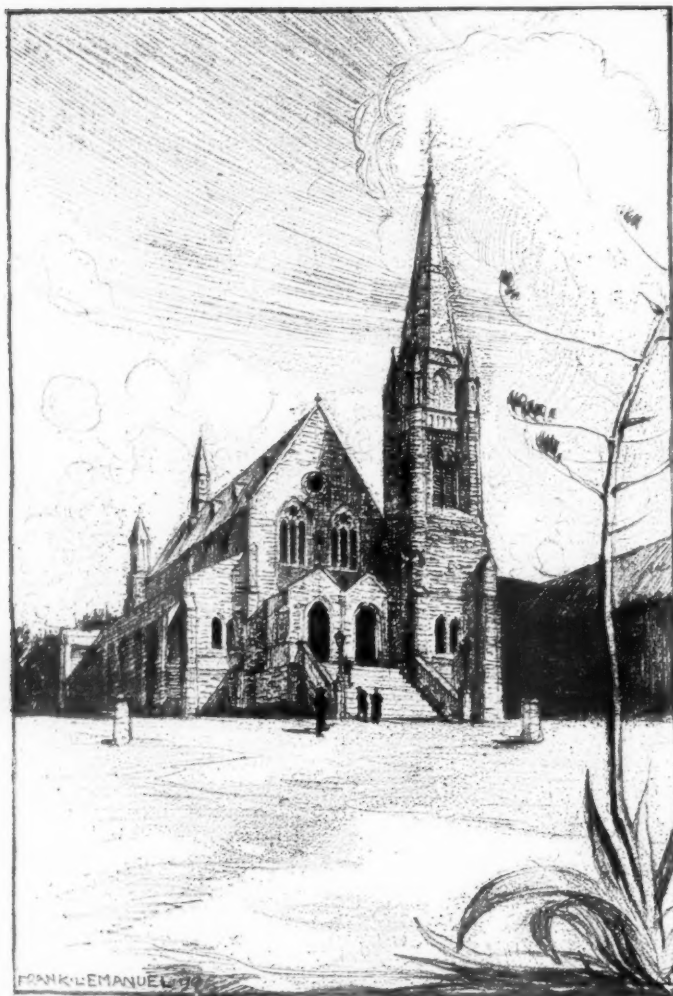
PRETORIA.

Pretoria is to Johannesburg what the Hague is to Amsterdam, except that Pretoria is a seat of *mis*-government, and Johannesburg, the creation of the hated Uitlander, and the only city in the Republic, is still officially treated as a mere mining camp.

The capital is of no very great extent, but has striking natural advantages; almost surrounded by low hills, all its approaches are beneath magnificent avenues of towering gum trees and weeping willows. Beautiful gardens abound, and little rills of running



THE CASTLE BREWERY, JOHANNESBURG.



THE CHURCH, HEIDELBERG.

water babbling in the roadways send up their welcome song.

Apart from the handsome red-brick clubhouse, there is little of architectural interest outside the sun-bathed square. There is seen the immense Volksraad building, the finest architectural achievement of either of the Boer Republics.

It is a great oblong block of three-storey stone-built buildings, with street frontages on three of its sides. It was built in 1891, at a cost of £175,000, and worthily dominates the town. The long rows of windows are terminated at each corner by a pavilion with a mansard roof. The centre of the main front in the square is occupied by a spacious columnar *porte-cochère*, surmounted by a portico in two storeys crowned in turn by a tiled mansard roof capped with a statue of Liberty. The roof of this central tower, by reason of a strong cornice, which, a short distance up, cuts it off from its real base, looks rather squat and flat, while the two-storeyed belfry it supports, however pretty in itself,

is not designed on equally serious lines with the rest of the edifice. This produces a somewhat *bizarre* effect. Within are the two well-appointed Houses of Parliament and the offices of the Executive. The illustration given on page 56 is from a photograph.

On the same square, but interspersed among little shanties still half hidden in their gardens, are the very handsome corner buildings of the Transvaal Mortgage Company, the premises of Messrs. Lewis and Marks and several others, as well as two most solid and magnificent stone-fronted bank buildings, in one of which is the State Mint.

Squatting awkwardly on the sand, in the middle of the square, is the clumsy Dutch Reformed Church, surrounded by a fence of rickety stakes and wire fencing.

The main street contains some good shops, but its general appearance is untidy. Krüger's villa, overgrown with greenery, is of the ordinary St. John's Wood type, and its meanness is possibly but an evidence of the President's "slimness" (not corporeal). It is not improbable that, by this ostentatious show of poverty, he wishes to impress visitors with his o'erbounding probity. Unfortunately, it is known that he and his family have used his office to accumulate immense wealth by questionable means.

It is on the stoep of this villa that, at dawn, he receives his trusty henchmen of the Raad, and orders them to vote *against* measures which he personally will propose in Parliament in fulfilment of his promise to some deputation from an oppressed section of the populace.

Immediately opposite the villa is his own Dopper church. Krüger, like so many others (not necessarily Boers) prefers piety to righteousness. A charming new church has been erected beside the older one, which latter architecturally deserves no praise.

In one of the surrounding thickly-wooded suburbs Mr. Beckett, a local merchant, has built a mansion more remarkable for its size and for having cost £17,000 than for the purity of its style.

HEIDELBERG.

The old town of Heidelberg is a pretty little riverside place, among wooded hills, which before the rise of Johannesburg was the chief town of the

district. It contains a big, sleepy square and well-filled stores, mostly kept by Indians. Architecturally, it is noticeable on account of the excellent Dutch Reformed Church, built of rough blocks of white sandstone, and quite one of the most picturesque buildings in the country. The railway station is well designed in the Flemish style.

PIETERMARITZBURG.

A still finer and more picturesque station is that at Pietermaritzburg, the capital of the enchanting

Most notable of all, however, is the Town Hall, a municipal building worthy of any city in the world. It is built of red brick with stone facings in the free Renaissance style, and was completed in 1893, at a cost of upwards of £38,000. It has most imposing frontages on Church Street and Commercial Road, the splendid clock tower at the corner is 125ft. high, and throughout the special requirements of the climate have been kept in view.

There are several picturesque churches, such as St. Peter's and St. Saviour's, within the town.



TOWN HALL, PIETERMARITZBURG.

country of Natal, which is situated amidst scenery that is truly magnificent.

The town boasts of broad, tree-lined thoroughfares and many fine buildings, such as the Post Office, with its strong arcaded front, the Maritzburg College, and the beautiful and dignified Parliament Buildings. Erected about 1888, at a cost of £25,000, they present to the street a central feature composed of a graceful Corinthian colonnade, supported on tall piers and flanked by short wings. Unlike the central portion, which is entirely of stone construction, the wings are built of red brick with stone facings.

DURBAN.

Durban, again, is the proud possessor of a magnificent Town Hall, which was built in the Corinthian style in 1885 at a cost of £50,250. It is a spacious building of excellent and imposing proportions, with porticoes on the west and south fronts, and much resembles the Town Hall at Portsmouth, England. It has the advantage of being seen from delightful public gardens (wherein is a successful sculptured fountain and basin), and the disadvantage of being stuccoed. The tower proudly rears itself to the height of 164ft.

West Street is an immensely broad thorough-

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fare, and contains an excellent Roman Catholic Church in red brick and of original and piquant design, as well as the chief business houses, most of them spacious, but few of them remarkable architecturally.

The Central Railway Station is a magnificent pile, in the same style as, and a worthy rival to, the Maritzburg Town Hall already mentioned.

The Custom House, down among the shipping at the Point, is a powerful if somewhat lugubrious looking building. The Royal Hotel is conspicuous among high-class South African hostelries as being built round a series of leafy "patios" and as being

and Free State, is situated at the mouth of the beautiful Dart-like Buffalo river.

Apart from the bustling riverside wharves, and a cluster of seaside resorts which line the sea-beach below, the more important quarters of the town are built along the top of thickly wooded cliffs. Although the parched main square does not yet show any buildings of worth, a few substantial business premises are to be found on some of the broad principal streets. The Gothic offices of the Castle Mail Packets Company are particularly successful, and the one storey front of Messrs. Lennon and Co.'s premises is good.



THE RAADZAAL, PRETORIA.

complete with all the other contrivances calculated to secure absolute comfort in a very hot climate.

Behind the town is the densely wooded range of hills known as the Berea. For several miles shady roads traverse it, dotted with the handsome villas which form the residential suburb of Durban. From these shady heights one may enjoy magnificent views extending to the boundless ocean away across the sweltering city, and the dazzling waters of the harbour, laden with stately ships, to where the frowning Bluff stands guard over the bar.

It astonishes one not to find a succession of fine houses and hotels on the breezy sand hills of the sea front.

EAST LONDON.

East London, the nearest port to the Transvaal

The Public Offices are a striking example of an unpleasant sham-castellated style, such as we have regretted to notice used in some of the other towns for hospitals, drill halls, armouries, &c.

The Beach Hotel is far more successful, inasmuch as it has an appropriate look of ease and comfort. Its central crow-step gable, backed by a well-proportioned roof tower, lends character to the building.

PORT ELIZABETH.

Port Elizabeth rises, without a beach, direct from the blue sea in terraces of glistening grey stone buildings, the sky line bristling with towers and church spires.

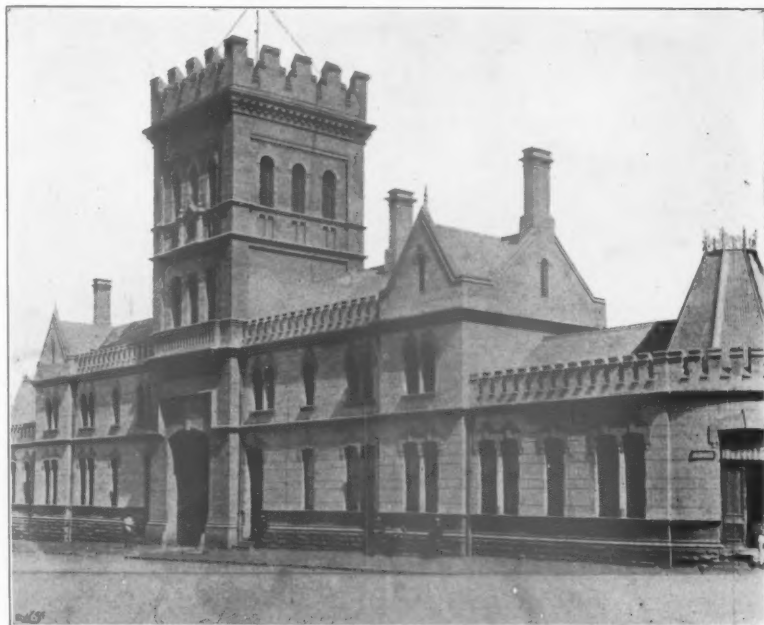
Adjoining one another on the sea front are the Post Office and the Custom House, erected on re-

claimed land, and both very handsome buildings. The Custom House, more particularly, with its towers and turrets, impresses one favourably with the town on landing at the jetty. This edifice is only surpassed in merit by the Magistrate's Court, a stately, French Renaissance building, reminiscent of the new Sorbonne buildings in Paris.

The Town Hall is large and old-fashioned in appearance, and is redeemed from the common-place by the elaborate and well-proportioned clock tower which surmounts a stone-built, classical elevation. The sides of the building present to the street mere mean brick walls, pierced by featureless windows.

The railway station, despite its great size, is unimpressive.

The main thoroughfare, a fine, spacious street about three miles long, is lined with handsome, stone business premises. The continuous rows of these large, solid buildings give to Port Elizabeth a complete and substantial appearance not to be found in other South African towns. The turnings on one side of the main street lead, between short rows of warehouses, to the sea. Those on the other side mount precipitously past break-neck



PUBLIC BUILDINGS, EAST LONDON.

rows of balconied houses to the heights above, on which are found the better class residences.

This breezy upland, plentifully supplied with parks and open spaces, is adorned with graceful churches, a picturesque synagogue, and other public institutions. Among the latter may be noticed the compact and suitable building of the "Liedertafel," or German Musicians' Club.

At the north end of the town a river forces its way to the sea through a rocky ravine. Along its precarious banks villas have been built in mad



THE PRESIDENCY, BLOEMFONTEIN.



THE MAIN STREET, PORT ELIZABETH.

medley, and produce a picturesque effect. On the outskirts of this, as well as of other towns, will be found the humble huts of the Malay Indians, built of large blocks of dried mud. Further afield are the queer hovels of the negroes, ingeniously contrived out of odd bits of linoleum and sacking, old tin biscuit boxes and trays, and similar treasures of the city's waste heaps. Yet more distant from the towns are the native kraals, with their dome-shaped wattle and thatch huts, apparently modelled on the lines of the neighbouring giant ant-hills.

Here these notes must end, with a mention of the two most noticeable shortcomings of modern South African architecture.

The first is the artistic havoc wrought by the universal use of that offensive and hopeless material—corrugated iron. The second is the almost complete ignoring of the special climatic features of the country. The buildings are such as one finds in England. Beyond occasional verandahs no provision is made against the tropical heat, nor are there arrangements in windows and doors to prevent the unwelcome intrusion of mosquitos.

[The Architecture of South Africa will be more fully treated of in a series of articles by Mr. A. H. Reid, President of the South African Association of Architects, shortly to be commenced.—Ed.]

CASE OF RESTORATION. BY GEORGE TROBRIDGE, A.R.C.A.

A THE general indifference to matters of religion in the eighteenth century, and the deadness of the art-sense of the community, led to a grievous neglect of the remains of ecclesiastical architecture, which had been inherited from mediaeval times. The pseudo-classical "taste" of the time was a further cause of such neglect. Gothic art was voted barbarous, and its spirit and principles were utterly unappreciated. Hence deans and churchwardens were allowed to do as they pleased with the fabrics under their charge, and no one thought of protesting when these were defaced with plaster, Roman cement, and whitewash; when windows were blocked up by unsightly galleries; and the most hideous of sepulchral monuments filled every space where the eye was meant to rest.

The revival of romanticism in literature caused a new interest to be taken in the ancient architecture of our country; and in the early part of the nineteenth century many earnest workers devoted themselves to setting forth its beauties. The immediate result was a Gothic revival, which, however, revived little but the bare bones of a bygone art. By

degrees men began to see that the ancient glory could not be recalled, and therefore set themselves the more earnestly to preserve and restore what was left of it in the cathedrals and churches of the land.

Once started, the rage for restoration became general: every country vicar who happened to have charge of an ancient church opened a restoration fund; cathedral authorities raised enormous sums to renovate and beautify the buildings under their care; and pious persons gave or bequeathed of their substance for the same purpose. Various objects animated the restorers: in some cases the desire was simply to preserve from destruction buildings which were in a state of decay and becoming dangerous; in others, unsightly accretions of recent date called for removal; in many instances, where the fabric was in no danger, the aim was to restore it to its primitive perfection in every detail; and, again, with the clerical restorer, the first thought was usually to adapt his church to the "high" service which he aimed at.

No one can complain of such restoration as is necessary to preserve and secure from further injury the precious structures of the past; or of the removal of recent additions that are out of harmony with the general scheme of the building, though even here scrupulous care should be exercised not to suppress anything that can justly be regarded as historical; but when the restorer aims at an entire renewal of the edifice—to present it complete and perfect as it left the hands of its original framers—then all who love art or history must protest with all their might, for they know that this kind of restoration means destruction both of art and history. Unfortunately such destruction has been going on all over the country, and the cathedrals especially have suffered.

I recently visited Lichfield after an interval of about twenty-five years, and found the cathedral had been transformed in the meantime. The dean and chapter, and the inhabitants of the "ancient and loyal city," are proud of the transformation, which has been carried out at enormous cost (the restoration of the west front alone cost £36,000); but to me the present state of the building was a melancholy spectacle, and made me feel depressed and sorry. A quarter of a century ago the exterior was doubtless much dilapidated; niches lacked their statues, or sheltered shattered fragments of the same. The surface of the walls was decayed, and the ornaments were difficult to decipher; but the ornament that was there was full of life and interest, and the very marks of destruction were eloquent of history. Now, alas! the traces of history are fast being obliterated, and the delightful old carvings have to a great extent given place to soulless copies or new and feeble inventions.

As I approached the west front, I could not help being chilled by its oppressive newness—everything so complete, severe, and perfect; no mystery, no signs of age. But what offended my eye most in the distant view was the obtrusiveness of the new statues, and their want of harmony with the lines of the building. I say nothing of their quality as individual works of art—they may be admirable specimens of ecclesiastical sculpture, though I was too impatient of their presence there to examine them in detail—but as decorative figures they do not keep their place. A thirteenth century sculptor, by the simplicity of his treatment of his subjects, by the severity of his draperies, and the tendency of their main lines to verticality, would have made his statues a part of the building; but these figures bulge and attitudinise, and their garments sweep round them in too voluminous and flowing folds. The few ancient figures remaining here and there on the building might have taught the sculptor a lesson, if he had been apt to receive it.

On closer examination of the west front I found that the beautiful ornament near the level of the eye had been renewed in a hard and unfeeling manner; like enough to the old for the ordinary observer, but wanting the spirit and grace that animated the original work. It is all very new and nice, but—dead. It is the same with all the ornament that has been "restored" on the exterior of the cathedral. On the north side of the nave there are fragmentary remains of a foliated corbel-table, too far gone for restoration, but exhibiting evidence that the thirteenth century ornament was once full of vigour and variety. The corresponding feature on the south side has been restored, or replaced, and, in its monotonous severity, reminds one of stamped metal.

Very interesting features of Lichfield Cathedral are the transept doors. Both have suffered much from time and the hand of the destroyer, but more irreparably from restoration. A local guide-book tells us of the "well meant but mistaken zeal on the part of those who formerly attempted to restore but only succeeded in disfiguring," and also that "a few years ago certain ladies, residing in the Close and in the City, combined, with the object of effecting a thorough restoration of this part of the cathedral (the north doorway), and happily succeeded in a manner which will be generally appreciated." I regret extremely to disturb the harmony of this chorus of general appreciation, but I invite the visitor to stand before the doorway and use his eyes. He will observe that the foliage of most of the capitals has been destroyed, but its absence only emphasises the vigorous lines of their bells, which rise from the shafts like things of life, and carry the superincumbent weight without any appearance of effort. Let him now look at the one

or two capitals that have been restored, and observe the weakness of the turn-over of their foliage. There is nothing of the characteristic crispness and spring of thirteenth century work. Then let him examine the dog-tooth ornament that enriches the recesses of the mouldings. That, at any rate, one would think, could be renewed without destroying its effect; but here the restorer has again failed to appreciate the fineness of the original work. Mark the edginess and weak outlines of the "teeth" that have been inserted among the old ones behind the shafts of the jambs; and the miserable ineffectiveness of the outermost series that stands clear of the columns. A small portion of the old work remains in this line, and is a standing condemnation of the restoration. Comparing the one with the other, we observe that originally the ornament filled a hollow moulding. The restorer has filled this up, and made his pyramids to rise from a flat face. The old teeth are undercut boldly, but in the new work the leafage is simply and weakly carved on the surface of a solid pyramid, all effect being thereby lost. One could scarcely conceive how utterly the spirit of a simple ornament could be missed; but in the interior of the building we see the same thing on an extended scale, wherever the dog-tooth occurs.

I was especially charmed, in my earlier visits to Lichfield, by the quaint and interesting carvings that filled the spandrels of the arcading around the interior of the choir. It was with some trepidation, therefore, that I revisited this part of the church. I was relieved to find that most of the work remains untouched, though some of the spandrels have been restored in keeping with the soulless work outside. Possibly lack of funds has prevented a full renovation; in which case I can only hope that the necessary funds will never be forthcoming. Restoration is still going on, however, and a box stands at the entrance to the choir to receive the contributions of visitors. I could not help feeling as if I were participating in an evil deed when I dropped a sixpence into it.

It is an ungracious task to find fault with the well-intentioned efforts of others, and I should not have ventured on these criticisms had I not had some practical suggestions to offer. First as to the preservation of ancient ornament. Though the restorer has been at work now for many years there are still to be found, here and there, precious examples that have been untouched by any hand save that of time; but these are yearly becoming fewer. Casts should be made of such where practicable, or, at least, photographs taken. Such reproductions, or records, would be of more value to the student than the most careful restoration. Indeed, he will have little else in the near future to teach him what Gothic art once was.

While lamenting over the destruction of the beauties of Lichfield, I could not help feeling that lack of opportunity of study was probably at the bottom of the sculptor's failure to reproduce the spirit of the ancient work. What chance has the ordinary stone carver of studying Gothic ornament? Unless he happens to live in some place where old work is plentiful he will have to depend on drawings or photographs, or the few casts to be found in most schools of art. The authorities at South Kensington have never shown much sympathy towards our native art; consequently, while the schools are full of examples of classic and Renaissance ornament, specimens of Gothic are usually few and far between. Why should this be? Surely the beautiful work of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is as well worthy of study as coarse Roman acanthus foliage or German Renaissance ornament; and in view of the education of carvers who may possibly be engaged in restoration work, its study is of more immediate importance. An illustrative series of casts of Gothic ornament ought to be in every school of art, and these could be selected from the specimens in the Royal Architectural Museum at Westminster. Such a series of casts would be of greater value, in some respects, than original work *in situ*, for they would be more easily accessible and more reliable as examples than ornament that had undergone restoration. I should be glad to get a collection of the kind for my own school, but I should hesitate to send a student to such a building as Lichfield Cathedral without someone to guide him in his selection of examples.

FOTHERINGHAY CHURCH: WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCES J. ERSKINE.

THE Collegiate Church of Fotheringhay, near Oundle, may be considered unique amongst ordinary parish churches. It is not so much in point of age—in that there are many churches round which rival it. But few ordinary country villages can boast either the historical interest or the architectural beauty of Fotheringhay Church, which is one of the finest specimens of Perpendicular architecture in the county, if not in England. It is usual when the name of the place is mentioned to associate everything with Mary Queen of Scots—whose sad and chequered career ended on the adjacent mound, overlooking the Nene. But the Collegiate Church has nothing whatever to do with that part of history. It has a much longer, if not quite as tragic a one, of its own, in which the chief characters in the Wars of the Roses lived and died—whilst their deeds are written of by Hall and

Holingshed in their chronicles, long before Mary Queen of Scots ever existed.

Fotheringhay as a manor was always the property until quite recently either of the Royal houses of England or Scotland, or else one of the great barons. Therefore the history is more easy to trace than had it been the appanage of some local abbey or smaller noble, and a clear history of its various possessors has survived in the course of national events.

The first record of Foderinghey — as it was spelt of old — is that Countess Judith, niece of William the Conqueror, held five hides of

when David, the then Earl of Huntingdon, was commanded to give up possession, and on his resistance the Sheriff of Northampton with his *posse comitatus* was directed to evict him by force. On the death of David, which took place in 1219, the estate descended to John le Scot—Earl of Huntingdon—leaving the inference to be drawn that on the death of King John the estates were restored to the Earl of Huntingdon by Henry III.

John le Scot died childless, and the manor passed to his two nieces, Christiana and Der-vorguilla, the latter of whom was the wife of John



FOTHERINGHAY CHURCH, FROM THE BRIDGE.

land, or nearly the whole manor, at the time of the Domesday survey. She married that Earl Waltheof who was executed for a conspiracy against William the Conqueror, and, being taken to Croyland Abbey for burial, was by the monks canonised and made with St. Guthlac copatron saint of the monastery. Maud, daughter of Waltheof and Countess Judith, married Simon de St. Liz, who was subsequently created Earl of Huntingdon and Northumberland. On his death his widow married a second time, and became wife to David, King of Scotland. The Earldom of Huntingdon and manor of Fotheringhay descended to her children by this marriage, and became the title of the eldest son of the Scottish kings. This lasted till the fourteenth year of the reign of King John,

Baliol, the weak, one time King of Scotland. After his death it was confiscated from his son John, and passed into the hands of the English Crown. All this time an ancient church of some sort existed, likewise an hermitage, where a monk from the Abbey of Sawtry, some miles off on the North road, served a mass three days a week for the souls of John Baliol and his ancestors, Kings of Scotland, and formerly lords of the castle.

Edmund of Langley, fifth son of Edward III., was a minor when the manor was granted to him in the fifty-first year of his father's reign. But as soon as he settled down at Fotheringhay, he rebuilt the castle founded by Simon de St. Liz, and built a magnificent choir to the church, then existing, which choir he made collegiate, though it does not seem that



FOTHERINGHAY CHURCH, FROM THE EAST.

the college itself was built till the reign of Henry IV. Some idea of the size of the choir of a collegiate church may be gathered from that of Cotterstock Church, some two miles further on down the valley of the Nene towards Oundle.

Edmund of Langley married Isabella, second daughter of Peter, King of Castile and Leon, but whether Peter the Cruel, whom the Black Prince attempted to replace on his throne, or another of the same name, does not quite appear, but a chronicler writing in 1763 mentions seeing a coat of arms with the lion and tower of Leon and Castile on a shield in the old hostel at Fotheringhay at that date. Edmund and Isabel had two sons, Edward and Richard. The first-named was Earl of Rutland, afterwards created Duke of York, whilst Richard received his father's title of Earl of Cambridge, conferred on him by the Parliament of Leicester in 1414.

To Edward, Duke of York, the church owes its present form. The choir of his father's building, which the present nave was meant to complete, was utterly destroyed in the time of Edward VI. A tablet in the south aisle states that the church

was founded in 1415, but, though it may have been, and probably was, begun then, operations were brought to a standstill by the death of Edward, Duke of York, at Agincourt.

His younger brother, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, had become implicated in a conspiracy against Henry V., claiming to be rightful heir to the crown through his wife Anne, who was daughter of Roger, Earl of March, by his wife Phillipa, daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III. It was the same claim which, carried on by Richard's son, led to the disastrous Wars of the Roses. However, the plot was discovered, and Richard, Earl of Cambridge, was executed. It may have been that Edward, Duke of York, was anxious to demonstrate his own loyalty in spite of his brother's treason,—for at Agincourt he craved and obtained the office of leading the vanguard of English archers, and whilst so leading them, by his courage he contributed much to the gaining of the victory—but being, as a chronicler quaintly puts it, “a fatte man, be was smouldered in the hette, and throng.”

By his will his body was conveyed to Fotheringhay with great pomp, and buried in the choir, under a flat marble stone having his effigy on it in graven brass; which was destroyed with the choir (*temp.* Edw. VI.)

The work of building the nave, however, was carried on by his nephew, who succeeded him, Richard, Earl of Rutland, son of the Richard of Cambridge executed for the conspiracy against Henry V. He married Cicely Nevill,* daughter of Ralph Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland—a brother of Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, the renowned King-maker “The Rose of Raby”—as Cicely was called in the north for her beauty: “Proud Ciss,” as the Londoners dubbed her, more in pride than satire—certainly had as sad and chequered a career as any woman—not excepting Mary Queen of Scots, Mother of two kings as she was, and ancestress of all our sovereigns from Henry VIII. to the present time; yet her life was a strangely troubled one. Her husband and eldest son were killed, the one at Wakefield, the other at the hands of the brutal Lord Clifford: and, when Edward IV. and Richard III. did gain the throne, her pride must have changed to indignant sorrow.

* I have followed the Westmoreland spelling of the name with two ll's and no e in preference to the south country Neville—the family being a north country one. The former is more likely to be accurate.

A portrait of Richard Duke of York and Cicely is reproduced here from a stained glass window in Penrith Church, which belonged with the manor to the Nevills of Raby. They are said to be the only portraits extant. When looking up facts for these notes in the splendid British Museum Bridge's "Northamptonshire," I came across a drawing of a piece of stained glass, formerly in one of the windows of Fotheringhay, which almost exactly resembles this portrait of Richard of York from Penrith Church. Of the Fotheringhay glass no vestiges now remain, but the coincidence adds to the possibility that the Penrith glass paintings are what local archaeologists claim for them.

The work of building the nave was put in hand at once by two commissioners, acting for the Duke of York—William Woolston, Esq., and Thomas Peacham, Clerk—whilst the builder was one Will Harwode, Freemason of Fotheringhay. The original contract* still exists,

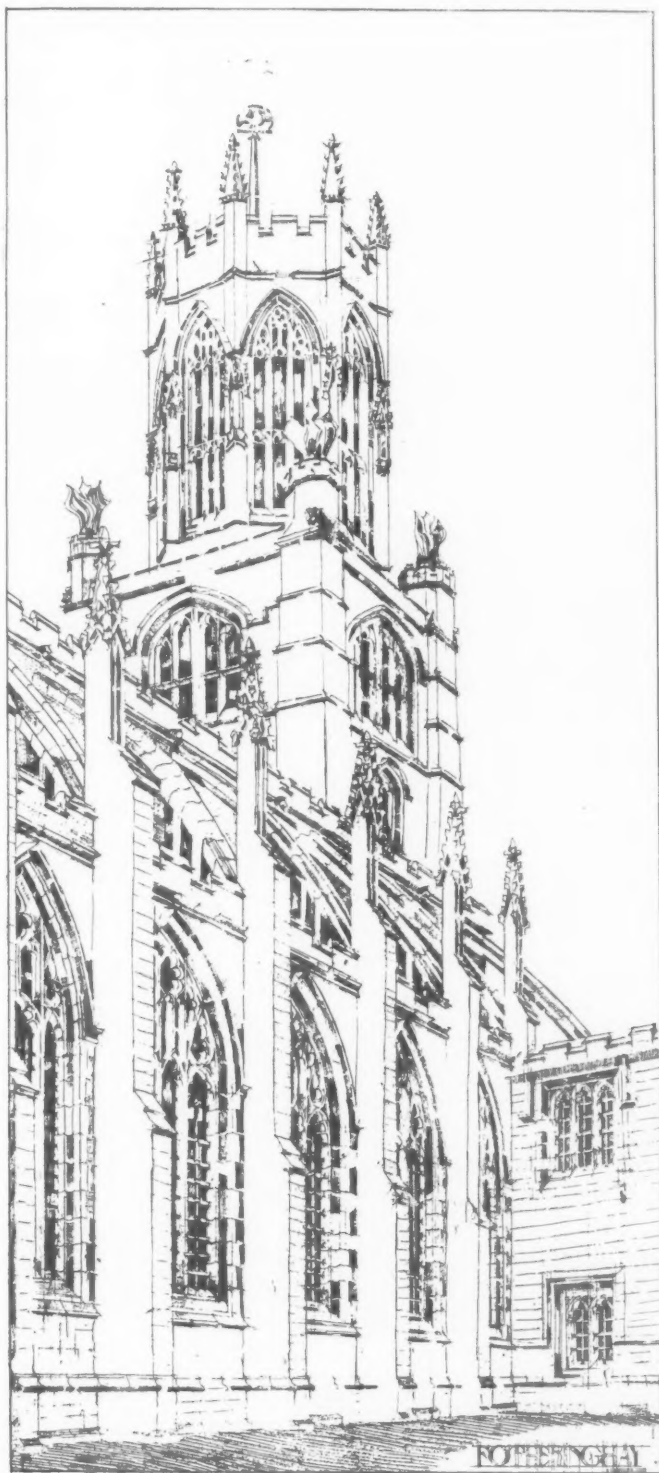
* The author of "Murray's Guide to Northamptonshire" speaks of the existence of the original contract between Will Harwode and the Commissioners of the Duke of York as being still in existence. Wishing to obtain a photograph for the pur-

and in its antique wording and complicated details is interesting to read. By its terms Harwode binds himself to complete the work for £300 "sterlingues," which in our money would be about £5000. The duke has to provide: "Carriage and Stuff—that

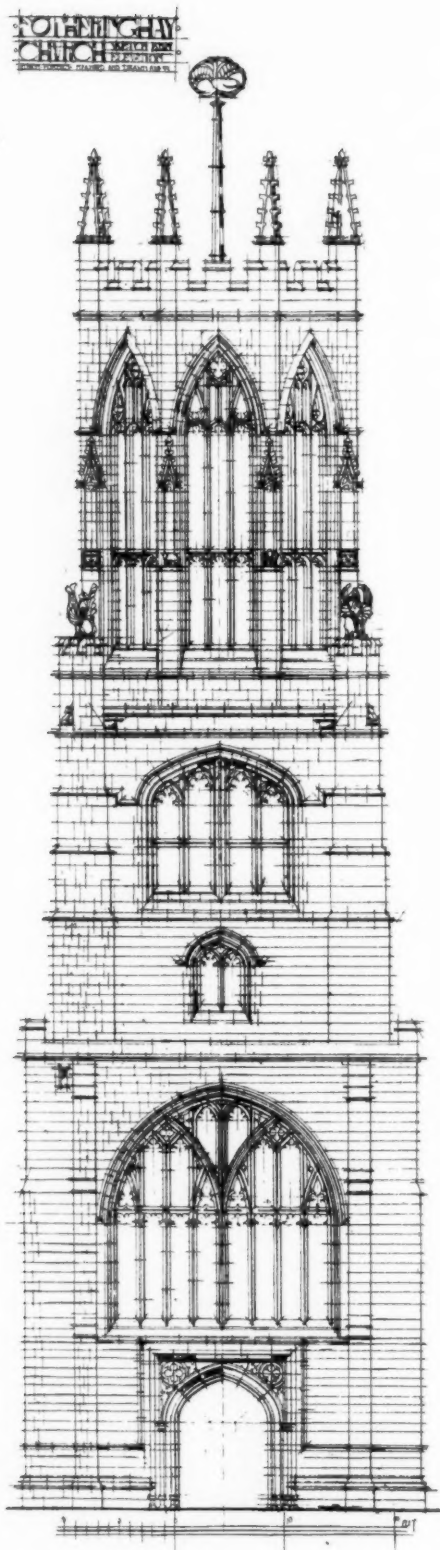
is to say, Stone, Lyme, Sonde (sand), Ropes, Bolts, Ladderis, Tymbre, Scaffolds, Gynnes, and all manner of stuff which belongeth to the same werke." The terms of payment are also curious: "The said Will Harwode shall have of my said Lord £300. . . . When he had taken hys grounde of the said Kirke, Isles (Aisles) Botrasse, Porches, and Stepill; hewed and set hys grounde table stones, and

pose of illustrating this article, I made exhaustive enquiries at the British Museum and the Bodleian Libraries. Mr. Hutt, of the Bodleian Library, most kindly went into the matter, and traced the missing document to the family archives of Earl Manvers; but further enquiries and search made by Lord Newark led to the opinion that the document perished in the great fire at Thoresby Park in 1745, when many family papers of the greatest value were destroyed. But although the original parchment has apparently vanished, yet there is an excellent translation in the Topographica Britannica of Northants, published 1787.

I should like to take the opportunity of here thanking all who have so kindly and courteously helped me in the matter.



FOTHERINGHAY CHURCH: DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.



MEASURED AND DRAWN
BY EDWIN FORBES.

hys ligaments of the walls thereof within and without as it ought to be, well and truly to be made; then he shall have 4*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Again . . . When the said Will Harwode has set **oo* fete above the grounde, table stones, also well throughout, the outside as the inner side . . . of the said werke, he shall have payment of 100*l.* sterlingues. . . . After it be passed the highest of the embattailment of the said body he shall but (have) 30*l.*, till it be fully ended and performed in wise as it is afore devised."

The general idea running all through this old-time contract is that the nave should be in all respects worthy of the choir. The existence of copies of this document makes the work of restoration much more easy—so that the choir, if it can be erected, will not, save in the matter of the newness of the stone, jar with the fifteenth century nave.

Archdeacon Bonney, in his exhaustive book on Fotheringhay, thinks it is unlikely that the buildings were begun before 1435, in the reign of Henry VI., the date of the contract with Harwode. The building must have gone on through all the storm and stress of the York and Lancaster Wars, and have been barely finished when Richard, Duke of York and Edmund, his son, were laid to rest in the same choir as the uncle who fell at Agincourt.

The funeral, an account of which has come down to us, must have been a striking spectacle, winding slowly southward from Pontefract, where Richard and his son had been buried after the battle of Wakefield. From thence the long procession wound slowly on to Doncaster, where a halt was made for one night at the convent of the grey-clad Cordeliers: thence by easy stages to Blythe by Retford, then to Tuxford-in-the-Clay, some few miles from Newark, the next halting place. Thence the long line of horse and foot must have climbed over Gonerby Hill, and halted, gladly enough, no doubt, at Grantham, to face next day the twenty miles of dreary flat country which lies between that town and Stamford. At last, on July 29, the procession reached Fotheringhay to be received by Edward IV., Duchess Cicely with her daughters and attendants, and conveyed with sound of chanting and swinging censers to the now vanished choir, and the new fresh stone nave, built with so much care and cost by the dead man.

In the reign of Edward IV., Fotheringhay enjoyed the most prosperous time in its history; not only did the splendid church stand in full perfection, but on the south side stretching down to the Nene stood the college, and on the north side "a pratie chapelle," as Leland calls it, erected by Edward IV. over the tomb of his father and brother.

* Probably meant for 100 feet.

Few relics of either now remain, and the magnificent stained glass has also vanished. The windows both of the church and cloister were a blaze of colour. In the former, armorial bearings and figures of saints, cardinals and prelates filled every corner of the lofty windows. Angels were represented playing on curious musical instruments, whilst the York badge of the falcon and fetterlock met the eye at every turn. When York was striving for the crown the falcon sat with folded, or half outspread wings inside the manacle, or fetterlock; but later on the design was changed, and it became, as the weather vane on the tower shows to this day, a falcon with wings outspread, and the lock open, just about to soar into the air.

Cicely Nevill, Duchess of York, died in 1495, and by her wish was buried by the side of her husband. The next holder of the dukedom of York, was the younger of the princes murdered in the Tower. Later on Henry VII. bestowed the manor on his wife, Elizabeth of York, for her life. After her death it again reverted to the Crown, and was bestowed by Henry VIII. on Catherine of Aragon, who lived at the castle some time prior to her residence at Kimbolton. The members of the college saved their property for the time, at the Reformation, by acknowledging Henry VIII. as Head of the Church, and making all submission to



TOMB OF RICHARD OF YORK
AND CICELY NEVILL.

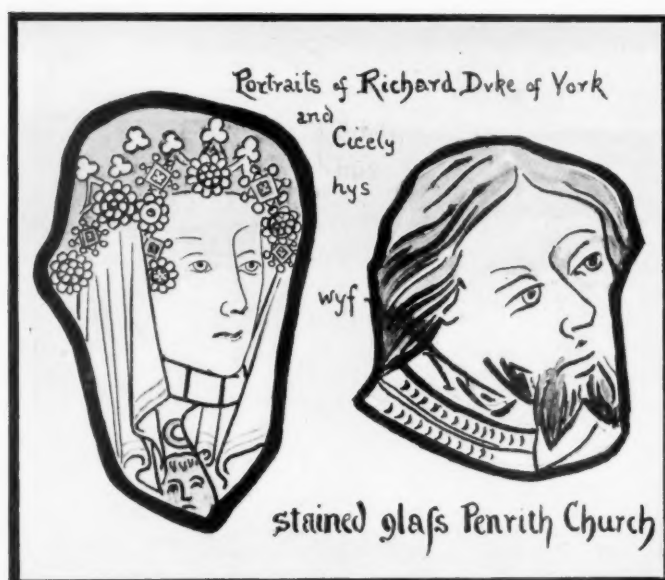
him, but in the sixth year of Edward VI., on the suppression of "colleges and chauntries," it was granted by the King to the Duke of Northumberland, when the college was dismantled, the choir pulled down, its materials sold, and its furniture scattered. In this time was wrecked the "pratie chapell" built by Edward IV. over the graves of his father and uncle.

Queen Elizabeth, in one of her many progresses through the country, spent some days at Fotheringhay Castle. Her anger was roused by the neglected condition of the Yorkist tombs, and by her orders the present ones were erected. Their decided poverty is ascribed to the "narrowness of those who had the work in hand." It is said the Queen paid for monuments to be erected "suitable to their dignity," but Elizabeth was notorious for her parsimony in some matters, and it is probable that her ideas of suitable pay and those of the architect of the two monuments did not agree—hence the two decidedly paltry erections. But they have stood well, for over 300 years have gone by and they look as if finished only a short time ago.

After the time of this visit, the church, shorn of its patronage and importance, assumed the position it holds to-day of a splendid tower and nave, great in width and height, in the midst of a small village of one street and some 300 inhabitants. In the stormy days of the Parliament wars it sustained some damage, but excepting for some



FOTHERINGHAY CHURCH: THE FONT.
VOL. VII.—F



PORTRAITS OF RICHARD OF YORK AND CICELY NEVILL, IN PENRITH CHURCH, CUMBERLAND.

shot-riddled bosses in the carved oak roof, not much serious injury was done.

It was reserved for the eighteenth century to destroy the painted glass windows, which had escaped the wrecking zeal of the Parliamentary troops. Writing in 1713, Bridge, in his history of Northampton, says: "In some of the windows the painted glass is pretty well preserved," and another writer journeying to Stamford in company with Walpole in 1763 says: "There is a vast deal of fine painted glass still remains in the choir. In the windows of the south aisle are two full very large figures as big as life and excellently painted, though old—one of St. Denis holding his head in his left hand: in the next, of St. Blaise, Bishop—in the next window, a figure in large of St. George, and three broken ones, one of which was St. John Baptist. In the north aisle were two figures—St. Guthlac and St. Ambrose as a cardinal in a red hat."

A great deal more might be written on the historical events connected with this quiet village and its church. I have purposely avoided dwelling on the history of the castle—and the connection of Mary Queen of Scots with the place—as my space would not suffice, were it double what is allowed me by the Editor. One of the members of the College, Laurence Sandars, claims the distinction of being one of the martyrs in the reign of Mary, and other distinguished names flit in and out of the history, as recorded in Bridge's "Northamptonshire," Leland, and other authorities.

The original font—it may be it dates from the days of Duke Richard of York—still remains, and

is a fine specimen of work of the period, with its mixture of foliage and grotesque heads intermingled. So also does the tall wooden pulpit bearing the arms of Edward IV., a white hart and a white lion, as supporters of the arms of France and England. On either side are a couple of other devices, the boar, as the cognisance of Richard III., the bull rampant standing, so authorities say, for the House of Clare, but more probably for the connection with the Nevills of Raby, whose well-known device it has been for time out of mind.

Viewed from all points—ecclesiastical, historical, and archaeological—it would seem to be no less than a national loss if this fine church, so graceful in its outlines, so bound up with the very main thread of English history, should be allowed to become a ruin. That the danger is a very possible one can be seen by the photo-

graphs which accompany this brief sketch. Had it not been for the scientific "shoring up" by one of the most able church builders of modern days—the late Mr. Thompson, of Peterborough—it is more than probable it would have succumbed to the violent gales of this winter.

Anyone cycling or driving up the straight road from Oundle—bordered with white flood posts, through the water meadows of the Nene—cannot fail to be struck with the beauty of the tall octagon of greystone standing out, with its many pinnacles silhouetted against the Apethorpe woods, whilst the many windows glitter in the sunlight. Probably towards evening, in autumn, is the most picturesque time, when the sun is low down and mists are rising up from the marshy ground, half veiling the meadows and the many-buttressed nave. It has this test of beauty: strangers, when seeing it for the first time, are unanimous in their delight, and this grows instead of lessening at subsequent visits.

It occurred to me after several visits, that if the history of the church and its present need were more widely known, that its repair might not be wholly impossible. To that end I have spared no pains to set forth the story of the historic church and its present need, trusting that in some way I may be able to help in the task. Those, who in the ensuing summer care to judge for themselves, can easily reach the village by taking the train from Peterborough to either Elton, or Warmington station, whence it is a walk across the fields of little over a mile in distance.

SOME SOUTH DEVON PULPITS; WRITTEN BY EDWARD F. STRANGE.

THE early history of the pulpit in England has already been sufficiently noted by Walcott and other authorities; so that in a paper dealing with a few particular examples from the point of view of their workmanship, there is no need for more than a brief recapitulation of the chief facts. Thus, in the twelfth century, pulpits—or perhaps lecterns merely—were used at Canterbury and Bury St. Edmunds. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries we find stone pulpits in the refectories of Chester Cathedral and of the old abbey of SS. Peter and Paul, Shrewsbury; but both these are corbelled out from the wall, and were due, as indeed were their successors, to the establishment of the Preaching Friars in England. Dollman, who gives illustrations of them, also figures the very early wooden pulpit of St. Michael's Church, Coventry, which he ascribes to the year 1400. This is extremely small, rests on a single stem, and is isolated except for its attachment on one side only to a pier of the nave. It is hexagonal in plan, and, as will be seen later, has some qualities in common with one of the most interesting examples illustrated on the next page—that of St. Sylvester, Chivelstone.

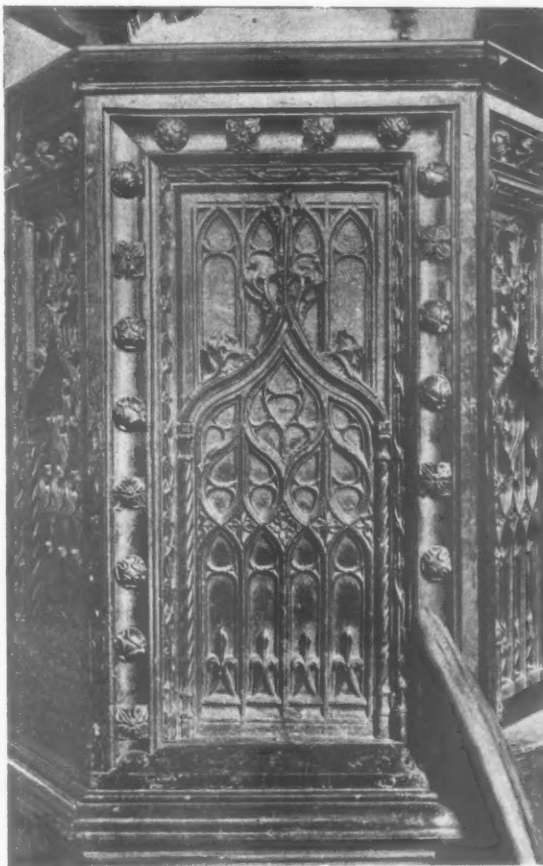
The earliest of these, as far as the date of the details is concerned, will probably be found to be that of Kingsbridge Church (Fig. I.). But it must be said at once that as a pulpit its age is only about forty-five years. It was built up well within the memory of the present generation from

fragments of a beautiful rood screen, parts of which survived the iconoclasm of the Reformation up to the beginning of the present century only to fall under the ruthlessness of the taste of the latter terrible period. Hawkins, in his "History of Kingsbridge" (1819), says: "The Rood Loft has been in part strangely removed about the commencement of the present century, though it would puzzle all the civilians in Doctors' Commons to

discover the right to make these changes without a faculty." The church itself, formerly a chapel to Churchstow, was dedicated to St. Edmund on Aug. 26, 1414, by one of the abbots of the rich abbey of Buckfastleigh, to which it appertained. The screen would thus belong to the early part of the fifteenth century, and is probably little later than the date given above. A curious fragmentary inscription to its patron saint has recently been discovered still bearing the hammer marks of the destroyer. The panels are, however, in excellent condition, and afford a beautiful example of early Perpendicular work. The twisted moulding on either side, and the freedom of the foliation will also be remarked. It is good

to know, moreover, that these and other fragments of the old work at Kingsbridge are being piously cared for and are in no danger of further deterioration at the hands of men. The panel illustrated is $43\frac{1}{4}$ by $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches in dimensions.

In Figure II., the pulpit of St. Sylvester's Church, Chivelstone—a few miles from Prawle Point—we have an example of undoubted age and indisputable beauty. It is very small—each panel measuring only $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width—but is of quite unusual richness and beauty. The sculptor has



PULPIT IN KINGSBRIDGE
CHURCH.

FIGURE I.

carved it out of a single block of wood without join or break, except for the hinged door of two panels; it is octagonal in plan, and still richly painted with red, green, black, and white, with some traces of gold. The shields, on a field of red, bear on a sort of label in four rows alternately a crowned M (for *Maria*) in black, and a carnation in gold, with the exception of one of the two on the pulpit door. This latter is not only without the label, but has an uncommon bearing—a *bend wavy sinister*—which may, perhaps, give some clue to the donor, for it is impossible that many individuals in the South of Devonshire should have possessed so rare a distinction.*

The pulpit stands at the north corner of the centre aisle of the nave, just without a dilapidated, but most interesting screen, with the details of which it has absolutely nothing in common. In fact, while certain important carvings of the screen tend towards flat interlacements, and have a dis-

* Since writing the above I find that a Stapleton of Devon (*temp.*, Edw. III., 1327-1377) bore *Argent, two bends wavy sable*. As the bend on the shield is carved, it might well have been painted to represent two, for which it is broad enough; and the reversal would be an easy mistake of the craftsman.—E. F. S.



PULPIT IN CHIVELSTONE CHURCH.

FIGURE II.

tinctly Celtic character—especially the ornament of the lower part of the spandrels—the crocketing on the pulpit is reminiscent of what may be called the conventional Decorated ornament, and has a freedom and vigour rarely found in Perpendicular work. It must be noted that each of the panels has a distinctive treatment of the foliage, that with oak-leaves and acorns being particularly beautiful.

At the time the general view (Fig. III.) was taken, the old box pews and reading-desk were still in existence. These have now been removed and replaced by quite incongruous benches.

At a distance of a few miles inland from Chivelstone is the church of Sherford, from which we take our next example (Fig. IV.). In this case, as at Kingsbridge, we have to deal with a pulpit made out of the portions of the screen, a considerable portion of which, however, is still in existence. The church was dedicated in March, 1457, which satisfactorily fixes the date in one direction; the screen, and consequently the details of the pulpit, being, perhaps, thirty years later. The screen of the church of Black Awton, in the neighbourhood, has panels very much resembling, although obviously later than those in the lower part of the pulpit, and this was erected soon after the marriage, in 1509, of Henry VIII. and Katherine of Aragon, whose monograms and badges it bears. These lower panels are quite good, and the ingenuity with which the foliated centre is introduced is very noteworthy. The upper courses are obviously copied—and badly copied—from the two upper courses of the screen as it now exists. They are, compared with the latter, lacking in delicacy of workmanship, and even in detail, for the leaves and the interlacements of the vine are simply "averaged" in the pulpit, while in the screen they are wrought with the most minute and intelligent care. As will be seen in our notes on Fig. VI., there is good reason to think that work of this kind was done in the early part of the seventeenth century. This pulpit is 3ft. 5 inches in height from the bottom of the panel.

Figure V. is the pedestal and only remaining fragment of what must have been a magnificent and very early pulpit. It now supports an absolutely plain construction in the church of Slapton. Perhaps one would be rash to ascribe the pedestal to a date earlier than the fifteenth century. Its tracery certainly is suggestive of the fourteenth, to which the church itself belongs. Also, it might be remembered that at Slapton was the celebrated chantry of Sir Guy de Brian, founded in 1349. The screen itself is undoubtedly later. The size of the pedestal may be estimated from the fact that the greatest width of one panel is $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

We now come to what is, perhaps, one of the



INTERIOR OF CHIVELSTONE CHURCH,
BEFORE RECENT ALTERATIONS.

FIGURE III.

most interesting of our examples—the pulpit in the church of East Allington (Fig. VI.). In many respects this will recall the well-known stone pulpit of St. Saviour's, Dartmouth; and there is more than an apparent connection between the two. The latter pulpit is dated about 1530 by Dollman, who certainly has not put it too early; but the insertion of the Royal emblems (in wood) belongs to the reign of Charles I., whose monogram C. R. fills one of the panels. Now, in the East Allington pulpit, which is entirely of wood, we have all these emblems repeated, with the exception of the monogram. There is an absolute resemblance between the two in the case of the large leaf ornament—so unusual and so distinctive. The canopies over the emblems are almost identical, even to the little grotesque animals seated at the top of each; but while, as we have seen, the Dartmouth pulpit is of two materials and belongs to two periods nearly a century apart, that of East Allington is obviously by one hand and uniform in treatment throughout. It is, therefore, in all probability a copy of the other work, executed after the insertion therein of the emblems of Charles I. There are certain other evidences in favour of this view. The masks in the upper course and the absolute misconception of the spirit of Gothic foliage are just what one would expect in the seventeenth century. We have already seen a result similar in principle in the case of the Sherford pulpit (Fig. IV.). Again, the Perpendicular screen, whose details are, it is worth remarking, unusually small, has nothing which could have, as at Sherford, inspired the carving of the pulpit; but it has panels of the ordinary work of the period inserted in it, evidently

on the occasion of a general reparation; and one of these is dated 1633, a proof that a woodcarver of considerable skill was, at all events, in the neighbourhood at the time. And, finally, there is the evidence of the shields. These are all legible and distinct. They relate to various marriages of the Fortescues of Fallapit—the leading family of the neighbourhood—with the families of Speccott, of Champernowne, of Reynell, etc., all of which took place about the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries; while the head of the family, Sir Edmund Fortescue, of Fallapit married in 1633, the year which, as remarked above, is recorded

on the screen. It would be interesting if any family or other archives contained a note of the actual origin of the pulpit. So important an object



PULPIT IN SHERFORD CHURCH.

FIGURE IV.



PULPIT IN EAST ALLINGTON
CHURCH.

FIGURE VI.

and one so intimately connected with the members of an old historical family must surely have inspired some definite record.

Our last example (Fig. VII.), from the church of Black Awton, is of the class of work one would have expected rather to find at East Allington. In detail it is not without merit; as a piece of furniture for a Gothic church it is unworthy of notice. Nothing could better exemplify the change caused by the introduction of Renaissance ideas into England than the contrast between this clumsy aggregation of unintelligent details—consisting of repetitions of five monotonous patterns—with the beautiful little pulpit of Chivelstone (Fig. II.), in which nothing but mere diapering is repeated.

Most of the churches in the west of England were rebuilt in the late fourteenth or fifteenth centuries. There is no district so rich, even at the present day, in remains of the wood-carving which was the chief ornament of that period, with the exception perhaps of a portion of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. And whereas, in the latter case, the influence of Flemish workmen is almost everywhere apparent,

in Somerset and Devon we have every right to claim almost the whole of the decorative church furniture as of purely English origin. That there is a broad general resemblance between the screens cannot as a rule be denied; and in view of the tendency of the craftsman toward traditional patterns it is not to be wondered at. What is marvellous is that so large a number of screens and pulpits should have sprung into existence in so comparatively short a time, and that they should have been so closely related in general style to each other. Certainly there is much in the consideration of these points to encourage one to the conclusion that the West of England possessed a most numerous and efficient school of decorative sculptors during the fifteenth century.

The Perpendicular style was singularly well adapted to the use of wood for the purposes of architectural decoration. Screen-work absolutely required a considerable amount both of upright and of horizontal elements; these were easily constructed in this material, and lent themselves readily to artistic treatment. A well-endowed church in the fifteenth century must have been a



PEDESTAL OF PULPIT IN
SLAPTON CHURCH.

FIGURE V.



PULPIT IN THE CHURCH OF
BLACK AWTON.

FIGURE VII.

most beautiful sight, with its vaulted screen richly painted and gilt, upholding the Great Rood, and extending right across the three aisles of the nave. Just without the chancel, and as a rule on the northern side, stood the pulpit, small and comparatively low, but carved and emblazoned like a very gem; while, above all, hung a dark wooden roof, only studded here and there with bosses richly carved and gilt. The making of screen, pulpit, seats, in many cases was due to the piety of parishioners, especially during this century; and numerous bequests for these purposes can be traced in the wills of the period. It may perhaps be of interest to quote one record of the kind which at all events keeps alive for us the name of an artist, and also indicates a practice which accounts for much of the family likeness in work of the kind already referred to.

In connection with the church of Bodmin a contract of the seventh year of Henry VII. (1491) is still preserved, wherein it is set forth "that the sayde Matthy More, carpynter, shall make or do to be made yn the parysh Churge of Seynt Petrok yn Bodmyn fully newe chayrs & seges, & iiii ranges thurgh oute all the body of the said Churge after the furme & makynge of the chayrs & seges yn Seynt Mary churge of Plympton . . .

and a convenient pulpyte yn the sayde Prysh Churge of Bodmyn after the furme and makynge of the pulpyte yn the parysh churge of Mourton yn hemstede." In those days a man was proud of his craft, and "carpenter" was a more honorable title than "artist" often is nowadays.

The Puritans of the sixteenth century laid a heavy burden on English art, one which it has never since succeeded in shaking off satisfactorily. Before then the decoration of the church was a legitimate aspiration for all the craftsmen of the neighbourhood; and a local success would have been the means of sending the carpenter or smith (to use the humble phraseology of the day) farther afield for employment; or, as in the instance already quoted, drawing others of the trade to study his work and learn thereby. In this way, with the personal value of the man's work always in sight, it was possible to train a school of artists; and to secure something like homogeneity of decorative effect in a church. But now a shop-keeper claims the authorship of a design because he has paid a man to make it, and the curate is the authority for taste, on the ground of a half-education in misunderstood symbolism. The workman is a mere machine and the artist no longer a carpenter. So we put cheaply-made copies of glittering Italian pulpits into old grey English churches; and gilded iron screens inlaid with glass into our cathedrals. Meanwhile the careful traveller may find priceless old wood-work being broken up in the shed of the local builder—or, as was the author's experience on one occasion—the very door of the pulpit piled up with fragments of the screen in most fatally suggestive proximity to the *church stove*.

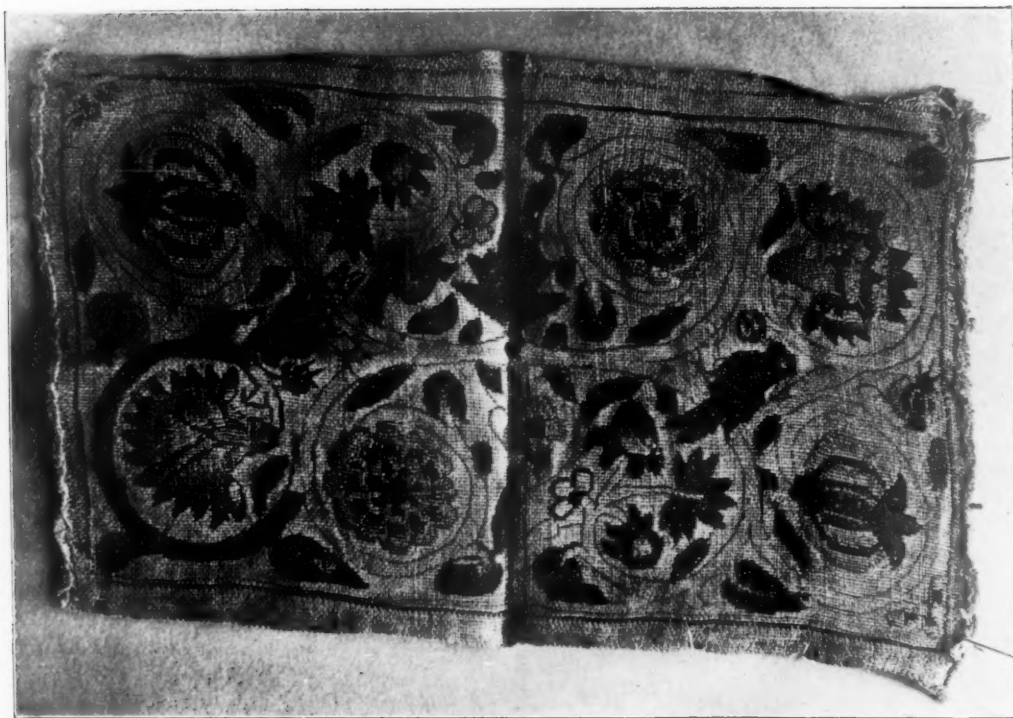
NOTE.—The photographs are reproduced by permission of the authorities of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

SAMPLERS: WRITTEN BY FLORENCE PEACOCK.

No one can say with any approach to certainty when the objects which we know by the name of "Samplers" were first made.

Like many other words it has more than one meaning attached to it, and this circumstance at times has given rise to confusion.

Most likely samplers originated abroad in the religious houses of Germany or Italy, and from thence spread to the households of the secular nobility. We know that ornamental stitches of various kinds were used, not only in embroidery for religious purposes but to beautify the house linen and garments of men as well as of women, and it is only natural to suppose that patterns



OLD ENGLISH SAMPLER.

FIGURE I.

of these stitches were worked upon a piece of material of convenient size and texture, so that learners might have it before them, and also that the different stitches might be preserved.

Obviously much time and trouble would be saved by having examples of stitchery and drawn thread work all upon one piece of material.

So far as is known no specimen of this form of sampler, which must have been far from uncommon, has survived the ravages of moths, neglect, and ill-treatment until our day. There was, however, another form of sampler, namely, a piece of material on which a particular pattern was marked out and then worked; not for any especial use, but to be kept as an example of the pattern, and also of the proper colours to use in working it. This pattern could of course be enlarged, if necessary, to adapt it to the especial article which was to be embroidered upon any given occasion. Probably only one specimen of this description of sampler is known in England, and I believe it to be the oldest native one in existence; though it is possible there may be earlier foreign ones, of which I do not know. It is here illustrated (Fig. I.). The material upon which it is worked appears to be a kind of fine loosely-woven canvas linen, of the natural, unbleached, brown-grey colour. The pattern is worked out in coloured linen thread, but of so fine a texture that it is only by the aid of a powerful

glass that it is possible to be certain what the material is.

It is evidently a sampler made to preserve the pattern and to teach the proper arrangement of colours, not one meant to show different stitches, as it is entirely worked in the most minute form of cross stitch. The design has never been fully worked out, but the traced lines yet unfilled in show distinctly and clearly on the ground work of linen.

The pattern consists of a beautiful and elaborate conventional arrangement of parrots (at the date when this was worked these birds were usually termed poppinjays), pomegranates, pinks, marigolds, and the flower and fruit of the strawberry.

Near the centre of the work occurs a single specimen of a flower, worked in blue, which I am not able to identify. The pomegranates are worked in shades of yellow and brown; the pinks in reds, and the leaves and small portions of the scroll-like stalk are done in various shades of green. The strawberry flowers, like the berries, are red; the parrots are in shades of brown, red, and yellow; their legs and claws are traced, but not worked.

It is surrounded by a single border of cross stitch. Its length is $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the width $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. I believe that the date of this sampler is about 1500 to 1530; it is in the possession of Mr. England Howlett, of Kirton in Lindsey, Lincolnshire.

I have not been able to discover any mention made of samplers in early literature; the first time any allusion to them occurs that I can find is a quotation made from the account rolls of the religious house of Maiden Bradley, in the year 1328, by the late Professor J. E. Thorold Rogers. It appears that canvas was bought "*pro samplero*," which Professor Rogers thinks may mean that it was to be used as a sampler for marking linen.* I believe it to have been canvas for making samplers like the one I have described; but of course it is impossible to be certain of what is meant. More than two hundred years later there is again a mention made of samplers, and this time a clearer idea of what the object was is given to us. In the will of Margaret Thomson,† of Freston, in Holland, Lincolnshire, which was proved at Boston, in that county, on the 25th of May, 1546, the testator bequeaths "to Alys Pynchebeck, my syster doughter, my saumpler with semes." There can, I think, be no doubt that this was a sampler showing different kinds of stitches or "*semes*," and not one with letters upon it, for, printing being then only a comparatively recent invention, it is unlikely that any sampler had letters upon it so early, and if they

had existed upon this specimen it is far more likely that they should have been mentioned than any other part of it. Whether there ever were any English samplers in black letter no one knows. Most likely there were, and that they would be worked on linen with other stitches and devices. If any did exist they have all perished, and likewise so have all the earlier examples with Roman letters upon them. The earliest dated English sampler that I am acquainted with is in the possession of Mr. A. W. Tuer, F.S.A., and is dated 1648. I have twice been told of specimens bearing dates during Elizabeth's reign, but upon inquiring they have proved not to exist.

It is extremely dangerous to take the evidence of uneducated people upon subjects of this kind. Last year I was told of a sampler which was said to bear a seventeenth century date; upon making inquiries I discovered that it was worked by an old woman who is now alive.

Samplers with letters and patterns of various stitches, and also of drawn thread work, are to be found bearing seventeenth century dates from 1648. These were usually long and narrow, and in some instances were formed of two pieces of material, joined down the centre. Mr. Turner possesses what I believe to be the finest collection of these samplers in England, and no description or illus-

* Hist. Agriculture, I. 581; II. 539.

† In the custody of the Bishop of Lincoln.



SPANISH: EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

FIGURE II.

tration can do justice to the beauty of the lace-like drawn thread work, or to the delicacy and minuteness of the various stitches employed.

Some time during the early years of the eighteenth century the character of the sampler changed; the long narrow shape of earlier days vanished, and from this time they are more generally to be met with wider and shorter; the drawn work, too, disappears, and less variety in the kinds of stitches are to be seen.

More attention was now given to the alphabet and less to the ornamental work; silk was the material with which most of the seventeenth century samplers were worked, but towards the middle of the following one fine worsted was often used, and the effect is not nearly so good.

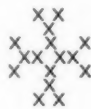
One of the most astonishing things regarding needlework that I know of is the very early age at which some of the most elaborate samplers I have ever seen have been produced. At one time I possessed a specimen, dated 1660, with an immense amount of ornamental stitchery upon it; indeed, it is covered by minute and beautifully executed needlework. Inscribed upon it, nearly at the bottom, is "Mary Harding eiaght years vuld."

Queen Elizabeth is said to have made a shirt when she was only four years old, and presented it to her brother, afterwards Edward VI., and there is no doubt that needlework in those days was a very much more important factor in education than it is at the present time.

The earlier samplers that remain to us do not lend themselves to photography. The work is so finely executed that no book or magazine of ordinary size could contain reproductions of them on a scale large enough to show their beauties effectively.

Mr. Tuer, in his "History of the Horn Book,"* gives an illustration of the sampler he possesses, which is dated 1648; it, however, conveys but little idea of the great beauty of the original. Later, when the work upon samplers became less artistic and on a larger scale, photography represents them exceeding well. Mr. Tuer traces the connection between the sampler and the Horn Book; usually the alphabet in the Horn Book was preceded by a

criss-cross, and this is occasionally to be met with upon samplers. There is one in the possession of my friend Mrs. Head bearing the date 1744, which has a particularly fine example of this cross upon it. They are generally worked by the needle in the following manner:



Mr. Tuer says that these crosses are comparatively rarely to be met with on samplers. I have seen several of them with it on, one of which is here reproduced (Fig. II.).

It is a magnificent piece of needlecraft, and no description can in any way do justice to it. It is Spanish, and with the following one was brought from Spain by Miss Freeman, daughter of the historian, in whose possession they remain. It is 27 inches long by 33½ inches in breadth, and is most elaborately worked, the stitching being so beautifully executed that it needs close inspection to tell the right side from the wrong. The inscription, which runs at the top and bottom of the centre part, is as follows:

"Johizomanve Jagorrerasdigii."

The bottom line runs thus:

"PojaId Tom Asa bomeza."

In the central portion are worked a cross, birds, and various devices, in shades of blue, green, pink, fawn, red, and yellow. The outer part consists of



* Vol. II., p. 240.

GERMAN SAMPLER WITH ALPHABETS (1724).

FIGURE IV.



SPANISH (DATE 1729).

FIGURE III.

conventional patterns worked in these same shades of colour. All the needlework is done in silk upon a groundwork of a fine linen material of an unbleached colour. The border consists of a narrow band of drawn thread work, which is also worked in silks. At each corner is a tassel, composed of yellow and blue silk. The various patterns are all worked in flat satin stitch, with the exception of the inscription. It is evidently very early eighteenth-century work.

The other Spanish example (Fig. III.) measures $38\frac{1}{2}$ inches in breadth by $27\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length, and is worked in conventional patterns, somewhat in the same style as the former one. The inscription on it is as follows:

"Lot raba jo Gertrvdes Deo Pasyo Gloacabo ano De 1729."

Had it not been dated I should have taken it to be about thirty years older, and I think it must, in some

respects, be a copy of an older one. The ground upon which the embroidery is done is fine unbleached linen, the silks used being blue, green, yellow, and fawn.

It is curious in one respect, for it simulates two samplers, joined down the centre, but it is in reality all one piece of material. Many English examples are really worked in two pieces, like this in appearance, and then carefully joined together.

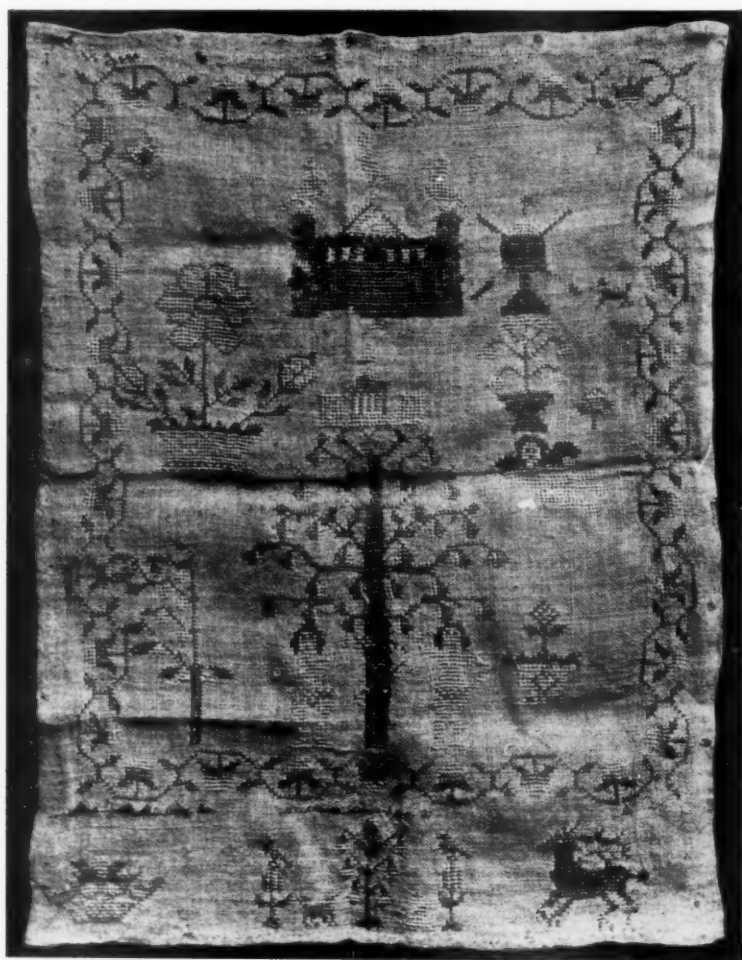
Miss Freeman also possesses one of the most interesting samplers it is possible to see. It is a German (Fig. IV.) one, and very nearly square, measuring 12 inches by $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In the top left-hand corner is the alphabet, worked in cross-stitch, on four threads of the material. The letters "J" and "U" are missing, as they usually are in English samplers of this date. The alphabet occupies two lines, the latter one being filled up with ornamental devices and designs. The third line contains an alphabet like the other one, but, being worked upon only two threads, it is much smaller in size. The fourth line contains the numerals up to twelve, and below this is the date 1724. The other upper corner of the sampler is made into a separate division by two lines of cross-stitch; within them is what I have never before seen upon any sampler, and it is this part of the specimen which makes it such an exceedingly interesting one.

The division I have spoken of contains in the middle the Cross; looped around its centre, through one arm, is the Crown of Thorns. On



SAMPLER WITH MOTTO (1798).

FIGURE V.



PICTORIAL SAMPLER (ABOUT 1790).

each side of the Cross are placed the instruments of the Passion—on one hand, the hammer, the reed with a sponge on it, and the scourge; upon the other, the nail, the spear, and the ladder. In the two extreme lower corners is to be seen, upon one side the Agnus Dei, and upon the other a column. At the top of the Cross, resting on it, is a board bearing Pilate's inscription, and placed upon the top of the board is an hour-glass. In the upper part of this division there are one or two other devices, which I do not understand the meaning of.

The remainder of the sampler is taken up by various conventional objects, including animals, birds, trees with fruit on them, and other devices.

Not far from the centre is a wreath enclosing the letters "E.I.H.," worked in a curious long kind of stitch. Another small wreath has within it three letters, the first of which I cannot read—the other two are both alike, being S. These letters are also worked in the long stitch I have spoken of; all the rest of the sampler is done in cross-stitch. The patterns used on this sampler are thoroughly

German in tone, and may, some of them, be seen in use at the present day. The colours used are blues, pinks, greens, fawns, and yellows.

It is rarely that foreign samplers are to be met with in England. I know of no other Spanish ones, excepting those in the South Kensington Museum.

In the eighteenth century it began to be customary to work some verse, text, or piece of good advice by way of mottoes upon samplers.

The illustration (Fig. V) is an example of this kind of sampler, having on it:

"To God let thy first thoughts be
given,
Rise with the early lark to
heaven—
Never let despair from want be
bre'd,
The lilies clothed, the Ravens
fed —."

It is only fair to say that most samplers do not in their poetical flights record quite so much nonsense as the last line of this effusion. As well as the foregoing, the sampler has on it: "Susanah Rolfe, August the 3, 1798." It is square, measuring 13 inches by 13 inches.

The work is done on coarse canvas in cotton of various colours, and the whole example is highly typical of the time.

The next illustration (Fig. VI.) is a sampler, the date of which I consider is about 1790, and represents what may be fitly called the pictorial kind. There are no letters upon it; the middle is occupied by the Tree of Knowledge, having Adam on the one side of it and Eve upon the other; round the stem of the tree is twined the serpent, but he does not show very clearly in illustration. At the top of the tree is a building, which seems to be either an attempt to portray the New Jerusalem or else Solomon's Temple, but which it is meant for I am not sure. Above it is a house, with a windmill beside it, the only one I ever saw depicted on a sampler. Various designs of a more or less conventional kind fill up the remainder of the space. It is worked in coloured cottons, on coarse brown canvas, and is 16½ inches in length by 13 inches in width.

The next illustration (Fig. VII.) shows a sampler

worked by "Sarah Rickeres, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, December 10, 1816," which is greatly devoted to verse :

1.
"How cheerful along the gay mead,
The daisy and cowslip appear.
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.
2.
"The myrtles that shade the gay bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruit, and sweet flow'rs,
All rise to the praise of my GOD.
3.
"Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, for gratitude's call;
Forbid it devotion and love!
4.
"The LORD who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My heart shall rejoice in my GOD."

Above this, in a kind of label arrangement, is—

PRAISE TO GOD.

Letters and the usual ornaments make up the

remainder of this sampler. The canvas is very fine, and variously coloured silks are used. Its length is $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width.

The three samplers I have last described are in my own possession, but the following one (Fig. VIII.) belongs to Mr. England Howlett, and is the smallest one I ever saw, being a square of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In one respect it is unusual as regards the arrangement of the alphabets. The capital letters and the small ones are divided from each other by the numerals, whereas the usual way is for the figures to come after the letters.

After the small alphabet comes this inscription :

"Vicious pursuits may yield a few scattered pleasures, but piety and virtue will make our whole life happy."

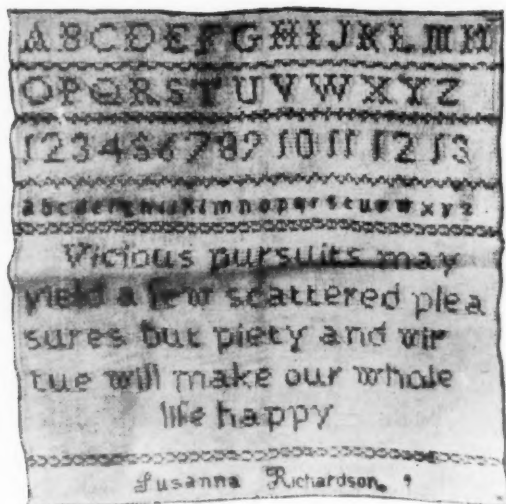
Then comes the signature "Susanna Richardson."

There is no date, but the worker of it informs me that she worked it in 1836, when a child of nine years old, sitting on the hearth-rug and sewing by the firelight. The astonishing part of this sampler is that any child of such tender years should have made it at all, and especially by the aid of such very uncertain light as flickering flames give; for it is done upon canvas of so fine and gauze-like



SAMPLER WITH VERSES (1816).

FIGURE VII.



SAMPLER $4\frac{1}{2}$ INCHES
SQUARE (1836).

FIGURE VIII.

a texture that it was necessary to line it after it was finished; the red silk in which the minute stitches are executed is of the finest kind made.

Mrs. Head possesses amongst her collection of samplers one worked by "Ann Watson, August 22, aged 12, 1825" (Fig. IX.), which has the usual row of letters at the top, with a line of hearts below it, then follow the lines:

"Content I am is fortune good or bad
Nothing can make me merry nothing sad
And all my happiness consists in this
My mind is equal as my fortune is."

The remainder of the sampler is taken up by the usual objects; it is $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by $12\frac{3}{4}$ inches broad.

In the same collection there is to be seen a sampler in very bad condition, but it is noteworthy as having depicted upon it a "grandfather's clock."

The dial of the clock seems never to have been worked, but the long case is still in fair condition. I imagine its date to be about 1800, and I think it was worked by two people, because it bears the legend: "Sarah Medows finished this," and also because it is not probable that the person who began the sampler was the worker of these lines:

"Short was my stay, the longer is my rest,
God took me Hence because he thought it best.
Dear Parents weep for me no more,
I am not lost but gone A while before."

I think it was probably finished by a younger sister, who chose these lines; or that her parents chose them for her. I recently purchased a sampler made by "Mary Anne Jewell, Mottisfont, 1817," which is inscribed with remarks which would have done honour to Mrs. Trimmer:

"Industry, diligence, and a proper improvement of time are material duties of the young. The finest talents would be lost in obscurity if they were not called forth by study and cultivation."

The latter forms of samplers, those dating from about 1740 to 1830, have a strong tendency to reproduce the same kinds of ornamentation; the royal crown and peers' coronets are very often to be seen, sometimes appearing in a row, at others being placed irregularly wherever it seemed necessary to the worker to fill up a vacant space. Very often the crowns and coronets have above or below them letters to indicate to which order of nobility they belonged. Thus a sampler which I at one time possessed had K. D. E. B. (King, Duke, Earl, Baron), on it; and I have heard of them with Q. P. V., standing for Queen, Prince, Viscount.

I have seen a sampler which had below the royal crown the letters G.R. instead of the R. It was George III., being dated 1777. I have only heard of one sampler worked previously to 1760 having G.R. upon it, for the House of Hanover was not popular with the mass of the people, and the two first Georges were foreigners. With the accession of George III. things changed. As an English-born King he was popular, and during his whole reign, though at times much disliked by various political parties and by the London mob, yet he retained the affection of the great majority of his subjects. I have never seen a sampler after 1820 with the G.R. on it, but they may, of course, exist. Dogs, usually very tiny ones, and frequently black, with white or red eyes, figure largely upon samplers; horses, stags, lions,



SAMPLER (1825).

FIGURE IX.

peacocks, birds of paradise, and various other animals are very often to be met with I believe the reason that animals and birds are so frequently to be seen on samplers, is because they show, though in a very debased and degraded form, lingering traces of that love of, and delight in, heraldry and heraldic presentments, which was once so great a factor in the lives of our forefathers. Trees of stiff

and ungainly form are very often to be seen, Solomon's Temple, houses, farmsteads, pillars, flowers, and a great variety of other formal objects are to be met with in profusion. If a full stop is needed, or any small object required to fill up a line, hearts are generally used, but not always. I have seen an object resembling the ace of spades which filled up a line where the words did not read to the end. Adam and Eve are often to be seen, and they usually stand by the Tree of Knowledge. I showed a sampler with these upon it to a

peasant woman not long ago, and she said: "But where's the serpent? You know it wants to have him, too; it's not finished without him." He often occurs, but not by any means always. The Tree has usually a profusion of scarlet apples on it—evidently the theory that the fruit disobediently eaten by our first parents was not apples, but oranges, found no favour in the sight of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century sampler workers.

Nothing is more interesting in



MAP OF ASIA.

FIGURE X.

relation to samplers than the various mottoes and verses to be found on so many of them. They are always of a nature to inspire the reader of our day with profound pity for the poor children who were condemned to toil laboriously over the, to them, utterly dull, dry, and uninteresting lines. It appears as if very few verses were composed especially for working upon samplers. I can only call

to mind one instance—that of the Rev. John Newton, the rigid evangelical divine, who composed the following lines for the sampler of his niece, Elizabeth Catlett.*

"Jesus permit Thy Gracious Name to stand,
As the first effort of an infant's hand;
And while her fingers o'er the canvas move,
Engage her tender thoughts to seek Thy love.
With Thy dear child, let her have a part,
And write Thy Name Thyself upon her heart."

These lines also occur on a sampler which was worked by "Mary Arabella Pearson, July 11th, 1801,"

with an alteration in the second line, which runs thus:

"As the first work of Arabella's hand."

Doubtless the adapter discovered that Mary was too short a name to introduce, and so fell back on the second one. "Arabella" was nine years old at the time she worked this sampler.†

There is an account given in *Notes and Queries* of an interesting sampler, which I trust has been preserved.

* *Notes and Queries*. 4 S., Vol. VII., p. 274.

† *Notes and Queries*. 4 S., Vol. VII., p. 21.



MAP OF ENGLAND, WORKED IN CROSS-STITCH.

FIGURE XI.

The Lord's Prayer is worked within a border of carnations, and then follow these verses in three distinct divisions :

"During the time of life allotted me,
Grant me, good God, my health and liberty.
I beg no more; if more Thou'rt pleased to
give,
I'll thankfully the overplus receive."

"Remember, time will come when we must
give
Account to God how we on earth do live."

"A man that doth on riches set his mind,
Strives to take hold of shadows and the
wind.
With food and raiment, then, contented be;
Ask not for riches nor for poverty."

"ANN STODHART

"Finished this sampler in the tenth year of her
age, in the year of our Lord God MDCCXLIII."*

This is a late use of Roman numerals. They occur on samplers occasionally; but I cannot call to mind one of a later date than this example.

There is also a description in *Notes and Queries*† of what must be a very interesting sampler.

Each word is divided from the one that follows it by a cross composed of five stitches.

At the top is "Hannah Tanner, May the 29, 1719." Below this, in the centre, is a crown between two coronets, and immediately below the crown the letters G.R. occur. From this descends a kind of waved oval, within which is :

"Christ was the Word that speak it,
He took the bread and breke it,
And for that word did make it,
That I believe and take it."

Samplers, prior to the eighteenth century, were never framed, at any rate, none that have been found by me, and in many respects it would have been a good thing if the custom of doing so had not arisen. When a sampler is taken out of its frame it is nearly always to be found stretched tightly over a wooden mount. On this account, in process of time, the canvas becomes strained and weakened, and then it cracks. Moths, too, are more dangerous to the framed sampler than to the unframed one, for they get between the wooden back and the needlework, and deposit their eggs upon the sampler. When these are hatched the grub eats holes in the needlework, usually undetected until it is too late. At the same time, unframed samplers are subject to holes appearing in them in a manner I am not able to account for. I have seen a sampler which was worked somewhere about 1834,



MAP OF EUROPE (DATED 1796).

FIGURE XII.

and which has been carefully preserved ever since, but it is full of holes and cracks in the canvas. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth century samplers were framed in various ways. The most usual, and decidedly the most effective kind are wood, painted or stained black. Sometimes these black frames had an inner mount or moulding of gold outside the glass. At times, too, the frames are reeded, and sometimes carved. Then there are the gilded frames made of wood, and in later days of plaster.

There was a development of the sampler proper known as an "Epistle." They do not occur early, and none were in existence before the middle of the last century. Mr. Tuer gives an illustration of one in "The Horn Book,"* which is an excellent example of the stilted compositions which were considered suitable to reproduce in needlework. There is a border of fruit, flowers, and foliage, and within it comes the "Epistle," as follows :

"Dear Debby,
I love you sincerely,
My heart retains a grateful sense
Of your past kindness.
When will the hours of our
Separation be at an end?
Preserve in your bosom a Remembrance
Of your affectionate
Deborah Jane Berkin.
Bristol.

May 1st.

1778."

There are insects worked on the sampler; what they are I cannot tell, but I think they are intended to represent black beetles, and they may be of a later date than the rest of the work. Oval samplers occur, but they are rare, and are of a late date usually; they are generally to be seen with a

* *Notes and Queries*, 4 S., Vol. VII., p. 126.

† 4 S., Vol. VII., p. 331.

* Vol. II., p. 258.

border of ornamental needlework round them. "The Horn Book" (p. 252) gives an illustration of a good example worked by Judith Spanton, 1809.

The most ambitious form that the sampler ever assumed was the sampler map. These are by no means rare, and are most interesting examples of needlework. Mr. Tuer gives an illustration of one which in one respect is finer than any other I know of; the sea is crowded with ships from the coast of Lincolnshire all round England, until opposite the Isle of Man. Above Lincolnshire the sea room is greatly curtailed by a very elaborately worked wreath, which bears with it the following inscription:

"The Map
of England
and Wales with
Part of
Scotland and
Ireland.
By me
Ann Hope.
Finished
1777."*

Mr. England Howlett has a fine needlework map of England, dated 1781, in the old black frame of the period, and also a map of Europe, worked by "Mary Ann Smith, 1796," the name and date, however, show but faintly in the photograph. In the top left hand corner is embroidered Britannia, the sky and the face of the figure being painted in water-colours. It is worked in coloured silks on white silk (Fig. XII.).

I have also a map of Asia, probably worked about the same time, but it is undated (Fig. X.). This is the only map of Asia in needlework which appears to exist. I have Africa, too, but I have heard of others.

Miss Maw, of Cleatham Hall, Lincolnshire, possesses a very fine map of England, in the original black frame, worked in cross-stitch (Fig. XI.). A wreath in the top left hand corner contains the following:

A map
of England.
By Mary Nocton
In the Year of Our
Lord 1777.

This is the only map I have seen worked in cross-stitch.

There does not appear to be a needlework map of Ireland nor yet of Scotland, neither have I met with Britain as a whole.

I have consulted Mr. Tuer, the greatest living authority on the subject of these maps, and he tells me he has seen maps of the British Isles, but he has not seen one of America, but, he observes, "as American little girls worked samplers, there must be plenty in existence of that country."

It is not to be supposed that the more elaborate

samplers and maps were the first efforts of the worker. A girl in the eighteenth century usually did a small, comparatively plain, sampler, with letters on it; then she was promoted to one either with letters and scenery, or with no letters at all, and finally she worked the map—the crowning point of her artistic life, so far as samplers were concerned.

MOTTOES FOR THE FRONTS OF HOUSES: BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

The text is true, I trow, in every word.
He builds in vain who builds not in the Lord!
Dies schöne Haus ist Sand und Stein.
Wie werden die im Himmel sein.

Translation.

This fine house of stone you see,
What will those in Heaven be?
Though it a thousand years should stay,
This house at last must pass away.
And ere its shortest life be o'er
We shall have gone long, long before!

Stranger should this catch your eye,
Do a favour passing by;
Bless this house ere you be gone,
And it shall bless you—passing on.

If thou hast evil in thy heart,
Come not in, but straight depart.

In this house all that is good
Is welcome, be it understood.
Good for both, though—be it known,
Not for the good of one alone.
Good for thee
Likewise for me,
So shall we ever well agree!

This house I've built for me and mine,
May it be of peace a shrine,
And may no enmity or sin,
Ever find its way therein!
Enter if a friend thou be,
And if perchance an enemy,
With God's help then let us see,
If we two cannot agree!

If this house be fine or not,
That was ne'er my serious thought,
But it will have gained its ends,
Should I fill it full of friends.

As many bricks as in this house you see,
May friends receive its hospitality,
And when the counting of the bricks is o'er,
May we begin and reckon them once more.

If a welcome thou would'st win,
Wipe your feet, and then come in.

North, South, East or West
A man's own Home is ever the Best.
God shield this House from grief and fire!
And sin—no more need man desire!

I built this House of stone and wood,
I made it handsome as I could;
If it only pleases thee,
Then it need not better be.

* "The Horn Book," vol. II., p. 253.

SOME SURVIVING HANDICRAFTS: WRITTEN BY REGINALD HALL- WARD.

IT has always been to me a matter of great surprise that the rapid decay of those handicrafts, which had their roots so deep in the past, should have aroused so little comment. When the subject first occupied my attention some years ago there was better hope, had there been forthcoming any active interest, in promoting the enquiry, of assisting in their protection and encouragement locally. That is, of those craftsmen who still worked at their handicrafts on the traditions more or less of their ancestors before them.

I think that the effect of such support *given in the right way* (for it is essential that the encouragement should be local; that is, that the craftsman should depend on his own locality for support) might have meant the gradual rekindling and expansion of those existing handicrafts, the example of which would have been more effectual in promoting a knowledge of the requirements of good craftsmanship than all the handicraft schools in the world.

Because, with those humble workers in their own locality, there would have been found an absence of self-consciousness and of all the nonsense of assumption in the "distinguished person" at the present day. We should have been spared much that tends to make ridiculous our present efforts.

It cannot be denied, however, that there was great danger, unless the support were given in the right way, that more harm than good might be done. But by arousing in the people of the

locality in which the craft was carried on, a pride in their local workers, I believe that a demand might have been revived which, in spite of the competition of mechanical production, might, with the help of squire and parson, have supported the industry. At the same time, by keeping it in its own locality, they would have preserved the industry from the dangers and absurdities which would assuredly follow on its being taken out of its own sphere. What I mean is that it is a thousand times better that these lingering crafts should perish in their own locality than that by becoming the playthings of fashionable philanthropy their inevitable end should be robbed of its pathos, only to make it disgraceful.

I shall not easily forget my visit to the clock-case maker at Pwllheli. His father and grandfather had both worked at the same craft before him, one which he told me used to be carried on in most of the small towns of the Principality, and no doubt very generally throughout the country. I am speaking of the long "grandfathers" clocks. The clockfaces he did not paint. These were obtained from Newcastle, which was well-known for the skill of its craftsmen in paint-

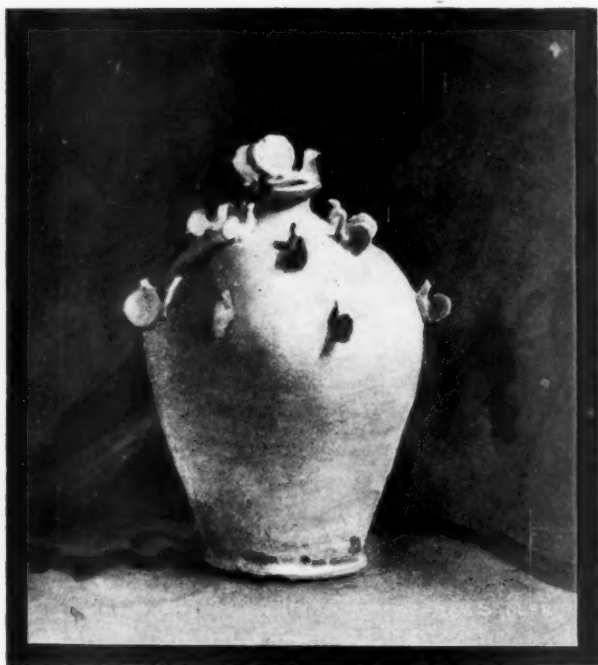
ing ornamental devices on the faces of the clocks. There was something pathetic in the circumstances attending my visit, for he told me, showing me a clock-case just completed, it was the last he intended to make, as the wholesale manufacturers at Birmingham were deluging the country towns with a spurious imitation of them, and he was unable to compete with their prices. The watchmaker in the town whom he had been in the habit of supplying, found a demand for these Birmingham clock-cases, and could buy them a little cheaper, and could, there



GLAZED EARTHENWARE MONEY-BOX.



THE "CLOCK-CASE COUNTRY": FROM A
SKETCH BY REGINALD HALLWARD.



GLAZED EARTHENWARE MONEY-BOX.

fore, no longer afford to purchase his. I went to see the watchmaker in the town, who said that people preferred these more showy articles. But they were only a very small amount cheaper, the difference in cost amounting to no more than four or five shillings on a clock-case. He told me that, personally, he much preferred to sell the local ones, and that, of course, intrinsically there was no comparison between them. Two of the Birmingham clocks stood on either side of one of the local ones, the former smart and vulgar and of the glue-pot type, the ornament wriggling down their fronts, chiefly consisting of lengths of turned wood glued on!

On another occasion I paid a visit to Mold, in Cheshire, where I was told some small potteries still lingered among the tall chimney-shafts of the huge potteries, the smoke from which was belching them out of existence. Among other examples of a more or less beautiful character, I came across the examples illustrated here. At one small pottery an old man and his nephew still carried on a business which had for many generations been in the family; but he told us that the competition of the huge potteries was ruining him, and that he had no longer any sale for such articles. He lacked the means to repair his kilns, because competition had cut down the prices so greatly. The larger factories

in the neighbourhood manufactured flower-pots, pipes, etc.; and, finding no demand for his more personal work, he struggled to compete with them here. I urged upon him the futility of this, and pointed out that in his own more personal work there was more hope of a livelihood. Had my purpose succeeded—which had been to encourage in the locality a renewed interest for these crafts through the means of an organisation directed to that purpose—I believe that a craft such as this potter's might have been preserved and carried on. I cannot believe that an appreciation existing among all those who have seen them would not have been felt by influential persons in the locality from which they came. One or two examples of his work, rooted out from corners of the shed, showed an almost mediaeval simplicity and beauty of design, though rude in character.

In the same neighbourhood I came across another small pottery, the master himself a practical potter, as his father had been before him, and here also I saw some fine examples. But the first step towards the future limited company had already taken place. The master potter was no longer the master worker—he had given up working himself because it paid better to be in the counting-house. The standard here, I could see, had already become a more mechanical one, leading, no doubt, through this to a consequent loss of interest in the work,

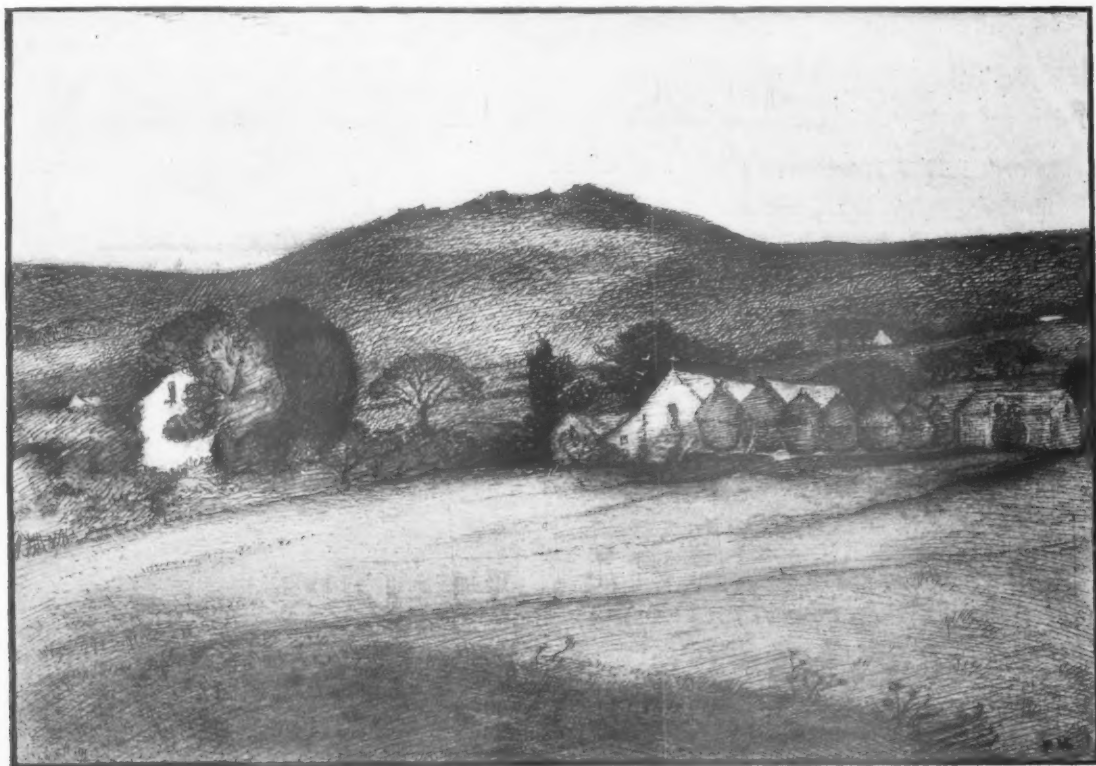


GLAZED EARTHENWARE TOBACCO JAR.

and therefore an increasing one in the wages, to be followed by a future strike of workmen, and to all the decadent symptoms now evident throughout our industries—money the one thing sought for, and slavery the one thing found.

There are still working in Pembrokeshire, and no doubt elsewhere, woollen factories of the smaller kind where water and hand-power are the forces used, in which excellent cloth is still turned out. Some who read this will know the work of the cooper at Porlock, whose oak pitchers used for getting water were of such a delightful character—

them came round. One is greeted with the cordiality of instinctive hospitality not yet abused by tourist insolence. Entering, one finds oneself in the dwelling-room, or kitchen, as it is called. The room is lofty and lost above in a gloom of rafters from which the bacon hangs. A ladder leans against the rafters, which is the staircase to the upper floor. A dresser on which the fire glances displays glittering rows of jugs, racks full of plates, and dishes. It is not in one instance only that I have seen rows of beautiful Liverpool and Bristol delft, varieties of lustre ware, silver and



THE "QUILT-MAKING COUNTRY."

FROM A SKETCH BY REGINALD HALLWARD.

that is, when I first saw them—but even then I could see the danger which already existed of his oak pitcher of service becoming the "art" pitcher of folly.

As I write there is recalled to my mind the quilt-making in the cottages of Pembrokeshire among the mountains and valleys of this far-off spot—a locality where life still bearing the stamp of some of its ancient dignity seems to linger among the peasantry. I wish I could describe the experience of visits paid to some of these village farms and cottages. By a rugged, mountainous pathway the whitewashed farm is reached, the door standing open, the dark slate steps and seat outside the cottage adorned with quaint chalk devices, to be renewed, probably, each time that the cleaning of

brown and delightful-painted jugs—Staffordshire ware—which were being made early in the century. The dresser itself is of beautiful design and make. These jugs and plates on the dresser were quite evidently, I think, not intended for ordinary use, but stood there for the love of having beautiful things which existed among the peasantry. These dressers were a customary wedding-present to the bride from her parents, and were perhaps an ideal set before her of what her home should be. I take it that all these pretty things were mostly purchased at the autumn fairs. Looking further in the room we may see the quilt-making frame standing in the corner, or perhaps it is laid out for working on, and we can look at the quilt in progress. I was much struck with the light-hearted way in which

the pattern was treated. Cutting the patterns out in paper, they laid them on the quilt and drew round them, the pattern, mostly invented as they went along, full of quaint and unconscious fancifulness—a sort of primitive appliqué work. These quilts, sometimes white, and others partly coloured or coloured throughout, cost about a pound. In some cases, I am sorry to say, one is met with an apology

for the kitchen and shown into the sitting-room—a suspicious-looking room with scent of windows never opened—and instead of the homely warmth and brightness of the kitchen there breathes an atmosphere redolent of the spirit of the age; of its pretence and its vulgarity; respectability instead of simplicity; vile German prints, anti-macassars, large glass vases, smart and crazy chairs; in fact, modern vulgarity for which there is no forgiveness—the illicit spawn of the seven deadly sins in agglomerated life together.

It may be asked what is the interest other than that of the dilettanteism of the "cultured" person in these lingering crafts. That in them was a school in which was still to be learned the lesson of the essential training of the craftsman—this one essential quality in our entire system of "en-



POTTERY MADE BY BINGHAM.

couragement of art" training being entirely left out. The modern student breathes a totally different atmosphere and learns in largely different ways. He has much more freedom and definitely less personal example; he has a wholly different class of men for his teachers; and above all, he is not engaged on actual production. Under the old system and before the "encouragement of art" folly began the student was en-

gaged on or in the presence of actual production from the first day of his apprenticeship, when possibly he swept out the shop or put the tools in their places. He followed from the earliest stages, and gradually participated in, those stages in the execution of work tested by all the severe conditions which prevail over that which is to represent money's-worth to the purchaser. He worked under the superintendence of a teacher who was also a master-craftsman, and mark this! it was *his* work he spoiled and not his own if he was incapable. On the other hand, in the art or craft schools the students enjoy a large measure of freedom which includes in it, alas! the freedom to be incapable without censure or assistance (perhaps the school is looking for a grant which it can obtain on showing the required



POTTERY MADE BY BINGHAM, AT CASTLE HEDINGHAM, ESSEX.

number of students). For this reason I am told painting waterlilies on looking-glasses has to be included.

The whole training now is necessarily more theoretic, and at the same time more mechanical. Theoretic, because there are not attaching to it the conditions of practical requirements which theory will not assist us far towards; mechanical, that methods, instead of reaching the student through individual experience and example, grow out of a system. As beauty does not seem to flourish naturally we have set to work to manufacture it. The worst of it is that all these advantages of "progress" tell most against the really talented student. For the reason that real ability must have something real to bestow itself upon—something to do—to make. On the old system he was at once in the presence of this opportunity. The real requirements of production were before him, exhilarating and feeding his talent. He had a standing ground from which he might move the world. It is for this reason that these remaining handicrafts seem to me such a precious inheritance.

Through our modern theories of art education we have built up a system which is not founded on the facts of life and experience, but on theories of the "encouragement of art"* kind. What, then, is the fact? The fact is that teaching and production, should proceed hand in hand, and that any system of training divorced from actual production is necessarily doomed to failure. This is the lesson of these lingering crafts.

The gravity of all this is very great. We have sacrificed these traditions sterner and more self-denying. The child of luxury needs now to be trained in an easier school. The advantages he gets rather than the sacrifices he makes are his source of instruction. These he can more readily attain through the material wealth surrounding him. But for the real artist and craftsman it has meant this, that we have created a professional standpoint which the arts should not have, and this great period of the "encouragement of the arts" has meant a fiercer struggle against the tendencies of the time for the real craftsman than perhaps he has ever known before.

I have not referred yet to the pottery at Castle Hedingham, Essex. I am indebted to the Rev. G. H. Woolley for the particulars which follow. Mr. Bingham's father was an excellent workman,

and a man of some genius, and had acquired a few craft traditions, with great trouble, from old Delft and German workmen at his uncle's works at Lambeth. Founding his productions on earlier designs of jugs, he has yet succeeded in imparting his own character to them. All the work is done by hand here, and some very good slip work. I have seen some very fine examples, though some have tended rather to a bric-à-brac character. I have said nothing here about rush-plaiting or lace-making. The lace-making in Buckinghamshire villages has in some places been revived; but I regret to say, in the only examples I have seen, that the spirit of the old work is largely lacking; betraying, I fear, a temper of mind and conditions of life very different from those out of which the original beautiful work grew.

THE STUDIO.* VOL. XVII.

THE appearance of this seventeenth volume of "The Studio" reminds one how time is passing. It seems but the other day that the first number appeared, and Aubrey Beardsley was discovered by the enterprising editor; and ever since similar discoveries have gone on month by month, sometimes of English and sometimes of Continental geniuses, who, somehow, do not seem always to fulfil the high expectations expressed by the writers of the laudatory articles upon them. The monthly competitions, from which so much was expected, also still go on; but the men of genius whom they were to discover apparently either do not exist or do not compete. The volume contains a number of coloured illustrations issued as supplements, and they are always well reproduced. One does not invariably applaud the selection of subject, but the technique of reproduction is so good that one is sorry not to be able to claim it for England. The binding is in good taste, the printing and paper good, and the volume makes a handsome Christmas gift book. A large part of the space is occupied with "Studio Talk" from different countries and cities, English and foreign, illustrated by examples of what is considered newest, both in painting and the allied arts, and in various forms of decoration. It is this passion for newness, this determination to have novelty at any cost, the bizarre in preference to the acknowledged good, which makes one despair of progress in matters of art.

S. S. G.

* What should we think of the value of the training of a hospital nurse, which had been acquired outside of any actual experience of accident or sickness? We expect her to learn amidst all the difficulties of the actual conditions of both, and know that this is essential in her case. Yet in the training of the craftsman we ignore this altogether.

* The Studio: an Illustrated Magazine of Fine and Applied Art. Vol. XVII. London: 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 1899.

SENMÛT: ARCHITECT AND ROYAL TUTOR: BY M. BRODRICK.

IN looking back at the history of bygone nations we find that they take their true positions in the history of humanity not so much by the mightiness of their conquests, the extent of their possessions or the greatness of their wealth as by the influence that they had upon the advance of civilisation and the freedom they allowed to the individual for development.

However great a monarch may be, he cannot alone raise his kingdom to such a position that his particular period of its history shall stand out for always as a marked epoch; he requires the help of all true thinkers and workers throughout his dominions. That he who was truly great, whether in the arts of peace or in the grim game of war,

could come to the front and take his rightful place in his country's service, however lowly his birth, is one of those wise arrangements of State government which one hardly expects to find among a race so proud, so conservative and so prejudiced as the Ancient Egyptians. Yet the history of Senmût, the great architect of the Temple of Dêr-el-Bahri and Court tutor in the service of Queen Hatshepsut, is one of the most delightful examples we have of one who, by his talents and industry, raised himself to a high position and has left behind him an undying monument of his artistic genius.

There is at Aswân a stela dedicated to the memory of one Senmût, who is depicted as sitting between his father, Ra-mes, and his mother, Hat-nefer. He is described as "the royal seal bearer, the companion, the well beloved, the superintendent of the palace, the keeper of the Queen's heart (Lord Chancellor?)—making content the mistress of both lands and making all things come to pass for the spirits of Her Majesty." Yet this great Court functionary, of whose offices those mentioned on his stela are but a few, was the son of parents whose "ancestors were not found in writing;" that is, he was of lowly birth—a true son of the people. Of his early life we know nothing; concerning his struggle up the ladder of fame history is silent; whether anyone held out a helping hand to the poor but highly-gifted lad there is no record; but so long as the magnificent Temple of Dêr-el-Bahri stands as a silent witness to the Art of past ages, so long shall the name of Senmût, its architect and builder, remain unforgotten.

Not alone as an architect shall his name be perpetuated, for from his statue in Berlin we learn that he was, among other things, "chief tutor to the royal princess, the heiress of the two lands Neferu-Ra;" "director of the directors of works," *i.e.*, chief architect; "a keeper of the Temple of Amen;" and "an overseer of granaries." He was created "a prince, a companion, a friend greatly beloved;" and who can doubt from this but that his royal mistress had the fullest confidence in, and reliance upon, this gifted, faithful official during the long years that intervened between her husband's death and her nephew's assumption of royal power.

Let us carry back our imaginations across some 3500 years, and try to conjure up a picture of the early life of young Senmût. The first four years of every little Egyptian child's life, were he prince or peasant, were probably all spent in the same way. The rich children had their toys, their dolls, and their games, just like modern western children,



STATUE OF SENMÛT.

and doubtless the "children of the people" amused themselves in the days of old with making mud pies and loving rag dolls as do their modern counterparts to-day. Childhood came to an end at the fifth year, and was succeeded by boyhood and the donning of clothes, which in many cases seems to have been only a girdle. At that age education was begun, in which the working classes participated to a certain extent, as from the Abbott papyrus and other references we find they could evidently read and write, though from the hopeless confusion of some of their sentences it is evident that many of them found difficulty in expressing their thoughts. To become a "scribe," to acquire knowledge, to reverence learning, are characteristics of the old Egyptians. He who had

The school discipline of those days was evidently severe, and there is a delightful old proverb which says, "The ears of a young man are on his back, strike them and he will listen." Apparently lessons came to an end at mid-day, and then, as now, the children dispersed "shouting for joy." Food seems to have been brought to them during the morning, as we read of one boy whose



QUEEN HATSHEPSUT.

mother brought him daily two jugs of beer and three rolls of bread. So time passed until Senmût reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, when probably his special training which was to enable him to rank among the "artists" began. Where he learnt his art or who was the proud instructor of this brilliant youth we know not; but one cannot help feeling that in all probability he must have found his way to the workshop of one of the great architects and artists of those days. Unfortunately we but rarely learn who planned those grand old temples or sculptured the tomb walls or painted those vivid pictures which make the past live again so clearly for us. Here and there an artist's or a sculptor's name may be found in a tomb; but if it is mentioned there is never any list of his works. The pedant expressed contempt for such foolish business as sculpture and painting, but in reality the artist, architect, sculptor or painter held an honoured place in the social world. In the days of the Ancient Empire the high priest of Memphis was "chief leader of the artists;" and until comparatively late times, Ptah, of Memphis, was the patron divinity of that body. It is quite evident that many of the artists belonged to the upper



STATUE OF SENMÛT.

"acquired learning" had mounted the first step of the ladder of official life, and once the official life had been begun, there was then no office in the state, however important, that could not be attained. To "set to work to become a scribe for then thou shalt be a leader of men" was the goal set before his students by an ancient Egyptian schoolmaster, and again we read that "he who is industrious as a scribe and does not neglect his books may become a prince . . . and when there is a question of sending out an ambassador his name will be remembered at court." So doubtless young Senmût was sent to "the instruction house" as quite a child, and there began his training for his future career.



PRINCESS NEFERU-RA.

class of society, for at El Kab we find that two members of the monarch's family were "painters of Amen," and one of the deputy governors of Nubia had a painter for his son-in-law. The profession of "artist" was also handed down from father to son with pride, this inheriting of a profession being a specially Egyptian custom. For seven generations the proud office of "chief of the painters of Amen" remained in one family; and in another case a father, son and grandson were "chief sculptors" of that god. The oldest genealogy recorded in Egyptian annals is that of

the most brilliant. She was the daughter of Tahutmes I. and Aahmes, his half-sister, who was of superior birth to himself; consequently Hatshepsut was queen in her own right. As the years went on and Tahutmes' two sons died, he endeavoured to assure the throne to the children of his son—Tahutmes, by Mût-nefert—by marrying his daughter, Hatshepsut, to this inferior half-brother, ten years younger than herself. They had two children, Neferu-ra, who died unmarried, and Hatshepsut, who was eventually married to her half-brother, Tahutmes III. Tahutmes II., who was not a strong



THE TEMPLE OF DER-EL-BAHRI.

a family of artists, which shows the importance attached from the earliest times to the profession of sculpture, painting and architecture.

On the statue of Senmût, now in the Giza Museum, we read that he was "the architect of all the works of the Queen in Aptet (Karnak), in Annu of the south (Erment), of Serui (Dér-el-Bahri), of Mût in Asher, of Apt Amen in the south (Luxor) . . . establishing the monuments of the mistress of the two lands, and making great and establishing the buildings. I was chief architect of all (the works) of the palace, guiding all the handicrafts."

Queen Hatshepsut, the "mistress of the two lands," is one of the most interesting of the long line of Egyptian monarchs, and her reign one of

man, died soon after the marriage, leaving Hatshepsut to enjoy undivided authority.

Her energies seem to have expended themselves chiefly on peaceful lines. At Wady Maghara she continued the working of the mines, and she reopened those at Sarbût-el-Khadim. We find traces of her on the temple at Buto, in the Delta and an inscription at the Speos Artemidos (Beni Hasan) tells of her work at various temples, and gives us an intimation of that spirit of commercial enterprise which resulted in the expedition to the land of Punt, and thus indirectly to Senmût's commission to build the temple at Dér-el-Bahri. The *raison d'être* of this unique temple was the commemoration of the successful return of a peaceful expedition sent forth to the land of Punt

in search of the incense trees. How the Egyptian emissaries duly arrived at "the divine land" and were received by Prince Parihu and his enormously fat wife, Ati, and how, having spoiled the Pun-tites, they returned home triumphantly with treasures of "anti" (probably the *aromatifera regia*), of ebony and ivory, of incense trees for the Garden of Amen, of precious skins for priestly garments and with living animals, we may read for ourselves on the sculptured walls of Senmût's great temple.

In plan the temple is unique. It consists, roughly speaking, "of a series of three terraces or platforms rising one higher than another up the slope of the ground until the last is backed against the vertical cliffs of the mountain. An axial stairway led from terrace to terrace. Along the front of each terrace the platform was carried on the top of a cloister or colonnade. The upper terrace is headed by a row of chambers, the middle one of which is carried deep into the rock and lined with sculptured slabs" (Petrie "Hist. Egypt," II., 81). The walls are covered with coloured bas reliefs and painted scenes—historical, religious and royal: all are of admirable workmanship.

The white limestone altar yet stands in the centre of the altar court. It is of "good white stone of An" (Heliopolis) and is dedicated to Ra Harmakhis. It measures about 16ft. by 13ft. and a flight of ten steps at the western end leads up to the surface, which is about 5ft. above the floor level. There is an inclined plane on either side of the steps.

The altar is surmounted by a cornice, immediately beneath which runs a band of badly defaced hieroglyphs. Within the altar is another smaller altar surmounted by a moulding similar to that on the larger. This altar is at present quite unique and is in shape exactly like those represented in the scenes of the Tel-el-Amarna tombs. From the fact that the Tel-el-Amarna altars were not used for sacrifices but for ceremonies connected with the Aten worship, or worship of the sun's disc, and also from the fact that the Dêr-el-Bahri altar was dedicated to a form of the Sun God, I would conjecture that it was not used for sacrificial purposes.

But not only as an artist must Senmût be remembered. On a statue now in the Berlin Museum we read that he was "chief tutor to the king's daughter, the heiress of the two lands, Neferu-Ra." Of this princess we know but little. She appears to have been the eldest daughter of Tahutmes II. and Queen Hatshepsut, and to have died young, as she was never married. She was certainly alive and grown up in the 16th year of her mother's reign, as Senmût was then keeper of her palace, which was presumably at Thebes. Senmût left for Aswân in that year to quarry those

two magnificent red granite obelisks which adorned the temple of Karnak. One of them, nearly roof-high, yet stands, bearing an inscription stating that the time occupied "since the ordering of it in the quarry" until its completion was seven months. The tomb of Senmût was found at Shêkh Abd-el-Qurna in the Theban Hills in 1895. It was originally beautifully decorated, but has unfortunately been very much defaced. From several clay cones found in it we learn that he was an "overseer of the sacred cattle" (of Amen), "overseer of the fields of Amen," "steward of the divine wife Hatshepsut;" also "steward of the royal daughter Neferu-Ra" and "priest of Amen." An outline of his history only can be put together piecemeal from the stela at Aswân, the statues at Berlin and Giza, and from the scrappy information afforded by the minor objects found bearing his name. We have probably a portrait of him in the two statues, and his likeness is portrayed on the walls of his temple of Dêr-el-Bahri.

POEMS, BY G. F. BODLEY.*

MR. BODLEY offers us (with a confidence that has apparently grown somewhat, as between his modest "Prelude" and his rather more self-assertive "Envoi") the creatures of the poetic side of his nature in a small volume, none the less welcome because it comes to us simply printed, and simply bound, and bearing a title free from affectation. So far as poetry is self-revealing, these "Poems" show us the author as an artist keenly responsive to the moods of nature, and most especially as one possessing an appreciation of, and sensibility to, the value of colour both there and in the Arts. Of this faculty, indeed, acquaintance with Mr. Bodley's work in his own art gives us other assurance. The section on "The Arts" is not the only witness to it; there is scarcely a poem in the volume in which he does not try—metaphorically—to shape his pen into the painter's brush. Indeed, he relies a little too much on the use of the colour *motif*—which it is the fashion of the day to call word-painting. For, to say truth, the author's colour-palette is a restricted one, and on some of his pigments there is a decided run. We have grown by now to look upon "shimmer" and "shimmering" as indispensable factors in the sentimental writing of to-day, and here they several times fulfil their useful function. But we must confess to being a little tired of the frequent blue and silver of the sea and the river,

* "Poems." By G. F. Bodley, A.R.A., F.S.A. London: George Bell and Sons. 1899.

of the constant crimson and gold of the sunset sky. We have rather too much—to quote Mr. Bodley in his “Nature’s Heraldry”—of “Silver on blue, blue on the silver’s sheen.”

The safer path of blank verse is that most frequently chosen as the author’s medium, and if an easier—though a somewhat obvious—method, it is at least free from the risks that attend the use of rhyme. It avoids, at all events, the awkward jar felt when “on” and “song” are, on p. 59, asked to rhyme:

The world complaining, sighing, passing on,
Leaves but faint echoes of a sad’ning song.

And again, on page 61 “gone” and “re-born” are coupled together as rhymes. “There *doth* dream the star-like tapers,” on p. 122, reminds one of one’s prejudice in favour of plural nouns taking a verb also in the plural.

The volume is from beginning to end tinctured with a most sweet melancholy. The author drops the tear of sensibility over the things of the past, and hugs himself in his week-end seclusion, at Bridgefoot, from the busy hum of London workers. But the whirr of life still goes on; its stress of to-day increases and will increase. A pensive longing for the past helps men’s souls little; it furthers art still less. We look to-day—for we need to-day—a singer hopeful, not sad; one who shall bid us look forward, not back; even as we want to-day the artist to be his own poor self, yet free, rather than a pessimist in his own art, and an antiquary—be he never so learned.

RUSKIN AND THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY.*

THE genesis of this book is explained in the translator’s preface—the translation, let me say, has been most admirably made—as the publication of three essays on Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty which first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in book form, which has had a wide circulation in France. “With all the keen, critical feeling of his race, M. de la Sizeranne has, I think, says the translator, made a compact and concise statement of the fundamental ideas of Mr. Ruskin’s teaching, and I shall be satisfied if my translation gives some of those, who have neither opportunity nor leisure to study the writings fully themselves, a definite conception of the doctrine and dogma of

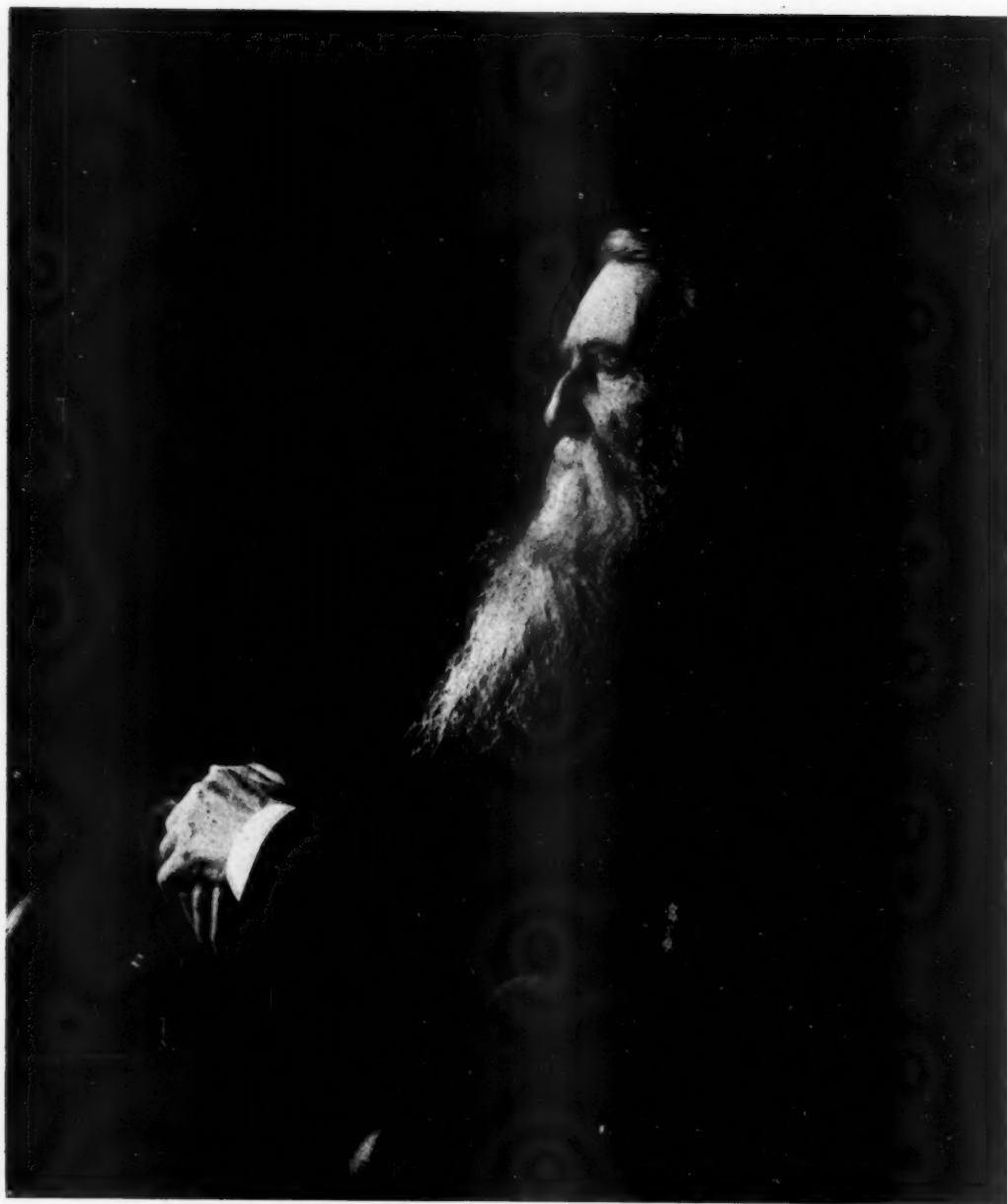
the author of *Modern Painters*.” The three essays on Ruskin are on his personality, his words, and his æsthetic and social thought, and they are ushered in by a lively introduction at the outset, and a few words to preface each essay. M. de la Sizeranne describes his encounter—for the first time, I suppose—with the signs of Mr. Ruskin’s influence. I must abridge his description, though it is cruel to waste a word of it, the story is so amusingly told. “Some years ago I was at Florence on the 7th of March, which is the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. In the cloisters of Sta. Maria Novella, greatest of all Dominican churches, are certain frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi and Simone Memmi, representing St. Thomas in triumph surrounded by his consistory of the seven celestial and the seven terrestrial sciences. What better day then, said I, to try and attain a sense of his contribution towards the schooling of human thought? . . . Wishing to be alone, I went as early as nine o’clock, and found the cloisters deserted. The freshness of the morning and the monastic calm of the place made it a delicious resort. The grass, ever fading, yet ever springing, gleamed green through the old Fourteenth Century arches. The sacristan, intent equally on my peace and his own pocket, had closed the door with a wealth of bolts. Long silences followed the occasional clashing of bells. . . .

“For some little time I had been sauntering along that pavement of tombstones which fringes the ‘Chiostri Verdi,’ and I was approaching the Spanish Chapel, when a soft sound, rising and flowing, fell upon my ear, a murmur of words, speaking, reading—as in prayer. Had I been forestalled? Suddenly in the luminous shadow I perceived outlines of girlish form, youthful with Giottoesque profiles, wearing sailor hats and little white veils, and all carrying bunches of mimosa in their hands. They were clustering together before the *Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas*, and one of them was reading. . . .

“She read on for some time, passing from eloquent generalisations on the necessity of discipline in human thought to minutest observations on the fingers or the hair of this or that personage in the fresco, noting where they were retouched, studying the attitudes and draperies, contrasting the calm air and dignity of the figure of Rhetoric with the extravagant gestures of the common people of Florence. . . . The audience listened intently, forming face with the precision of a Prussian platoon towards this figure or that, as the small red and gold book directed them. . . . And the words they were reading seemed like a tuft of flowers springing from the dust of the past. What, then, was the book? What this unknown liturgy? Who the priest of this Religion of

* “Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty.” Translated from the French of R. de la Sizeranne by the Countess of Galloway. George Allen: London, 1899.

1900-1901
1901-1902
1902-1903



From a Photograph by F. Hollyer.

JOHN RUSKIN:
BORN FEBRUARY 8TH, 1819:
DIED JANUARY 20TH, 1900.

Beauty? The sacristan, returning a moment, muttered a name—RUSKIN.

"Another year in London, after attending a congress of economists, I was resting in one of those Gothic drawing-rooms whose sobriety is wed to comfort, and the claims of taste are satisfied without sacrifice of ease. The conversation turned on the transformation wrought in everything by machinery, and especially in textures and embroideries, which were formerly products of art, the work of thoughtful minds, and much more enduring in olden times when linen descended as patrimony from generation to generation. The machine-made textures of to-day, it was observed, do not last. 'For example, such as these little napkins,' said one of the guests—needless to explain, we were at tea. 'But,' answered our hostess, 'you forget that this is Langdale linen.' 'And my coat,' said the master of the house, 'is cloth made by the St. George's Guild.' This was accepted as conclusive. . . .

"And when I asked who was the founder of this guild, who the Titan or madman who had undertaken thus to turn the century back upon itself, I received in answer the name that I had heard in the Chiostrì Verdi at Florence—Ruskin.

"Who is this man? What is his work? Apart from the merely curious interest that one cannot but feel, answers to these questions will be imperative to the future history of art. . . . It seemed to me that for my purpose I ought not only to read and study . . . but more than that, I must retrace through Europe and through the history of 'Æsthetic' the path the master had trod. In Switzerland, at Florence, at Venice, at Amiens, on the banks of the Rhine or of the Arno, everywhere where he had worked, I, too, worked after him, sometimes sketching over again the sketches whence he had drawn his theories and his examples, waiting for the same light he had waited for, always seeking, as it were, on the eternal mountains the fugitive shadows of his thought. Then for several years I delayed to write, until his system dawned upon me no longer as a delicious medley, but as a harmony of great lines, like those Alpine mountains which he loved so well."

Thus perfected, M. de la Sizeranne has produced a book which consists in great part of well-chosen passages from Mr. Ruskin's works, ably put together to illustrate the point he has in hand. The range is wide, representative, and he does full justice to the teachings in political economy, which are the outcome, and which underlie his "Religion of Beauty." Reading this book makes the heart very full. The passages, chosen with an eye to dramatic effect, are poignantly put together; the touches in M. de la Sizeranne's handiwork that

link them throw the keen, sharp light of a French wit, probing the pathos, illuminating the irony, reproving the exaggeration. I feel as if I had been attending afternoon service in some cathedral, and have come to hear the anthem that I know well. The singers are shut off from me by the screen, and their voices reach me past the organ on the screen. About the cathedral there are, I know, many worshippers, but I am not actually conscious of their presence as I sit in the silence of the nave. High over me are the ribbed vaults, and as the organ opens with its dignified prelude the great pulse of sound affects pier and arch as it comes throbbing along the roof. The theses are laid down in simple form, almost in unison, but I know the anthem and the rich texture that will be woven from these themes. Soon come the voices, and the whole gamut of human emotion is going to be touched, tensely, passionately. The music takes colour and tone from the speech, now urging with the whole weight of its massive bass, now commanding in trumpet tones, now pleading on the tender reeds—the swell opens in long crescendo, and the words of the prophet are hurled forth with all the conviction of the awful trombones; there is promise breathed from the woodwind, and the little hautbois nestling among the greater pipes vents his reproach in a half humorous, half wistful, surprised chuckle. On the pinions of sound float the voice, "through all the compass of the notes it ran, the diapason closing full in man."

A few figures (misprints) moving along the nave disturb me for the moment, and occasionally I seem to hear some misapprehended harmonies, and even discord in the minor parts, but they resolve themselves fleetly into the main splendour of the sound. The great wave of melody rises and falls; haunting echoes of some special phrase linger amongst the recesses of the triforium and down the aisles; some tender grace notes flicker across the remorseless current of strict rhythm; the wings of sound flutter; the voice droops to the prayer in the cadence; the music ceases.

I leave the cathedral with a sob in my throat, and I pass from the restful, dim sanctuary into the glare and the hurry of the busy town. Outside the walls of the cathedral, what has the world been doing? After the great Hymn of Praise the return to the shabby paltrinesses of life could be borne were they inevitable. But are they inevitable? The Religion of Beauty says no.

I should prefer to call it the Religion of the Emotions. In the make of man are the senses, the intellect, and the emotions. The function of the senses is to feed the intellect and to gather strength of discernment by the reaction of the intellect, as it grows by acquired knowledge. The function of the intellect is to absorb the material brought to it

by the senses: to digest it: and in the strength of its well nourished power to shape and control the emotions. The emotions—the supreme part of man—react both on the senses and the intellect, quickening and warming both: both are vivified only when transfused with emotion: emotion is the medium that links and explains one man to another: without emotion there is no gospel: without emotion there is no art. H. R.

PREHISTORIC SCOTLAND.*

ALTHOUGH Prehistoric Scotland may not be an alluring title to the average reader of books, yet the past, of which Dr. Munro pleasantly writes, is a very human past, and its echoes, though mystical, sound not unfamiliarly in our ears, presaging the future and the now; till, in the end, we find ourselves even wondering if our age and the splendour of the present be not itself the echo, and the real voice, that of the ages. For sunshine and shadow have not changed at all; in truth, man has but turned another facet toward the light, as he shall yet turn facet after facet, till the sun, whence light comes, shall reabsorb his ardours.

In the book under review, the precise delimitation of the term "prehistoric" is not unduly insisted upon, and consequently, to thinkers, is suggestive, as real work should be. Taken generally, it is understood to mean the period between post-glacial and Roman times; and so we can at once see how practically illimitable is the field of survey, and how difficult it is to compress a readable and reliable scientific record of a period so vast within compass of an octavo volume. None the less, this work is comprehensive, succinct, explicit; its matter and manner scholarly; its illustrations intelligible, with now and again vague touches of the auld lang syne of Mother Earth; and, although it forms the introductory volume to a series of somewhat popular historical studies of Scottish counties, it yet maintains throughout impress of an authoritative mind, and the grip of a hand sure of its power. Yet, withal, to poet and student there are suggestivities world-wide. The keynote throughout is major. There are no subtle minor tones, no poetry, no imagery, save such as the remoteness of the subject itself may conjure in the mind of the reader; if so be he can discern more than dry fact and dead matter, in the record Dr. Munro unfolds of the past. And, even if it be accepted, that it is not the province of the scientist to interpret the meaning of what he reveals—although why scientist should

not be seer as well, is strange—yet he can investigate and record, balance, tabulate, dis-course, and his revelation is of stupendous power.

In "Prehistoric Problems" Dr. Munro has already treated of a wider field and remoter age; so he here but alludes, in passing, to the preceding glacial period, when, in Scotland, man was not, for a vast ice sheet covered the whole land. He tells how, with its gradual disappearance, glaciers scored her rocks like prophet's scroll, written within as without, and changed the configuration of the land; damming her valleys, and leaving lakes behind; slowly, as a great earth scoop, opening up new ways seaward; uncovering earth's structure, making her rocks a very scripture, preserving its testimony by a covering of fructifying soil, till we feel in our nostrils the strange tilth odours of a renovated world, and with our own eyes see mud-laden waters run clear again, and Mother Earth grow yet once more fair, with her vesturing of green made bright with the beauty of myriad flowers. In thought, as in spirit, we are led backward in the stillness and solitude of the ages, and set upon the uttermost pinnacle of a great mountain top; whence, if we will but look: beneath, is a brooding and beautiful world; above, are the stars.

At the physical development of all these things, Dr. Munro, even as a scientist, but glances; successive land elevations and subsidences he indeed alludes to; accompanying climatic changes and consequent development and retardment of fauna and flora, he indicates. Man, however, is his main theme, and he fails not to provide him with a mighty background. He shows the land first bare and desolate; then he tells of Arctic plants and animal life on land and in sea, awakening from an Arctic sleep, yielding place again in turn to a flora and fauna of European origin; for then our island was on a higher plane, and with Europe was one land, no sea dividing. In the more genial temperature prevailing, verdure succeeded barrenness, great forests of oak and pine clad its valleys and scaled its hills, and these forests (it is conjectured) "had already passed their zenith," and were becoming entangled in their "death struggle with the peat," when pre-historic man came upon the scene. Dr. Munro shows that then, even as now, man is ever much the creature of circumstance, influenced by, and, in turn, influencing his surroundings, till in these later days of towns he can, in part at least, create an environment of his own. In seeking, however, to trace Neolithic man and his contemporaneous surroundings to their sources, Dr. Munro has to traverse a wider field than Scotland affords, and it is at this point we reach the main purpose of the book itself.

"The inter and post-glacial mammalia, which were the contemporaries of Palæolithic man," are

* "Prehistoric Scotland and Its Place in European Civilisation." By Robert Munro, M.A., M.D. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1899.

wholly excluded. The subject-meaning throughout is man; and with Neolithic man, in Scotland, were "the reindeer, elk, beaver, brown bear, wolf, wild boar, and the great auk." "Broadly speaking," his domestic animals were the "ox, sheep (?), goat, and dog;" while, in husbandry, "the art of cultivating plants and cereals" was not unknown to him.

In reviewing man's handicraft, we are carried through the successive ages of stone, bronze, and iron; we are told of, and by illustrations shown, his weapons and implements of war, the chase, and tillage; his clothing and ornaments. His coracles, too, and canoes are written of; while his lake dwellings, forts, camps, his habitations in life and in death, are described in chapters of much interest.

Curious, indeed, is it to see such homely things as the safety-pin of our nursery days in use also in pre-historic households—and, surely, such a pedigree demands respect—even although they had not then also been more beautifully formed and enriched than now. Of knitted work we have an example. Illustrations of enamelling of much beauty are shown, while a notable fragment of excellent bronze *repoussé* work with horns reveals how real was their craftsmanship; and, in considering thereof, whether of form or ornament, and whatever the material, one is provoked to wonder if there has not indeed been unearthed, another and remotest age, of a living art. An age, wherein was an established grammar and recognised symbolism and speech, each man labouring in the ruder crafts with his own hands; and, it may be, there existed as well the village priest or artist, to whose skill the more precious articles were confided in order that they might be suitably enriched, and this whether they were of clay, gold, jet, glass, quartz, or amber, poets' "fossil tears of pine." In much of the work illustrated, but especially in the work of the goldsmith, we find a general knowledge of design and grace of form much in advance of the vague mannerism and mechanical excellence of our own immediate day, wherein is less of tradition and intelligible form.

Curious is it to note how man is ever conservative in his work, and slow successfully to adapt old forms to new ideas and materials; for we are told how bronze cutting implements and weapons were at first analogous in shape to those of the stone age. Just as our earliest railway carriages in appearance closely followed the superseded coach, and our motor cars the every-day cab, even to retention of box seat, although no horse remains to be driven.

"The Abodes and Memorials of the Dead" is, to the architect, a chapter of much value. Several useful plans and sections are given; the most interesting, those illustrating the central chamber

of the Maeshowe tumulus, Orkney; remarkable inasmuch that the stone covering of its central chamber suggests unmistakably the treasury of Atreus, at Mycenae, in Peloponnesus.

One beautiful trait in these old-world men was care for the grave, offspring of eternal belief in eternal things.

Thoughts from, and of God; reverence for soul's garment; the mystery of the After, permeating all life.

Dr. Munro, with the skilled reticence of a true scholar, gives us enough, and more than enough, to weave thought and romance around turf mound, bronze tankard, gold armlet and ring, war weapon, and old-world name.

Truly, the dragon of fairy tale is, in origin, fact, and not fable; for it tells of a day when uncouth monsters ruled, and men were but children, scarce awakened from long slumber, and dazed with the awakening. Fearful, too, were they of darkness, as are all children; atavistic traces, surely, of a past prior to time, when, as Professor Hall holds—soul emerged from instinct, and instinct from reflexes. Be this true, or be it not, we can at least pray Prior's prayer:

Deus es, instaura plasma tuum.

And the spirit of this prayer of the poet, is surely found underlying all true work, distilled from the patient researches of the scientist, as it underlies also, and impels, the song of the poet and the faith of the seer; so that man, by whatever path, may find out, and know God. And all that reveals man's past, presages the future; for from the Past men build the Now, and believe the After; and Science plays its own part in God's revelation to man. Nay, more; every new discovery is an added chapter to the canonicity of all the Bibles!

USEFUL ARTS AND HANDICRAFTS.*

UNDER the above title a series of small handbooks has begun to appear, testifying to the indefatigable versatility of Mr. C. G. Leland, folklorist and creator of the immortal "Hans Breit-

* Useful Arts and Handicrafts Series: By Charles Godfrey Leland, M.A., and others. Edited by H. Snowden Ward. No. 1. Introduction. Design and Drawing. C. G. Leland, 6d. No. 2. Wood-carving. C. G. Leland, 6d. No. 3. Picture-frame Making and Decorating. C. G. Leland and T. Bolas, 6d. No. 4. Dyes, Stains, etc. T. Bolas, 6d. No. 5. Decorated Woodwork. C. G. Leland, 6d. No. 6. Gouge-work and Indented Woodwork. C. G. Leland, 6d. No. 7. Wood-engraving and Placard Cutting. C. G. Leland, 6d. No. 8. Bent Iron or Strip-work. Geo. Day and C. G. Leland, 6d. No. 9. Pyrography and Wood-roasting. T. Bolas and C. G. Leland, 6d. London: Dawbarn and Ward, Limited.

mann." "This work contains, as the originator believes, the correct description of one hundred Minor Arts, with clear direction as to the manner in which they may be executed." In addition to the familiar processes, such as modelling in clay, embossing in metal, wood-carving leather work, &c., many are described by the author as "entirely new and original." Among these newly-invented arts and crafts are enumerated, "Pressure painting, or sketching by printing with sponges or other substances, graving on chinaware, pen drawing on porcelain, details of the application of spraying to preserving objects in colouring, Venetian marquetry, indented paper-work, rice and lime, and velvet work, the making panels from orange peel, the utilisation of all kinds of flower petals, and painting in relief with paper pulp." The programme sounds too reminiscent of the wax-fruit and antimacassar period, from which we hoped we were emerging. A prodigious catalogue of subjects is given, nearly all of which the author himself claims to have personally practised, ranging from sheet-metal work to tambourine painting, and from poker work to church decoration. It is hardly to be expected that these small pamphlets of twenty-four pages, with their very generous allowance of margin, should deal at all exhaustively with the subjects of which they treat, and one is not surprised to find that the class of readers for whom they are designed are amateurs, or "the person without a trade, who wishes to make something which can in some way be sold or turned to profit."

Now, there is no earthly reason *per se* why young ladies should not hammer patterns in thin brass, or play at book-binding or wood-carving if they are so inclined. All knowledge is valuable, and leads to increased sympathy, and even a smattering of the handicrafts is worth cultivation. But such divagations are quite remote from the great stream of serious production, and such difficult problems as that of rightly influencing workshop practice are no whit nearer solution thereby. There is, too, the real mischief that dabblers suppose themselves to have mastered an art when they have merely evaded difficulties not surmounted them. Is it not a cheap kind of art that "can be learnt in a few days?" Good work is not a light matter, nor to be undertaken in such holiday mood. The craftsman in earnest finds a lifetime not too long to perfect himself in his single province.

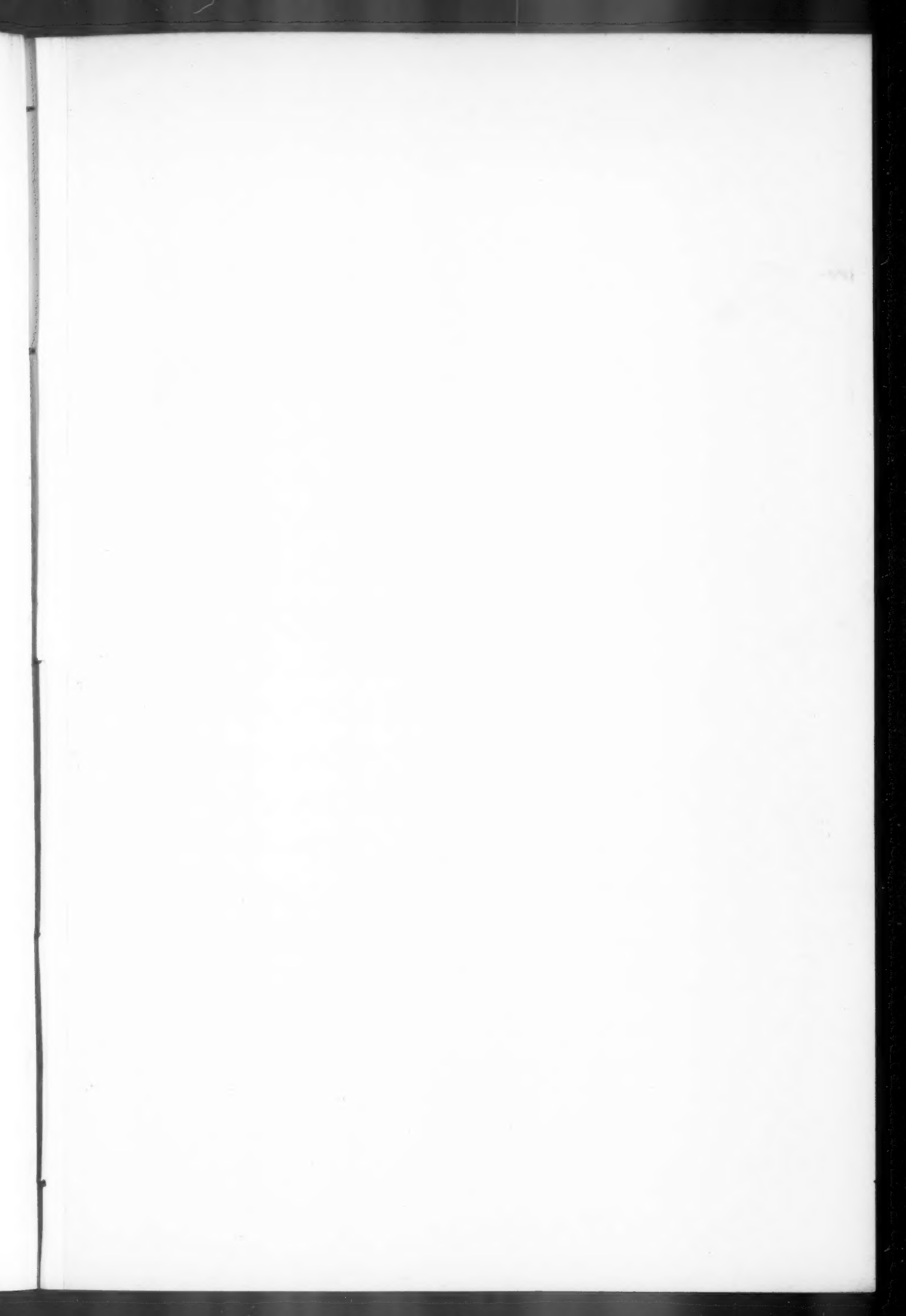
Even when the unambitious aim of the series is borne in mind, the contents of these handbooks must be pronounced extremely unsatisfying. In the treatise on Wood-carving, for instance, the instructions given are so vague, or so opposed to good practice, that it is difficult to see what any

student could learn from it, even in the chip-carving section. Such inaccuracies as that locating the School of Art Wood-carving in the South Kensington Museum, or the reference to Mr. Curran's (*i.e.*, Mr. Crallan's) book, may be set down to the author's absence from England, but it is appalling to be told in these days to separate the design from the ground by indenting the latter with punches, or to use scrapers, rasps, sand-paper and pieces of glass to take away the marks of the tool-cuts, or to paint and varnish the work in imitation of ivory!

The number dealing with Picture-frame Making and Decorating is chiefly notable for some terrible illustrations of how not to do it, and for a remark of the author which sounds like a voice from the past. "An easel picture," he says, "belongs to higher art, just as all mural and decorative or wall painting belongs generally to minor art." He goes on to say, "I have taken pains to show how easily merely ornamental pictures in the Old Egyptian and Early Mediaeval style can be painted."

The much vexed question how far the art of designing can be said to be communicable causes Mr. Leland no misgiving. In the introductory number of the series he gives directions for the construction of patterns by an extraordinary rule of thumb, by the use of which it is declared to be impossible "by any means to make a design with any inelegance or error in it." These be brave words, but it cannot be said that the illustrative specimens given go very far to allay one's misgivings as to the soundness of the method laid down. If such are the results of the formula in the master's hands, we shudder to think what the unaided pupil might achieve. The principle apparently consists in extracting from a hap-hazard arrangement of coins the construction lines of a pattern and adding thereto hard-and-fast conventional "ornaments," totally removed from any suggestion of actual nature. In avoiding the Scylla of naturalism, the author falls foul of the Charybdis of abstraction, and the meaningless elements supplied for the unhappy student, to which, moreover, it appears he is to be for some time rigidly limited, must be seen to be appreciated. There is hardly a hint that Nature can or should be used as a store-house of suggestive material, or where she is made use of, it is in her accidental rather than her typical aspect. In spite of shrewd remarks here and there, and the author's refreshing air of dissipating a privileged mystery, we fear that the task which he has set himself is outside his range, and that the "One Hundred Minor Arts" will be a source of much disappointment to any serious student.

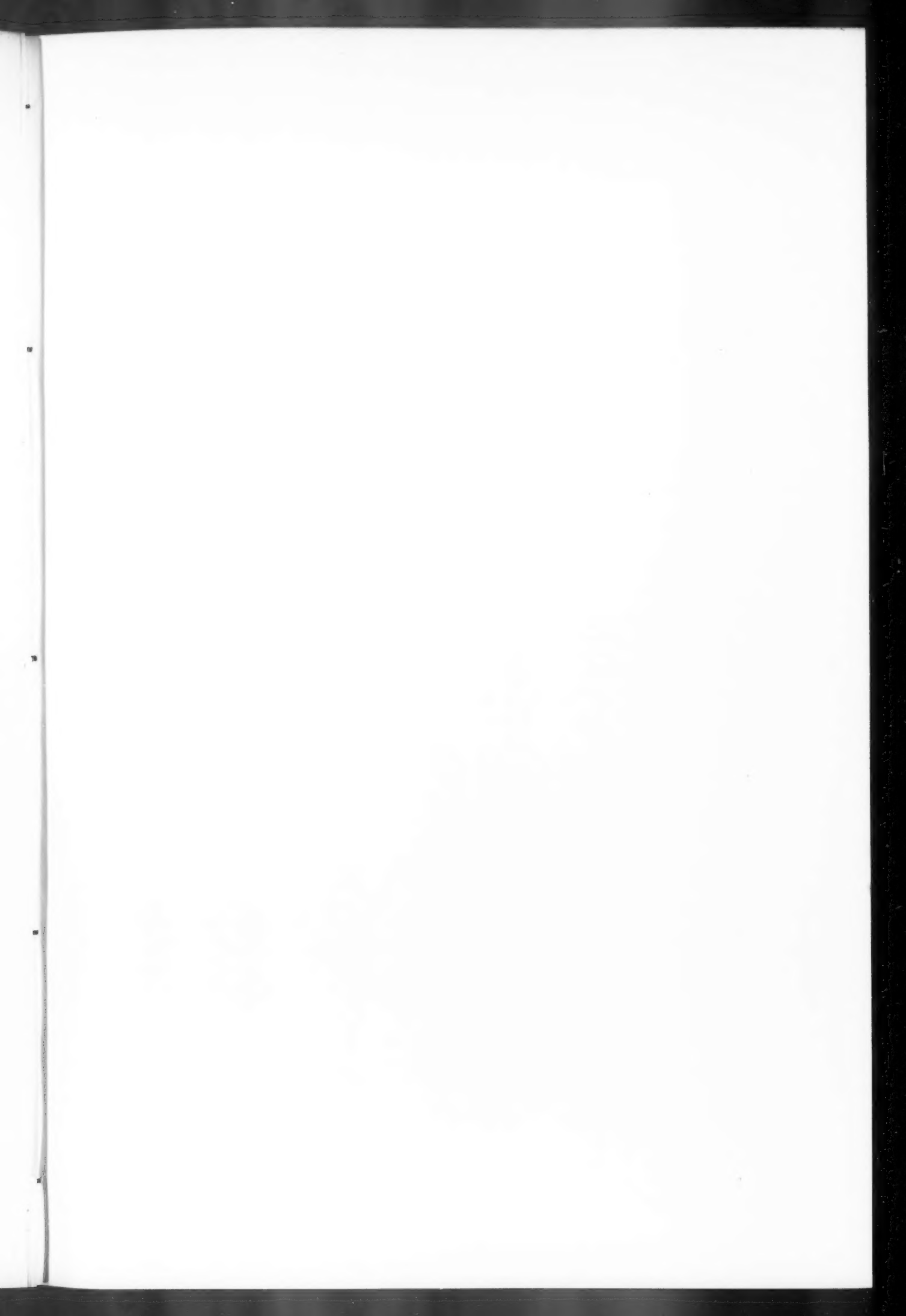
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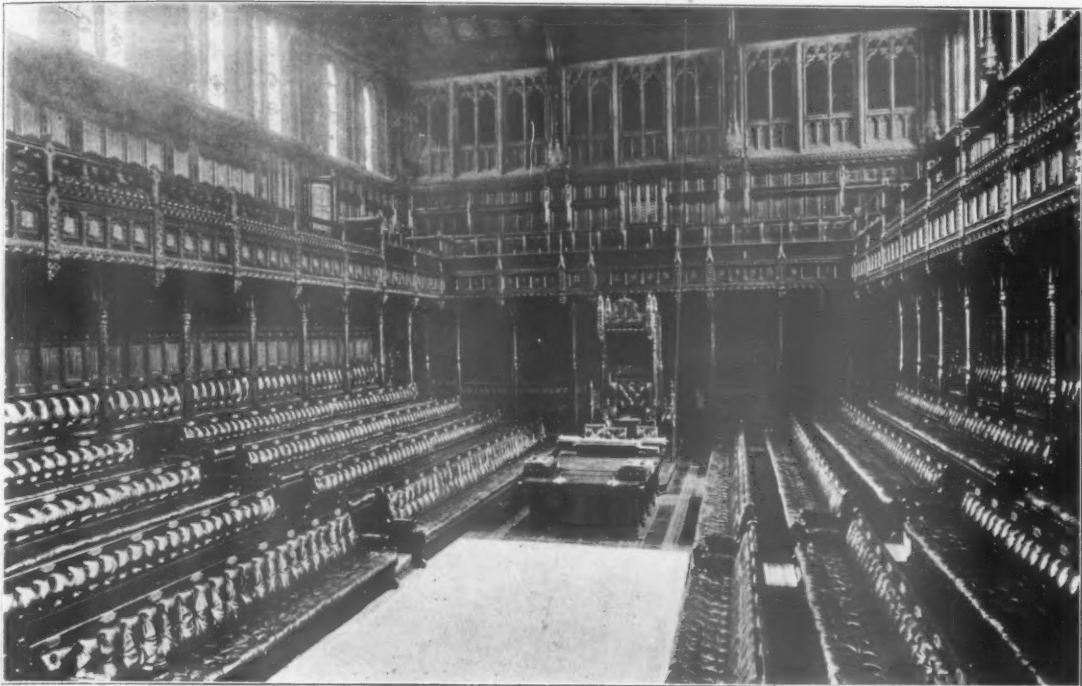
RUPERT STREET, W.

DRAWN BY F. L. EMANUEL.





THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM
THE EMBANKMENT: ORIGINAL WATER
COLOUR DRAWING BY T. M. ROOKE.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT:
BY PAUL WATERHOUSE: WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS: PART TWO.

As a man stands in the central hall looking eastward he has the House of Lords on the right and the House of Commons on the left. In comparing them, the two chambers may be said to stand to one another in the ratio of a human peer to a human commoner. The Upper House, for all its fine trappings and rather excessive pomp, is none the less a good fellow like its humbler neighbour. Indeed, beneath the red cushions and the colour and the carving and the gold, the House of Lords is an honest room with all the qualities that fit it for its work. Those who believe that acoustic properties depend upon niceties of proportion will be pleased to realise (as I mentioned in the first part) that the Upper House is exactly a double cube. The complication of its appearance is merely a question of colour and detail. In construction and arrangement the room is simplicity itself. It has six windows on the one side, six on the other, and at each end three compartments corresponding in size with the windows. The stained glass in the latter represents the kings and queens of the United Kingdom, and as there are no less than eight figures in each of the twelve windows, it stands to reason that a rather liberal view has to be taken of the number of monarchs

who have sat upon the British throne. In fact, the kingly company is eked out by the addition of the Royal line of Scotland before the union of the Crowns and by the inclusion of consorts. Between the windows are, appropriately enough, the effigies of the barons who induced King John to sign Magna Charta, and in the arches at the south end of the House, behind the throne, are three pictures by Cope and Dyce, which claim to be the first frescoes executed in this country. They represent the Black Prince receiving the garter, St. Ethelbert receiving baptism, and Judge Gascoigne receiving Prince Henry's apology. For all its richness, the worst enemy of the House of Lords could not say that the chamber was tawdry. The pictures, to be sure, may have their adverse critics, but the decoration, whether in carving or in paint, is sound and well executed. The room seems (one may say it without snobbishness) to breathe the spirit of the English peerage, and to an unlearned person or to a child might appear almost coeval with our English nobility. For all that, it is by no means the first of the rooms that has been occupied by the peers in the Palace of Westminster. Before 1823 the House of Lords stood at the east end of the now departed room known as the Painted Chamber, and dated probably from the reign of Henry II., who had, it seems, rebuilt it on foundations of Edward the Confessor's time. It had, in any case, the double dignity of strength and mystery, for



PANELLING UNDER GALLERY: FROM
A SKETCH BY PATTEN WILSON.

its walls were 7ft. thick, and beneath it were the vaults known as Guy Fawkes' Cellar. The jambs of the windows were rich with painting—pictures, no doubt, of monarchs—for among them was a presentment of Henry the Second in his robes. The building had been added to in Stuart times, and was pulled down in 1823. After this, and up to the time of the fire in 1834, the meeting place of the Lords was the old Court of Requests, a fine saloon 120ft. long and 38ft. broad, with bold Norman windows. The latter, I presume, were concealed by interior fittings arranged in Hanoverian taste; for it is inconceivable that our Georgian nobility should have been frowned upon by the barbarity of a rugged *chevron*. The room contained one great treasure in the sixteenth century tapestry hangings, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which were the work of

Dutch looms, and had been ordered by Lord Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral of the English fleet, who sold them to James the First. They were designed by Henry Cornelius Vroom, a painter of Haerlem, and now exist solely in the record of certain rare engravings made in 1739, for the tapestries themselves were wholly destroyed in the fire. These hangings are not to be confused with another famous and beautiful tapestry which hung on the walls of the Painted Chamber, which, in its turn, was fitted up by Sir Robert Smirk as a temporary House of Lords immediately after the fire. This work consisted of "five pieces of the Siege of Troy and one piece of gardens and fountains." It was removed in 1800, and after twenty years' oblivion in a basement was sold to a gentleman of Great St. Helens for the magnificent sum of ten pounds.

The House of Commons is in a sense only a simpler edition of the House of Lords. Probably the fact about it which would strike a stranger most is its smallness. The architect, who, to do him justice, had larger views as to its proportions, was bidden to make it of the smallest size that would hold the members. He carried out his instructions loyally, with the result that successive reforms of the franchise have now rendered it far too small for its work. Indeed, the problem of how to render the House of Commons capable of containing its members has filled a fair-sized Blue Book, which, as Blue Books go, is not bad reading.

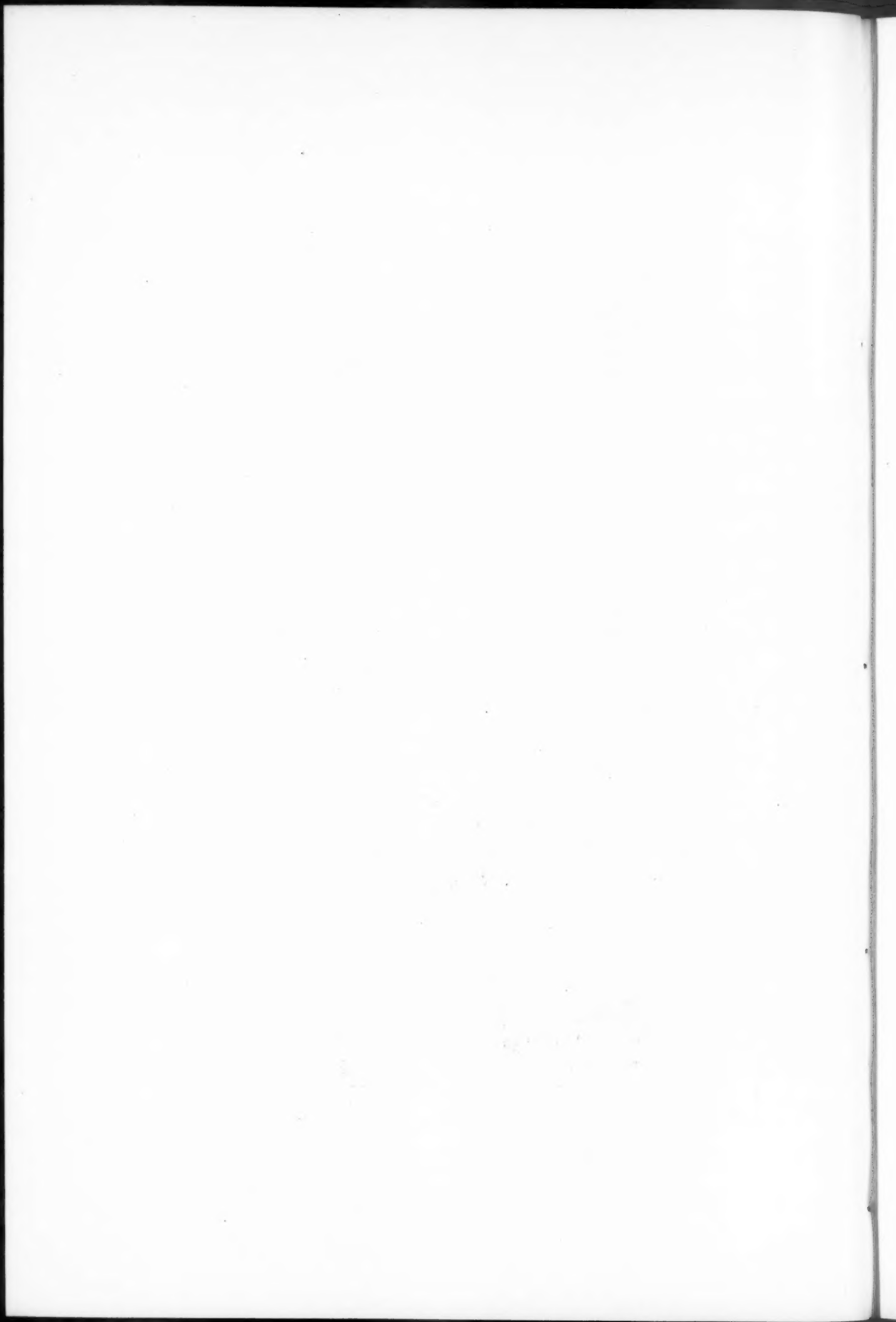
If the House of Lords is called profuse in its decoration, we must choose a slighter word to characterise the adornments of the House of Commons. But, for all that, there is something very like profusion in the multitude of its enrichments. To describe them in detail would be indeed to do honour to Pugin, to whom, as I suspect, they are almost wholly due; but the task would fill pages. It is enough to say that wherever the wandering eye of a legislator rests during the dulness of debate, it falls on a surface which is not only decorated, but well decorated. The tracery of the Strangers' Gallery, the delicate enrichment of the slender columns which surround the room, the Speaker's Chair, and the window-glass are, perhaps, the features that most readily challenge remark.

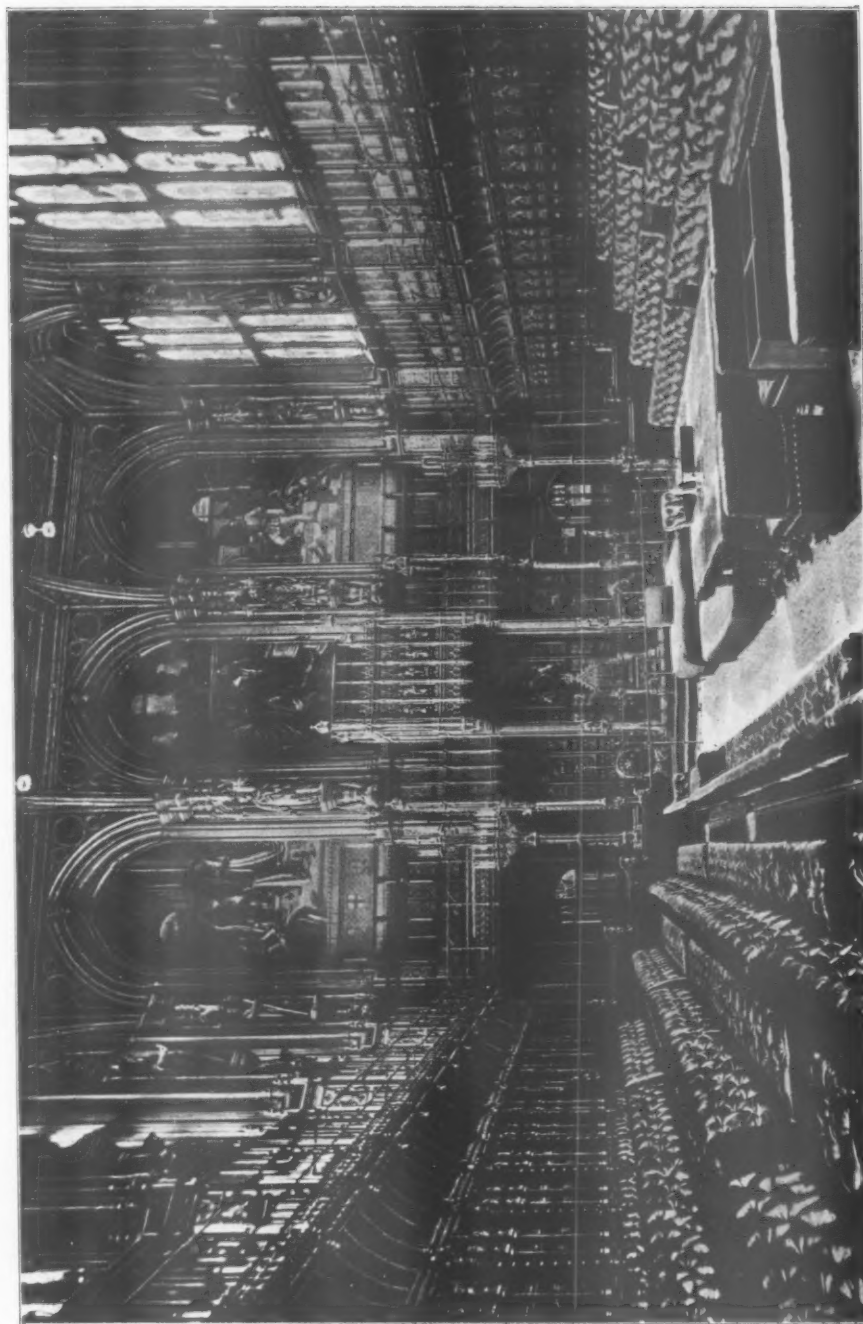
Among the less-known regions of the Palace there is no part more interesting than that known as the Cloister Court, which lies in the angle between Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's Chapel. This is a delicate double gallery, rich with the best detail of Tudor architecture, forming a complete ambulatory of two floors. Out of the west side of it there springs into the central space the delicate outline of an oratory,* also two stories high, the apse of which rises boldly out of

* It is said that Cromwell once slept here.



CARVED HEAD UNDER GALLERY:
DRAWN BY PATTEN WILSON.





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

the little paved courtyard. To-day there is little evidence of its earlier use; the cloisters are dedicated, not to monastic use, but to the hatpegs of honourable members, and the sanctity of the oratory is perpetuated, not by prayer, but by the restraint of a lock and key.

It is true that the court is not entirely of old work, for at least half of it perished in the fire of 1834, but the evidences of original design were so complete that the restorers have had no difficulty in bringing back a lost vision. In one point only is the court noticeably different from its pristine appearance—in the absence of certain buttresses. We read that when Richard II. rebuilt Westminster Hall, his massive roof, which has stood the ages so well, demanded the addition of flying buttresses, and succeeding ages have wondered at the supposed nicety with which King Richard's architect worked out his constructional problem. The wonder takes a fresh form when we come to look into the history of these buttresses. There are six on the west side; we know them well, they formerly nestled among the Law Courts, whose designers, with all their faults, displayed marvellous ingenuity in dodging and concealing these necessary obstacles. When the Courts disappeared in 1882, the buttresses came into public view; they have since been partially covered again by Mr. Pearson's addition. For six buttresses on one side (none too many for eleven roof trusses), one would expect six buttresses on the other, but when we

come to look at the plans of the Hall before the fire, we find only three on the eastern side, one in St. Stephen's Court and two in the Cloister Court. The functions of those which should have intervened are, to be sure, performed with apparent success by certain buildings which here abut against the outside wall. But a greater marvel still remains.

Sir Charles Barry, when he restored the Cloister Court, did away with the buttresses,* which must have intruded most picturesquely therein, and his new Star Chamber Court, which takes the place of the old St. Stephen's Court is also innocent of

the buttress which once stood there. These are facts to shake one's faith in the laws of flying buttresses.

The great fire of 1834 has more than once been described in detail. It was a picturesque and historic event, the particulars of which have been preserved and cherished with epic dignity. All the world knows (or may know if they care to) the pious ejaculation with which Mrs. Mullencamp told Mrs. Wright that the House of Lords was in flames. Six years before, Sir John Soane had wondered, in print, what havoc a fire might not perform. His wonderings were to be justified. London saw a blaze worth seeing. The Thames seemed to run red with flame, the very suburbs caught the glare, and as for the crowd on the spot, it took three regiments of guards, as well as the police, to keep them at bay.

The Privy Council, after a lengthened inquiry, found no evidence "to justify the presumption that the fire was owing to criminal design," but if negligence be criminal the Mullencamp and Wright department came near to felony; for among the visitors shown round the House of Lords on the afternoon preceding the conflagration was a gentleman who subsequently deposed that he could feel the heat of

the floor through his boots, and that the room



DETAIL OF CARVING ON SPEAKER'S CHAIR: FROM A SKETCH BY PATTEN WILSON.

* The position of these buttresses is picturesquely shown in the engravings in Brayley and Britton's "Houses of Parliament," one of the plates in which seems to give evidence that the masonry of the Cloister Court to-day is better than it was before the fire, for some of the "Tudor" arches are obviously lath and plaster. The buttresses are shown in Sir Charles Barry's original plan, so that the removal of them must have been an afterthought.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

HENRY VIII'S CHAPEL AND THE
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

was so full of smoke as to make invisible the tapestry and the throne. There were marvels connected with the fire—among them not the least is the authentic explanation that it was caused by the indiscretion of consuming in the heating apparatus the wooden tallies or notched sticks which, strange as it may seem, were employed as late as 1826 in keeping the Treasury accounts! The moral of which is that an anachronism abruptly interrupted may avenge itself. Another marvel was the tale of Mr. Cooper, a Londoner "engaged in the iron trade," who alleged that he went down to Dudley on the day of the fire—starting before it began, and heard the news of it the same evening, three hours after it broke out, being at the time 119 miles from London.

The fire may be forgiven since it left Westminster Hall, but it sets one thinking, not merely of Guy Fawkes's failure, but of another threatened calamity whose consequences might have been of even wider reach. On Jan. 24, 1885, two bombs exploded in the precincts of the Houses, placed there no doubt by the iniquitous enterprise of national enemies from a neighbouring island. The first explosion was in Westminster Hall, and but for the great personal heroism of the police must have been disastrous. Only those who were present in the building can realise what was the horror of the moment. The prolonged and awful ripping noise of the explosion brought the inhabitants of the official houses to the windows of Palace Yard, there to see a strange sight. The windows of Westminster Hall bulged and burst under a sudden pressure, glass rattled to ground giving passage to a volley of dust and smoke. The massive iron bars of the windows were seen bending into curls under the rush of dark vapour,

and simultaneously a hurried flight of white pigeons seemed to typify the fright of the instant. Then a calm, and in it the patter of children's feet, and out of the door trotted, unhurt and not unduly scared, the small family of a local hairdresser, whose leader, the usual guardian-sister, marked the smallness of the occasion by simply wiping her youngest brother's face when she got her flock outside. But there was more to come, another explosion and more danger. In fact it is something more than marvellous that the felonious intentions of the bomb fiend were not realised

by loss of life. Some of those within the buildings rushed after the first explosion down the left-hand lobby of the House of Commons on their way to Westminster Hall. Almost at the moment the right lobby (that of the "Ayes") was the scene of a desperate, crushing outburst. Another bomb had exploded, and I have before me as I write a sepia drawing made in the chamber on the very day, which shows the havoc of a moment's work. To describe it is impossible; the upholstery of the seats was torn and burst, the seats themselves were uprooted, and one was even flung upside down into the gallery, where it lay on its back festooned with the canvas covers that drape the Houses' emptiness between debates.

I think I have mentioned in the first article the brass tablets and marks which in various parts of the building commemorate the position of historic incidents or the places occupied by notable personages at notable times. The placing of these marks is due to the historical enthusiasm of Sir Reginald Palgrave, K.C.B., the late Clerk of the House of Commons, who is also responsible, I believe, for the restoration to the Palace of Westminster of the Table of the House which did duty from 1707 to 1834. Upon the union of England and Scotland in the former year Sir Christopher Wren was engaged to arrange the enlarged House of Commons, and, among other things, he designed the table, a fine and characteristic piece of work in solid mahogany. Sir Robert Walpole, the two Pitts, Charles James Fox, Burke, Canning, and Peel must all have stood at this table, and it figures in Hickel's picture of the House of Commons in 1793. Fortunately, it was saved in the fire, but as a new table was designed for the new chamber, the duty of the old one was gone. It remained in the depart-

ment of the Board of Works till it was brought to its present position in a room adjoining the newspaper room.

As one contemplates the buildings from outside there are many considerations which add to the sum of their merits, and one is not without a thought that the commissioners who chose Barry's design were men of wisdom. The buildings look at least three times as well in actual existence as they could ever have appeared in geometric drawings. In fact, there is a well-known elevation of the Victoria Tower (it is to be found reproduced in the official guide book), which is about as uncouth

or if it is, is not out of scale with the monarchy which it seems to symbolise. Indeed, there are a dozen points of view from which, as one walks round the Houses of Parliament, the shifting positions of the three great towers present pictures of ever increasing beauty. They are lovely when grouped close together, as one sees them from the Charing-cross regions of the Embankment; they are equally lovely as one looks broadside at the full length of the building and sees them spread out at their widest distance. Or, if one is ready for a further view, one may go to a certain hill eight miles from London on its northern side, a



WESTMINSTER HALL AND ITS SURROUNDINGS:
FROM AN ENGRAVING DATED 1796.

in its apparent disproportion as a drawing of a building could well be. As you look at that elevation you could pile together irrefutable criticisms which would reduce the design to powder. Side by side are two buildings, so distinct in proportion that one appears to be drawn on a different scale to the other. "Imagine," you would say, "the folly of adding to a building of already heroic proportions another whose windows were some three times the size, and whose door was equal in height to three stories of the original building!"

The result has justified the seeming folly of the designer. The Victoria Tower may be out of scale with the portion of the building immediately adjoining it, but it is not out of scale with the entire fabric,

place but little visited, for it lies between the high roads, whence on a summer evening you may see all London lying in the hollow of that Thames valley, which, till you looked at it from a height, you never realised to be a valley at all, and in all that rank of buildings, in which only the nobler stand up conspicuous, there is nothing more becoming or more worthy than the two great towers of Westminster, which catch the evening light.

People have sometimes spoken of the exterior design of the Houses of Parliament apart from the general outline, as if it represented a foolish, mean, and mechanical method of surface decoration. They call it the "cast-iron" style, and speak of



PALACE YARD STAIRS IN 1641:
FROM A WOOD CUT.

the small wits that are needed to cover a space with cusp-headed parallelograms, some of which are turned into windows, while others are left blank, or filled with models of kings and queens. These people hardly realise how faithful the building is to the example of its adjoining neighbour, Henry the Seventh's Chapel, or if they realise it, consider the example unworthy of such homage. Such a criticism is very hard and rather unjust. The idea of the producers of the Palace of Westminster was, as I understand it, to take up Gothic architecture where it left off in Tudor days—to produce, in fact, a living building in a style which might still be alive, if, as they believed and hoped, its cessation had been due rather to its being abandoned than to being played out. With such an end in view they can hardly be blamed for the successful harmony (would unison be a truer word?) which subsists between the east end of Westminster Abbey and the western parts of the Parliament buildings.

The Palace of Westminster is a measure alike of the strength and of the weakness of the Gothic revival. That its design should have been conceived at all, that it should have been carried out with consistency and pluck; and, finally, that it should be a national success instead of an individual's mistake, is the strongest proof of the validity of the Gothic cause. That it stands practically alone as a specimen of how Gothic art can be employed as the expression of a modern imperial building, is the corresponding proof of the weakness of the movement. Perhaps I should hardly say "alone," for there are the

Law Courts in the Strand to give me the lie. But the Law Courts, in admiration of whose beauty I will yield to none, have their enemies, some of whom, even in this age of toleration, are not above thinking that the "Gothic" is at the bottom of what they look upon as defects. These grumblings can hardly touch the triumph of Street's Art, but such as they are (based, no doubt, partly on matters in which the architect had no hand, and partly—I say it with perfect respect—on the professionally contentious disposition of the buildings' occupants), they are enough to take some of the edge off the nation's enthusiasm for the style; and, what is more, though the Courts are in many ways a more scholarly production, they are not so British in detail.

The arguments for Gothic as against the classic school were largely sentimental, and among the sentimental arguments the two strongest were that it was National and Christian. If there is an architectural fault in the Law Courts it is the praiseworthy fault of being too Catholic, which, in the hand of an objector, may be translated into insufficiently British. The Houses of Parliament are triumphantly insular. English even in their failings. Perhaps I have written of the building as if I thought it had never a fault. It has certainly one—a small one—of the most irritating and pervading consistency. Every scrap of wood in the whole building that is not painted or gilded is *varnished*, or sometimes polished. Pugin, I believe, always treated his oak thus. He designed, as one may say, miles of beautiful carved work and acres of tracery, all of which he submitted to the bourgeois ignominy of a coat of modern gums and spirits.



THE WATER FRONT OF THE BUILDINGS
IN NEW PALACE YARD: FROM SMITH'S
WESTMINSTER, 1808.

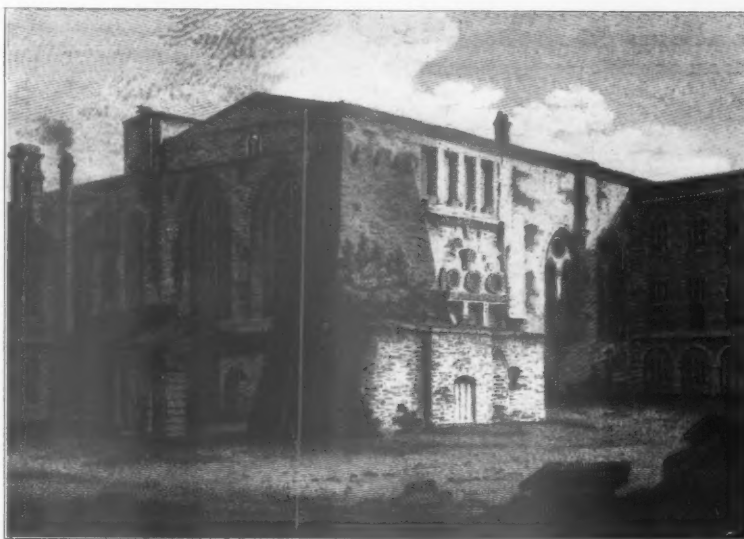
That Pugin of all men should have seen no impropriety in this is one of the mysteries that we shall never solve. I have often wondered, and I still wonder, how it is that Pugin's Gothic soul, which comprehended most things, never took up the position that on wood at least no shine is permissible save such as is produced in ancient stalls by the friction of centuries of worship.

In other styles of work, to be sure, we have our French-polished mahogany and our white enamel paint, but such glitter is unmediaeval, and I am convinced that if Pugin came to earth again, and Barry too, and they were offered by a grateful nation, say, a trifle of £10,000 to spend as they liked in improving the great work which they achieved on this planet, they would wish to devote the fund in the first instance to the removal of all varnish from all oak; whereupon the offer would be immediately and perhaps rightly (for it is an imperfect world) withdrawn, on the ground that varnish, or polish, or paint are necessary to keep London dirt out of the pores of naked oak, and that, after all, oak, varnished and stained, looks something like oak which has been darkened by antiquity and polished by the passing of generations. Which it doesn't.

A GREAT INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION: THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA: DESCRIBED WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF MR. JOHN BELCHER, ONE OF THE ASSESSORS.

AMERICA, the land of bold schemes and big ideas, has once more proved her ascendancy by initiating an international competition on a large and worthy scale. The conception of complete University buildings fully laid out in one design, could only have come from a land which has encouraged growth. To those who have regarded such buildings as the product of centuries, the idea is overwhelming. Yet in California the thought has not only germinated, but the scheme is likely to be realised.

A competition for this immense work, open to the architects of the World, has been successfully



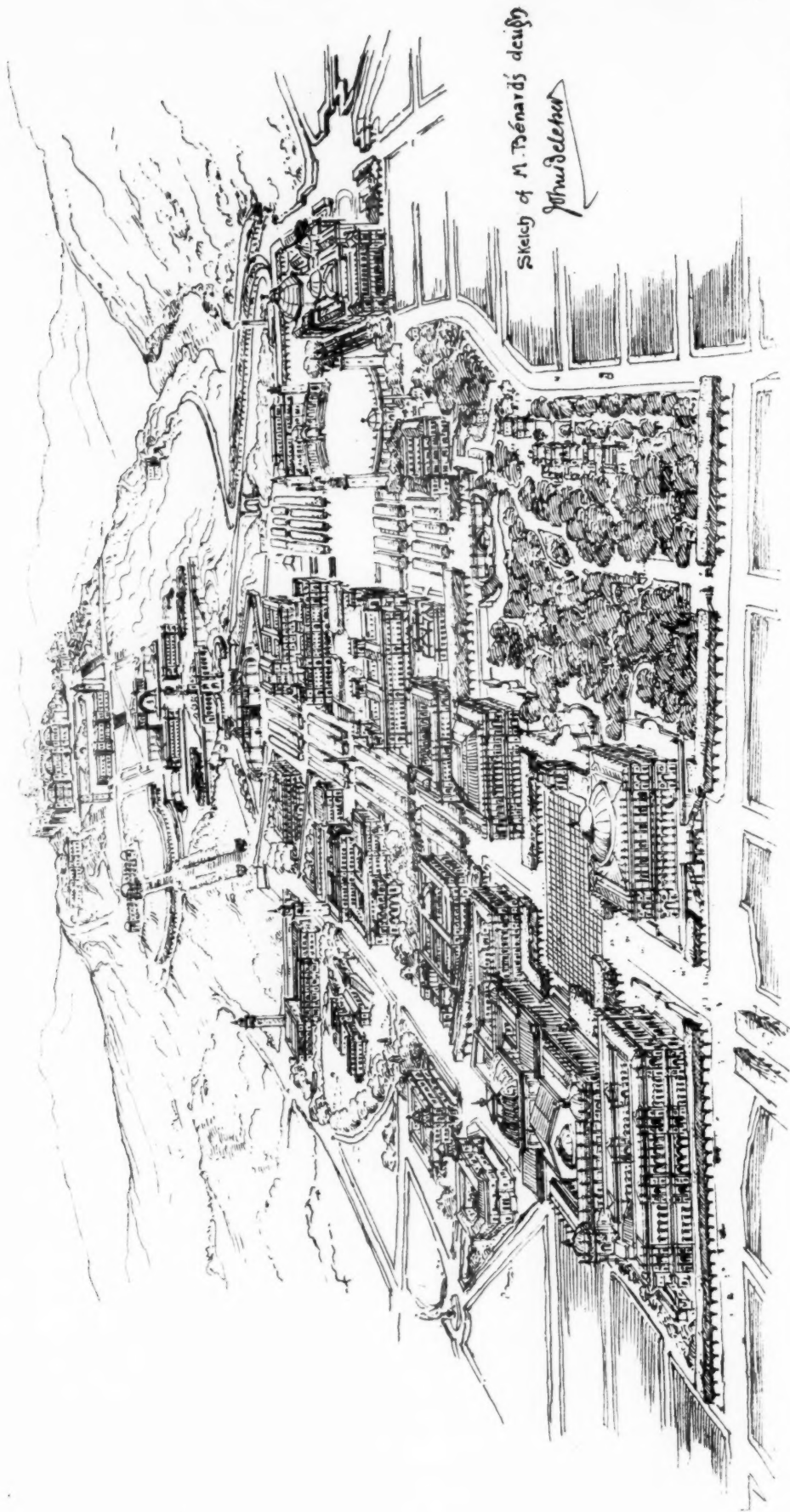
THE PAINTED CHAMBER: FROM AN ENGRAVING.

carried through. Moreover, the care and intelligence, the methods employed, and the irreproachable manner of its conduct, serve as a model for similar competitions in the future.

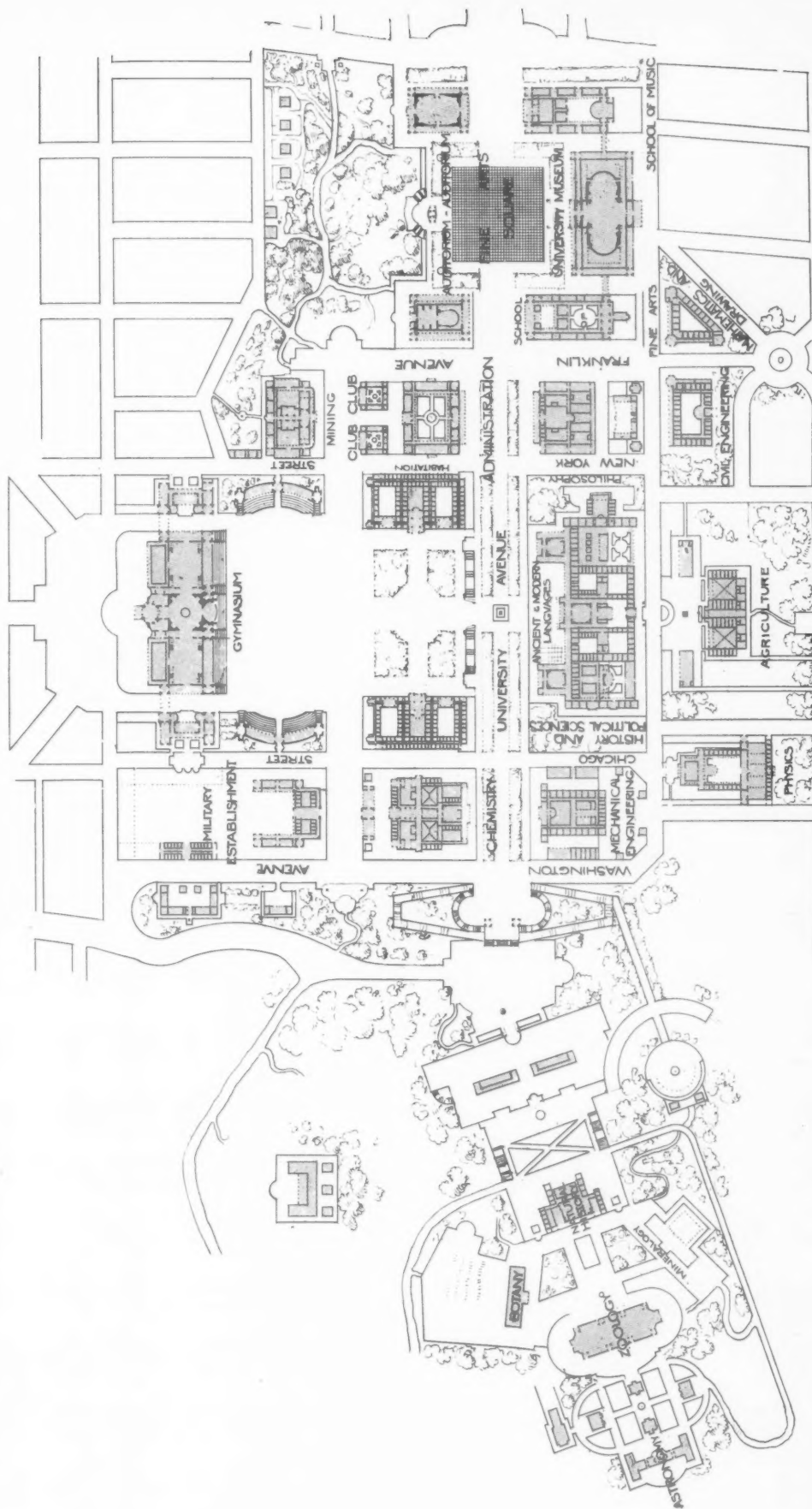
As stated in *Harper's Weekly*, "there has never been anything before in the history of education, or of architecture, quite like the competition which the University of California owes to the munificence of Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst."

This lady, who has spent about £40,000 on the competition alone, is universally known and honoured, not only in California, but throughout America. She is a remarkable and fascinating personality, with capacities and powers of mind which enable her to dispense her vast wealth with a judgment and care which renders it of the greatest benefit to those about her. Distributing large and varied philanthropies, and extending her influence, and employing her means for the benefit of the higher interests of the State. Thus schemes of educational work have been benefitted by her interest—the National University, the University of Pennsylvania, as well as the University of California, have all received her help, and the present scheme for the rebuilding of the latter on a complete plan is her proposal.

Writing to the Regents of the University she states: "I feel so imbued with the importance to the University and to the State of having such a plan that I should be glad to aid in its complete and speedy realisation. I may also say that I am the more anxious for this, for I have in contemplation the erecting on the University grounds of two buildings, a suitable memorial which shall testify to Mr. Hearst's love for, and interest in this State, and one which would promote the higher education of its people."



CALIFORNIAN UNIVERSITY COMPETITION:
PREMIATED DESIGN: M. BÉNARD, ARCHITECT;
FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN BELCHER, A.R.A.



CALIFORNIAN UNIVERSITY COMPETITION:
SKETCH PLAN OF M. BENARD'S DESIGN.

As a result of this communication the preliminary work was begun about two years ago. A large sum of money was expended in sending experts to Europe to study existing Universities, and to initiate an international competition for the plans. Not only the architectural skill of the United States, but that of the whole world, was to be enlisted in the solution of this problem. Pamphlets were circulated in the United States, in England, Germany, France, Italy, and even Japan, inviting competition.

The scheme comprised a preliminary and open competition, in which an expert and international jury of the highest class, and of the first rank in their profession, should judge; and a sum of over £3000 was set apart to be distributed in prizes.

Ninety-eight competitors responded to the appeal, and to each was sent a description of the requirements, with a model of the ground, together with maps, plans, surveys, and photographs of the site and its surroundings.

On September 30th, 1898, the designs were submitted to the jury, who met at Antwerp. This jury consisted of Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., who represented Great Britain and the Colonies—a man regarded in America with the greatest admiration and esteem.

M. Jean Louis Pascal represented France. He is a member of the Upper Council of the School of Fine Arts, inspector of public buildings, monuments, etc., and holds, in fact, all the honours and all the titles that any one man can possess.

Dr. Paul Wallot represented Germany. He is the architect of the Legislative Palace in Berlin; a man of the highest attainments and honours.

Mr. Walter Cook, of New York, represented the United States. He is president of the American Association of Architects.

Mr. J. B. Reinstein represented the Regents of the University. His assistance was most valuable to the international jury from first to last, as he was able to explain national prejudices and customs.

This jury ultimately selected the designs of eleven architects, who were invited to compete in the second and final competition. The successful architects were found to consist of the following nationalities:—Six Americans, three Frenchmen, one Dutchman, and one Swiss. It will be remarked, "How is it that no Englishman was included?" So far as is known no architect of eminence in this country responded to the invitation. It is contrary to their custom to enter an open competition.

One provision was that each of the successful competitors in the first competition should be offered a free passage to California to inspect the site, and that at the expiration of six months, their revised and completed designs should be adjudicated upon in San Francisco.

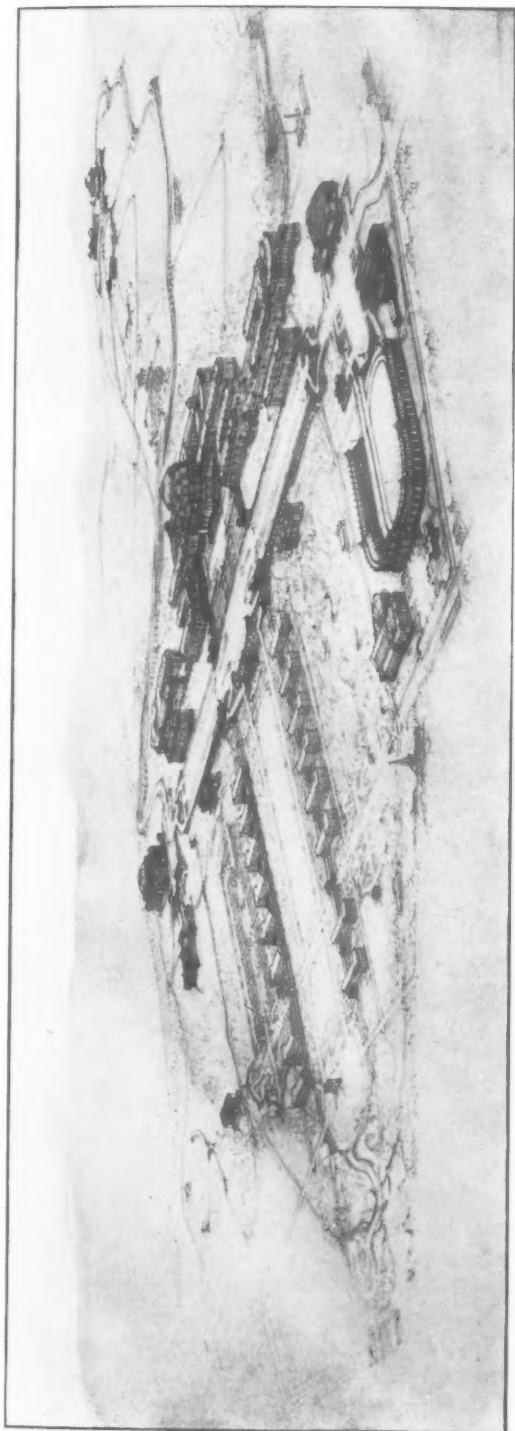
This final competition was naturally regarded as of the highest importance, and the event was marked by the greatest enthusiasm. The jurors were to assemble at New York before proceeding to San Francisco. Mr. Norman Shaw was too unwell to take up his duties, and the architect, Mr. John Belcher, of 20, Hanover Square, W., was appointed in his place.

As the members of this important jury arrived in New York they were conducted to luxurious rooms at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, provided by Mrs. Hearst. Their journey was made memorable by the hospitality of Mrs. Hearst, who placed a special and private car at their exclusive disposal. The ordinary traveller in America experiences comforts and advantages unknown in Europe; but this "car," 75ft. long, with its ample appointments and separate service, exceeded that of other "cars" from East to West.

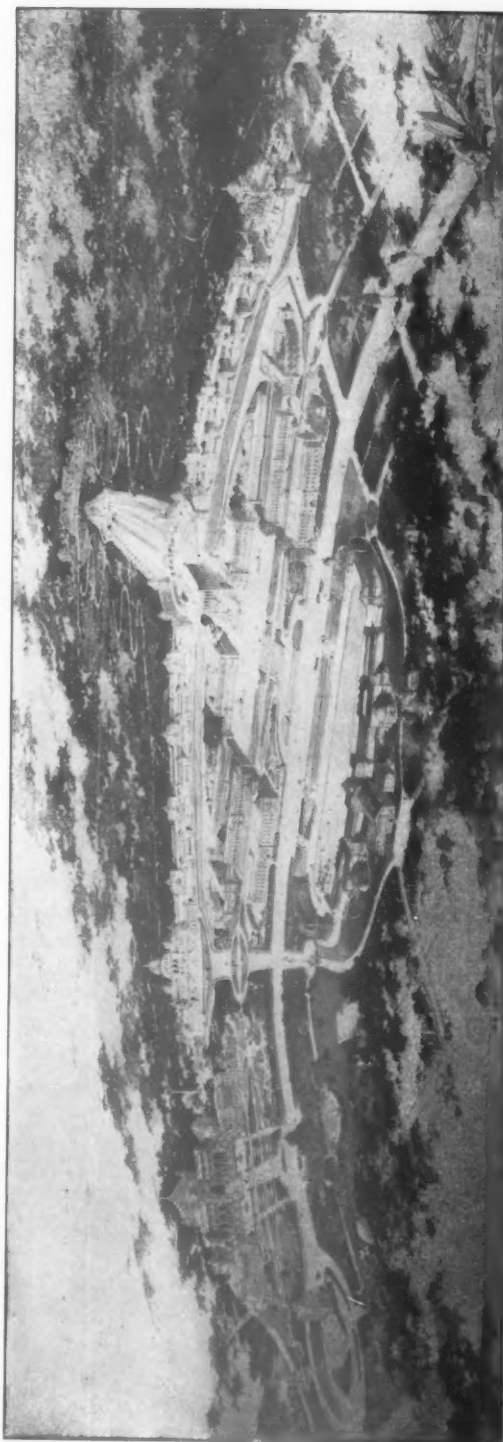
During the whole of the 10,000 miles traversed in it by the jury there was not a moment's discomfort or a single difficulty encountered. Instead of a monotonous and fatiguing journey the route selected was through varied and wonderful scenery and places of interest—Niagara and its falls were visited and inspected; Chicago and its immense business premises; Denver, Colorado Springs, where the journey was diversified by the ascension of "Pike's Peak," 15,000ft. above sea level; Salt Lake City and its curious buildings; Washington, the city of palaces, where the President of the United States received the jury at the White House. Each of the twenty-two states through which the car travelled presented special characteristics, varying from the plains of Dakota to the snow mountains and majestic scenery of the Rockies.

On arrival at San Francisco the jury proceeded at once to inspect the site at Berkeley—a magnificent one, situated a short distance from the city, and facing the "Golden Gates." The existing buildings of the college, which is chartered and endowed by the State, are of heterogeneous character, and without any architectural pretensions. These will be removed for the new university buildings. At present there is no provision for the residence of the students within the college precincts, and this desirable part of the university life is wanting. The students assembled to greet the jury on their arrival with "College yells." The warmth of the welcome was emphasised by an address from one of the students on the Campus, and by Professor Le Conte in the University.

The serious labours of the jury followed day after day at the Ferry House Buildings, where in a fine hall admirably suited for the purpose the drawings of the competitors were set out. The hall was

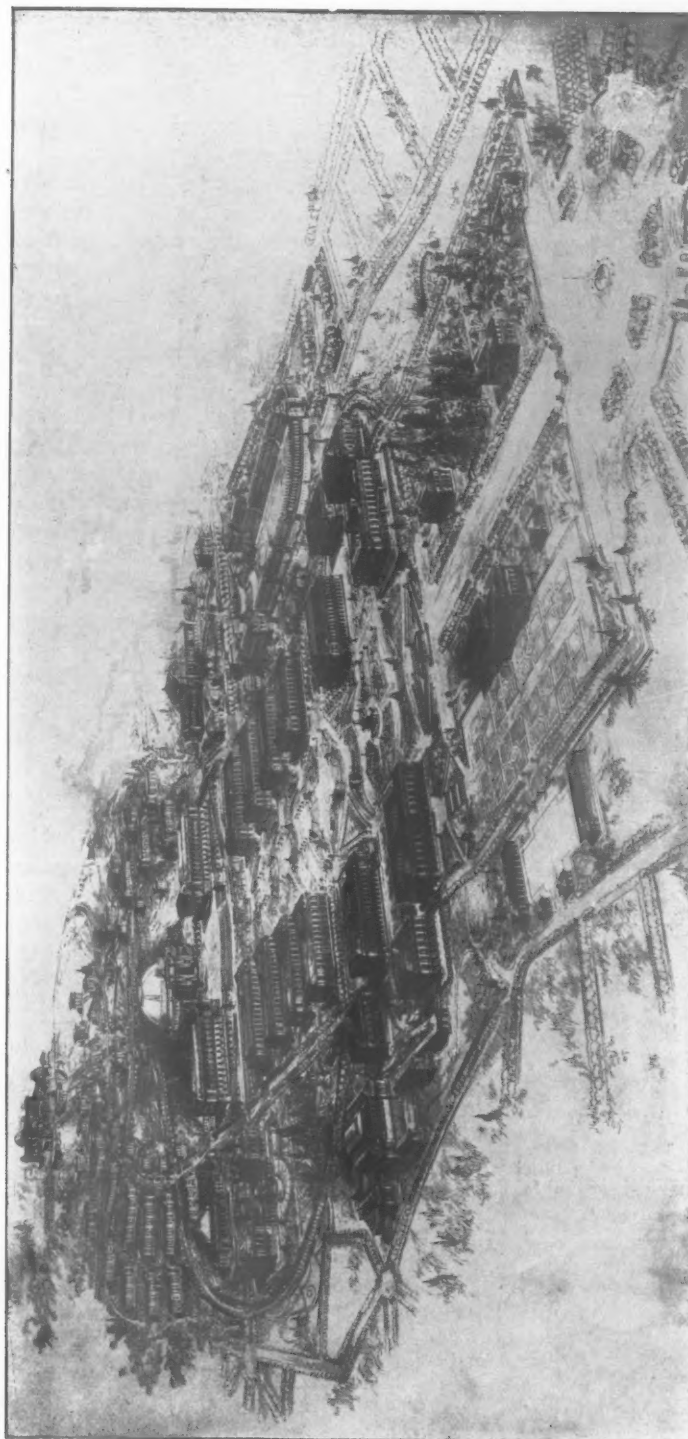


CALIFORNIAN UNIVERSITY COMPETITION : SECOND PREMIATED DESIGN :
MESSRS. HOWELLS, STOKES AND HORNBOSTEL, ARCHITECTS.



CALIFORNIAN UNIVERSITY COMPETITION : THIRD PREMIATED DESIGN :
MESSRS. DESPRADELLES AND CODMAN, ARCHITECTS.





CALIFORNIAN UNIVERSITY COMPETITION: FOURTH
PREMIATED DESIGN: MESSRS. HOWARD, AND
CAULDWELL, ARCHITECTS.

decorated with palms, and costly rugs were distributed for display and comfort. The designs were of great merit, and displayed work of a very high order. The drawings were not only minutely examined by the jury, but they were photographed and the designs further tested on the site by means of these photographs, to ascertain their adaptability.

The jury were practically unanimous in their decision on the winning designs, and they placed first that of M. Bénard, a Frenchman. It is difficult in a small illustration of his scheme to do it justice. The drawings were very large, and necessarily lose much by reduction. The breadth of treatment and the open spaces secured by the disposition of the buildings, the excellent grouping without crowding the departments, distinguished the design. The natural beauties of the site are brought into the composition with obvious advantage. A balance and uniformity of plan is everywhere seen, together with diversity in the several buildings to mark their character and purpose.

The site is on rising ground, and the difference in level has been taken advantage of to divide the ground into three divisions. The lowest, which opens off University Avenue, is designated the "Fine Arts Square;" on the left of this and facing south are grouped the School of Fine Arts, the Museum, and the Academy of Music. On the right a theatre and lecture hall. The open terrace between them looks over the fine old oaks

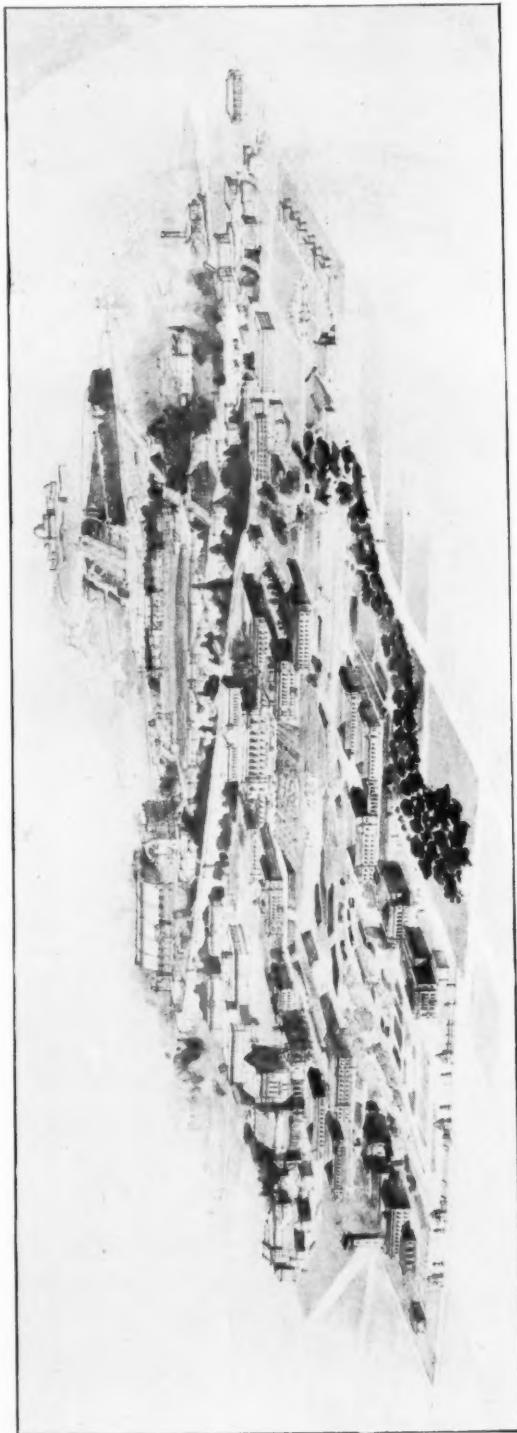
and trees which are the pride of the University, where all else is young.

Proceeding towards the main buildings in University Avenue, Franklin Avenue is crossed; on the left is the library and civil engineering building, on the right the administrative buildings, with a college of mines behind it.

Entering University Avenue the development of the scheme is very striking. The educational buildings are all grouped on the left. In the centre are the students' residences, and on the right the buildings devoted to athletics and recreation. The latter are well removed from the educational department, and consist of a fine hall, gymnasium, and swimming bath. The military drilling ground is on the north of the athletic buildings.

All these buildings are so situated that the public can enter and view the displays, and pass to and fro in this athletic section without going through the university grounds. On the rising ground beyond the educational buildings are grouped the departments of natural history, zoology, botany, &c., and an observatory is placed on the top of the hill, which is known as Grizzly Peak.

The designs of each of the other competitors were of great interest, and marked a high standard of ability. Although they were unsuccessful, the reputations of their



CALIFORNIAN UNIVERSITY COMPETITION: FIFTH PREMIAED DESIGN:
MESSRS. LORD, HEWLETT AND HULL, ARCHITECTS.



MR. WALTER COOK (AMERICA).



DR. PAUL WALLOT (GERMANY).

THE
CALIFORNIAN
UNIVERSITY
COMPETITION.



MR. JOHN BELCHER (ENGLAND).

THE
ASSESSORS.



MR. J. B. REINSTEIN (CHAIRMAN
OF REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY).



M. JEAN LOUIS PASCAL (FRANCE).

several authors cannot fail to be considerably enhanced.

The names of the authors of the designs placed second are Messrs. Howells (son of W. D. Howells, the novelist), Stokes, and Hornbostel.

Messrs. Despradelles and Codman were placed third, Messrs. Howard and Cauldwell fourth, and Messrs. Lord, Hewlett, and Hull fifth.

The award of the jury gave great and general satisfaction, and American architects are unanimous in sustaining their decision. In a contest where all the world was represented the second place was won by American architects.

M. Bénard was a worthy opponent, being a diplomat École de Beaux Arts, who received in 1867 the Grand Prix de Rome. The gold medal was won for a fine arts building, and his design for this was practically reproduced at the Chicago Exhibition, where its great merit received full recognition.

All the designs may be described as classic, of the character known as French. M. Bénard's were perhaps of a purer type than the others, and were represented by a highly artistic and masterly set of drawings.

The general scheme of all the designs necessarily differs from the English types, with their separate colleges, added from time to time, and through successive ages, religious foundations possessing special characteristics, whereas in a new country, with new conditions and special requirements, an unsectarian institution will naturally develop new forms, new methods, and buildings. This is probably the first attempt to lay out a university on modern lines.

No doubt in working out the plans some modifications will be found necessary, and it is to be hoped that further consideration will be given to the college rooms or students' residences. These should be treated as an essential part of the university education. In this particular M. Bénard's plans could be improved, fortunately without in any way affecting their beauty.

The result of the award has been that large offers of money have been made to carry out the scheme, seven million dollars being already available for the purpose. Mrs. Hearst has herself guaranteed to provide for two of the most important buildings, and other millionaires have signified their intention of doing likewise.

M. Bénard, the architect, has already proceeded to California on his important mission, so that there is reasonable prospect of the work being energetically carried on.

Extraordinary enthusiasm was displayed by the throngs which crowded the hall where the drawings were exhibited.

By rail, boat, or ferry, and cars crowds came to

examine the plans. This interest in art suddenly awakened, cannot fail to have an important issue on the future of architecture, as well as on the University of California. As one of the writers on the subject in America remarks:—"From an architectural standpoint the contest is considered one of the most important events in the history of the profession. The eyes of the civilised world has been turned towards the jury of architects, and their decision has been awaited with feverish impatience."

It has lately been decided to erect an American National Institution in Paris, on similar lines to that established by the French in Rome. A "Prix de Paris" to be awarded, similar to the "Prix de Rome."

So long as the present servile imitation is not encouraged, the training afforded may prove beneficial. The independent character of the people will ultimately lead them to develop the art to the needs of local requirements with the natural resources at hand. Already there is an increasing love of the quiet and refined work modelled on the lines of what is called "the Old Colonial," a style beloved by their forebears of the seventeenth century.

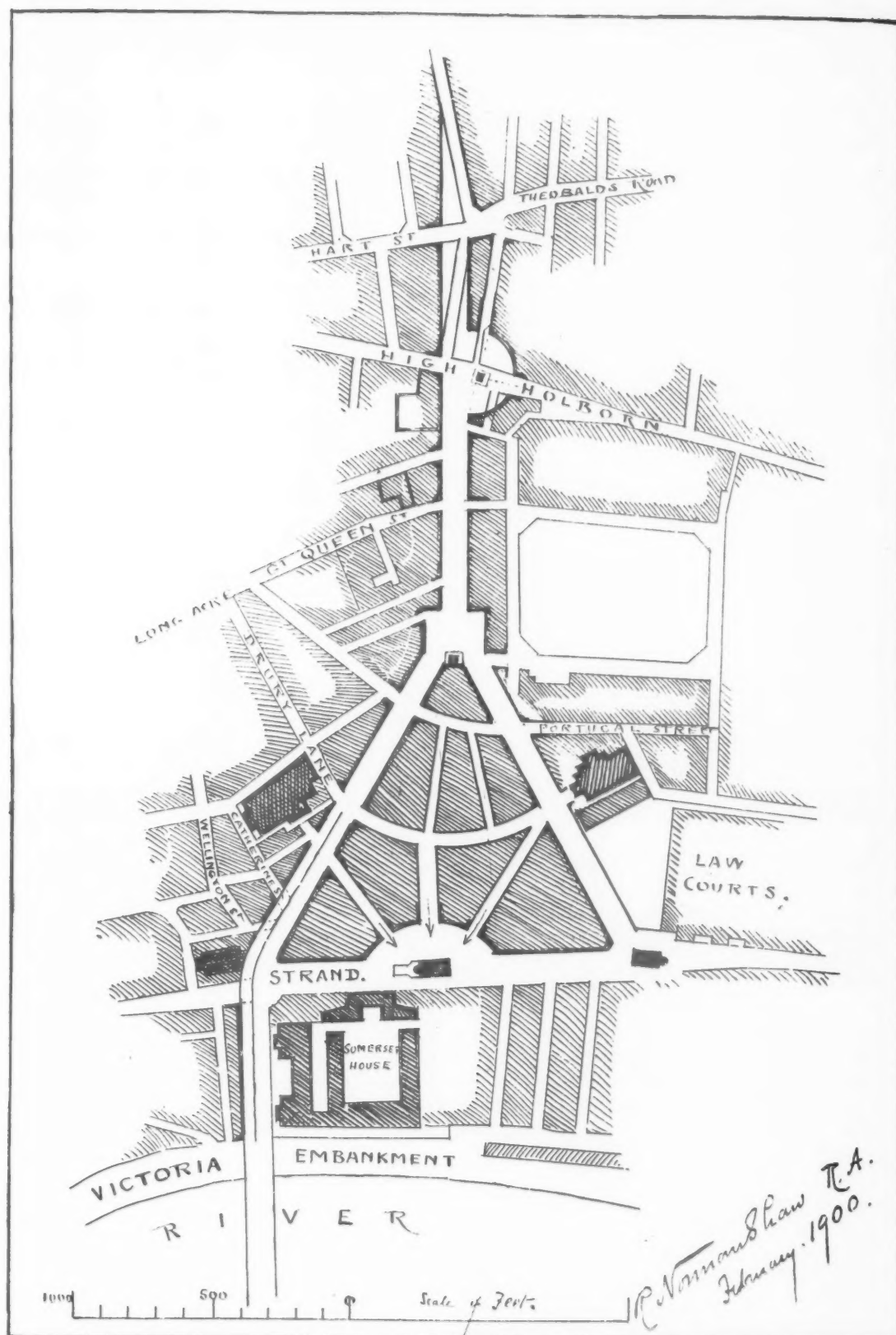
In conclusion, we have to thank Mr. John Belcher for his kind assistance in preparing this article, as well as for his drawing of the premiated design and the loan of the photographs.

THE L.C.C. NEW STREET: HOLBORN TO THE STRAND: RECOMMENDATIONS BY R. NORMAN SHAW, R.A., REGINALD BLOMFIELD, HALSEY RICARDO, AND MERVYN MACARTNEY.

The recommendations of Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A., and Mr. W. R. Lethaby will appear in the next issue with diagrams.

MR. NORMAN SHAW'S OPINION.

It is delightful to see the interest that the prospect of a new street in London awakens in the minds of architects. This is really very wonderful, considering what our experience of new streets has been in the course of the last twenty-five years, and can only be regarded as another illustration of the triumph of Hope over experience. When one looks at Hyde Park Corner, the remains of Piccadilly Circus, and several new streets in its neighbourhood, surely one might be pardoned for saying in despair, "We evidently cannot do it, so nothing can be gained by trying"; but better instincts prevail, and we do try again. Let us hope that this time it may be with more interesting results.



MR. NORMAN SHAW'S SUGGESTED
PLAN FOR THE NEW STREET.

I send herewith a sketch plan deviating in many points from the proposed official plan.

The idea of starting the new street on the site of Little Queen Street and making it 100ft. wide appears to be the right thing to do, but it would be a great gain were this wide street continued northwards, cutting into Southampton Row, about 250 yards from Holborn. This would give greatly increased dignity to these main avenues, and as it would be impossible to get a circus at the intersection of the new street with Holborn (owing to the existence of the Holborn Restaurant), I would suggest a half circus or crescent. Were this to be finely treated, it would be an interesting feature, and would be a vast improvement on the present proposal, viz., that of a 100ft. street stopping on one side of Holborn, and taken up anyhow by an 80ft. street on the other. It is no exaggeration to say that our streets lately have been arranged to go anyhow and to end anywhere (as long as the corners are all scrupulously rounded off!). It is this total absence of anything like *design* which prevents even the possibility of things turning out right as they are at present controlled.

Of course, we shall be told that the widening of the northern part of the street from 80ft. to 100ft. and the making of this crescent would cost more money; but my experience leads me to believe that, though people make a great fuss about the cost of a thing, they soon forget this if the result is permanently satisfactory.

In building works, your client forgets that he has expended a much larger sum than he at first intended. *If his house proves to be a success* he gets proud of it, and, after a short time, laughs at the cost; says he supposes it is always so, and so on; but he never either forgets or forgives bad work.

That is just what so many of these new streets are to so many of us. They are so very hideous and vulgar that to have to pass along them is pain; they are a constant annoyance, and we never forget their ugliness or forgive the parsimony that brought them into existence. Fancy, having to show a cultivated foreigner Charing Cross Road or Shaftesbury Avenue! How should we feel? And what would his politeness induce him to say to these architectural achievements!

The main 100ft.-road would run on the official lines as far as the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and here there would be an opportunity for a very striking arrangement. I should widen the road slightly so as to form a small square or "place," with two main roads bifurcating from this point.

This would give a very fine site for a great national monument, covering the point where these two avenues branch. By a national monument I do not mean a thing some 10ft. or 15ft. wide, and

possibly 20ft. high—but a really grand architectural composition—perhaps 50ft. wide, and 70ft. or 80ft. high—covering the end where the blocks of buildings meet, well seen from Holborn and not too far off. Nothing less would be worthy of what ought to be a superb site, in the centre of a city that claims to be one of the most important in the world.

Of these two diverging roads the eastern would run with slight modifications on the proposed lines direct to St. Clement Danes, but the western, which would run straight to the northern end of Waterloo Bridge, would require special treatment. At the point where it would cross Drury Lane, I should propose to divide the roadway longitudinally into two. The eastern half would pursue the natural gradient down to the Strand, but the western half I should propose to continue on a raised road crossing the Strand at a height of about 20ft., and descending by a gentle incline to the end of Waterloo bridge, in front of, or on the site of Lancaster Place.

It would be impossible to over-estimate the importance of getting entirely rid of the cross traffic at that point. There will always be traffic enough and to spare going straight east and west, including that portion which will turn off to cross Waterloo bridge on the level. So that to dispose of the whole of the north and south traffic would be an unmixed blessing.

There can be no doubt that Waterloo Bridge is far too narrow for the existing traffic, and in the near future it must become hopelessly inconvenient.

I sincerely trust that the idea of its removal, or serious alteration, will not be entertained for a moment; it is certainly one of our finest bridges, and to mutilate it in any way would, I am sure, be strongly objected to. The foundations, I am told, are not very good and require attention. Why should not the existing piers be extended up the river to the required distance—say 50ft. at least—let new piers be built on thoroughly good foundations, and then the whole of the side of the bridge be removed, and set stone by stone on the new piers. The old foundations might be examined at the same time, and strengthened where necessary. We might then have a bridge double the width of the existing one, adhering absolutely to the existing design—in fact, it would be to all intents and purposes the existing bridge—untouched as far as appearances go. Anything in the shape of cantilevers or iron ribs in advance of the granite facing would, I hope, find no favour. This plan was proposed some years ago for London Bridge, and was promptly vetoed by a committee of the House of Lords, and were it to be suggested for Waterloo Bridge, there can be little doubt the same fate would overtake it.

The proposed plan of getting more room on the north side of the church of St. Mary-le-Strand appears to me to be curiously unhappy. The frontage is simply pushed back in the centre opposite the church. Would it not be far better to accept the church (especially as it is a singularly beautiful one), and to make it the keynote of a design. A flat crescent enclosing it would give ample roadway on the north side, and from this crescent radiating streets might be made running into the main avenues from which charming views of the church would be obtained. It does not require any great amount of artistic perception to see that simply bending the street, as proposed, would result in a most ungainly aspect, and would be simply throwing away an opportunity of doing what might be an interesting piece of design.

The points on which I dwell, and to which I would particularly direct attention, are: *First*, that the crossing at High Holborn should be accentuated by something in the form of a design, and that the wide street should be carried a short way up on the northern side. We all know Oxford Circus. Suppose the Circus to be omitted and Regent Street to join on to Oxford Street in the ordinary way, and in place of the wide street being carried on on the northern side as at present, its place to be taken by a distinctly narrower street, would not the loss be very great indeed? Of course it would. No one, I presume, thinks Oxford Circus to be lovely; but there can be little doubt that its general aspect is far better than that we should have at Holborn if the proposed plan is carried out. Oxford Circus has some distinction; this would have absolutely none.

Second: Dividing the main street into two branching arms, and taking the terminations a little more east and west, one of these streets going straight to the Strand and having a view of the Church of St. Clement Danes as a termination to the vista, and the other to a point exactly opposite the end of Waterloo Bridge.

Third: Making a high level road from Drury Lane to cross over the Strand, and thus to keep the two crossing streams of traffic distinct.

Fourth: The widening of Waterloo Bridge. This would be a very serious expense, and there can be little doubt but that it will be postponed as long as possible; but additional facilities for crossing the river about that point are much wanted even now, and though widening the bridge would, as I have said, be costly, it would be a long way cheaper than an entirely new bridge.

R. NORMAN SHAW, R.A.

MR. REGINALD BLOMFIELD'S OPINION.

The extreme importance of this new thoroughfare makes it the more imperative that the scheme

proposed by the London County Council should be thoroughly discussed from every point of view before it is put into execution. If one may say so, it is the first serious attempt by the London County Council to take into account architectural considerations as apart from mere utilitarian necessities; and in this regard they have yet to win their spurs; they have not, so far, risen to the level at which it was possible to conceive and carry out such a magnificent work as the Thames Embankment.

One may say at once that the general conception of the new thoroughfare is good. It is straight, and of sufficient width, and the termination in a bold crescent at the South end, emerging east and west on to the Strand, is distinctly fine. Where the scheme fails is in detail. In a most timely paper contributed to the *Architectural Review* for December, 1899, Mr. Mervyn Macartney has pointed out its defects very clearly, with suggestions for their amendment. The chief defects of the London County Council scheme are undoubtedly (1) that the new thoroughfare at the High Holborn end begins anyhow; (2) that it necessitates a quantity of angular sites, that is, of sites which abut on the new thoroughfare at either an acute or an obtuse angle; and (3) that it involves a number of rounded angles, together with a reverse curve at the outfall on to the Strand, north-west of St. Clement Danes.

These faults are very serious. An important and well conceived thoroughfare, such as this, must have a beginning as well as an end; and it seems to me quite as important (possibly even more so) that there should be a circus at the Holborn Junction as at the south, or lower end. Anyone who has been in a hurry to cross Holborn from Little Queen Street, in order to get to any of the three main northern stations, must be familiar with the hopeless congestion of traffic at this particular and vital point; moreover, the narrow little street of Southampton Row and the adjacent street to the east, form a most lame and impotent conclusion to a thoroughfare apparently about 120ft. wide. In view of this defect it seems to me quite a question whether it would not have been wiser to have brought the new thoroughfare to the immediate west of the Holborn Restaurant instead of east, in order that its north end should open opposite to Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, a fine broad street, which would give a direct vista from St. Mary-le-Strand across Bloomsbury Square and Russell Square and so northwards. This would have the further advantage (a) of cutting the transverse streets running east and west more nearly at right angles; (b) of making the axis line of the new thoroughfare more nearly at right angles to St. Mary-le-Strand, assuming, of

course, the adoption of Mr. Macartney's fine conception of a flight of steps leading to that church opposite the south outfall on to the Strand Crescent, and the new thoroughfare on these lines would hit the Crescent approximately on its centre line.

The question of angular or round sites is, presumably, a question solely of money. In street architecture, at any rate, the acute and the rounded angle as treated up to date, have provided a succession of dismal architectural failures, and it would perhaps not be too much to say that, as hitherto treated, they do not admit of anything else. If the London County Council insists on laying out its streets on these impossible lines, the only remedy would be for owners to sacrifice part of their site in order to make some reasonable architectural treatment possible. This, however, is a little hard on private owners; and it is for the London County Council, a specifically municipal body, one moreover which deals with other people's money, to show the lead.

As to the outlets of the New South Crescent on the Strand, Mr. Macartney has pointed out the mistake of the reverse curve at the St. Clement Danes end. This ought to be squared up as he suggests; but it seems to me of hardly less importance that the west end should be similarly dealt with; that is, the Gaiety Theatre removed altogether, and this space left open.

One point in Mr. Macartney's plan of suggested improvement seems to me very questionable. The street driven through from the new thoroughfare to the centre of the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields seems to me superfluous, and it has the grave disadvantage of cutting through one of our few fine old houses on this side of the square, and removing the two extremely fine gauged brick piers. Mr. Macartney speaks of the two piers as being "doomed," but there seems no conceivable necessity for this, or for the short length of cross street which would involve their destruction. Such a street would be of little use for traffic, and, facing westwards, would merely open on to the houses on the west side of the new thoroughfare. Moreover, the habit of taking down old buildings and monuments and re-erecting them elsewhere is not a sound one.

The essential points in this matter seems to me (1) that large circular spaces should be provided at the main inter-sections, viz., at the Holborn or north end, and at the junction, with the crescent at its lower or south end; (2) that the outlets on to the Strand should be dealt with architecturally, and not by loose, irregular curves and unsymmetrical treatment; (3) that vistas as large as possible should be very carefully thought out; that is, either (a) the route of the new thoroughfare should be shifted westward, in order to open out at its north end opposite Southampton Street, Bloomsbury; or

(b) if that is impossible, that the thoroughfare should be continued the full width northwards till, at any rate, it strikes the east side of Russell Square; (4) as Mr. Macartney has suggested, that the church of St. Mary-le-Strand should be brought into the scheme.

It would be far wiser, and a better use of public money, to work on a really great architectural scheme, even at the cost of long delay in its execution, rather than to sacrifice the scheme to temporary necessities and the desire to see the business through with the least possible delay. It is possible that the London County Council may have before it some comprehensive scheme for the gradual rearrangement of the main London streets. If it has not, such a scheme ought to be prepared as soon as possible, and, when fully thought out and decided on, be sedulously adhered to. Hitherto, every street seems to have been laid out on a hand-to-mouth system, with utterly unsatisfactory results, and no ultimate economy of money. This latest scheme is so marked an improvement on its predecessors that one is tempted to hope for a more sagacious handling of this difficult problem in the future, for the thought and foresight which will redeem London from the reproach of being the worst laid-out capital in Europe.

REGINALD BLOMFIELD.

MR. HALSEY RICARDO'S OPINION.

MR. MACARTNEY, in his article on the new street from Holborn to the Strand in the December number of the *Review*, calls attention to the magnitude of the scheme now being carried out, and to the importance that what is being done now should give no occasion at some future time for regret. The Council's plan, as given in your pages, does not quite give one this assurance. Mr. Macartney points out what a grievous blot the solid circus that closes up the vista of the new street will prove, the want of lateral vistas at right angles to the main axis, and the poor architectural effect got from buildings on oblique and irregular sites. I should like to add a few words on this head. But first, I wish to call attention to the increased burden that this new street will put upon Waterloo Bridge and the possible consequences. Waterloo Bridge has at present more traffic to accommodate than it can manage, and we hear dark rumours, from time to time, of how it will have to be widened, and even—for the added load may prove too much for its piers—possibly rebuilt. It will require a very clearly proven and inevitable necessity that would justify any tampering with Waterloo Bridge. But the traffic in our streets is not going to diminish; on the contrary, it is increasing, and it must and will increase. The increased facilities for travel offered by the railway companies,

the tendency to use London as a work-a-day place, and to reside in the environs, all help to constitute the great railway termini the great vomitories and gates of London. The pressure at which we live has accelerated the pace at which we move. In all schemes for the route of traffic, these terminal stations must be taken into account. This new road, then, will be the trunk line from the northern stations to the south-western, and the strain on Waterloo Bridge will be increased. The remedy, surely, is to throw another bridge across the Thames, and divide the station traffic. The planning of the Council's road is propitious. Whilst one of the horns of the crescent directs to Wellington-street, the other impinges on St. Clement Danes. The extended road might be made to cross the Strand, and somewhere in the close neighbourhood of Arundel-street go striding, at the Strand level, across the Embankment, and across the river; and, owing to the curvature of the latter at this point, the prolongation of this road would bring one close up to Waterloo Station. The levels are helpful, for the fall from the Strand to the Embankment at this point is considerable and quick. Mr. Macartney's amended plan has this advantage, that it would direct the traffic better to the new bridge, than the Council's, which concerns itself only with the City traffic at this point.

Mr. Macartney has suggested an additional opening into Lincoln's Inn Fields. I should like to see a third. This new road is the biggest affair of our time. It will cost more money than the Embankment did, and the seriousness of the undertaking behoves us to enter on it as statesmen, not as hucksters. We are all concerned as to a successful issue—what is done now cannot afterwards be undone, and we are trustees to posterity. The scheme already is a liberal one, and the approval that it has met with is based on this quality. If it is to be a fine street, lateral vistas form a very important element in one's impression of a street, and the openings should be at right-angles for sanitary as well as optical reasons. We want the wind to blow clear through them and get rid of the fog that gets baffled and pent up in crooked streets. We want the vistas long or else giving up some open space, so that down the avenue of houses we may see plenty of sky and bright light, and not feel ourselves hemmed in. The outlooks on to Lincoln's Inn Fields might be a great feature, and the sense of expanse and of verdure would help to give great distinction to this street, and great pleasure to the passengers. We may assume, I trust, that the new street, when completed, will be planted with trees. Instead of being planted on the pavement curbs—or in addition to, provided the side ones are kept well pleached—they should be planted down the centre of the road, and so

assist in keeping the contrary streams of traffic divided.

Mr Macartney proposes a circus and an opening through the crescent at the southern end of the new street. This modification only requires to be exhibited to show at once its extreme importance. To drive down the broad, open street, and then fetch up dead against this solid closure of the street, whilst the roadway stravaigles away sideways on either side, is not only to lose an opportunity, it is to commit a wrong. The view on to the Church of St. Mary and into the Strand should be the crown and glory of the street. The open end will give to the street the elements of romance and distance and even mystery. The ground falls gently from Holborn till you get where now stands the Olympic Theatre and where Mr. Macartney proposes to put his circus; and then it falls sharply to the Strand. Through this opening, when first you turn aside from Holborn into the new street, you will see on clear days the Surrey hills, and much of that sense of confinement that belongs to the tall dark streets of our City will be absent here. I can imagine this circus and crescent making a great feature, both from the new street and the Strand. The crescent might rise up on the hillside in terrace form, bearing in its lap the wide range of steps and landings, and guarding them with its knees. Whilst the Strand offers St. Mary's to enhance the street, the crescent on its part would provide an architectural treatment of buildings and roadways that shall be an ornament to the Strand.

HALSEY RICARDO.

FURTHER OPINION BY MR. MERVYN E. MACARTNEY.

In writing a second time on the same subject, it is difficult to avoid a certain amount of repetition. So far as possible I shall endeavour to avoid this, but it is necessary for the sake of those who have not read my former article in last year's December number of the *Review*, to recapitulate its chief points.

(1). The intersections of a new street with those now in use obviously produce in many cases awkward and acute-angled sites. These intersections should be carefully studied, not only from the engineer's or roadmaker's point of view, but as sites for buildings, which is an equally or more important one.

(2). The small plan published by the London County Council shows many of these faults of setting out, and I have indicated on my plan how simply they can be avoided without interfering with facilities for traffic.

(3). That the old method of forming a circus at the junction of main streets was a good one, for it affords room where most required for the regulation

of traffic, and gives the designers of buildings to be erected at these points a chance of producing something effective.

(4). That the contrary is the case where the rounded corner is adopted.

(5). That the effect of a building on an acute-angled or wedge-shaped site is necessarily mean and bad.

(6). That a great street should be conceived and carried out as an organic whole, not as a chance conjunction of heterogeneous units.

Although we flatter ourselves that whatever our other shortcomings may be, we are an eminently practical people, I am driven to think that as regards the conduct of municipal matters in London, this is an utter fallacy. This new street has been talked about for a long time, but I fancy it will be news to ninety-nine out of every hundred Londoners that a portion of the new scheme has already been carried out in the shape of a new street, nearly a quarter of a mile long, which has actually been opened for traffic for the last three weeks. At the same time, it is a fact that some of the property required has not yet been bought, and that no one other than those owning or interested in such property is allowed to obtain the official plan of the new street. The result is obvious. The public are prevented from obtaining accurate information on which to form an opinion of the scheme as a whole or in detail, and yet parts of it are so far advanced that any alteration is now impossible. I do not call this piece-meal, hole-and-corner method a practical one. It may suit the plans of the valuer to the London County Council for acquiring the lands and buildings, but I maintain that it is not the way to lay out the finest street in London. It may be "muddled through" to some sort of an achievement, but the process will be tedious and costly. If the London County Council persists in making the side streets before the main avenue, it commits itself to a plan whose obvious defects hardly require to be pointed out. When all the work is done and the public awake and rage at another dismal failure, the Council will turn round and say, "Why did you not complain while alteration was still possible?" But how, under the existing conditions, can the majority of us know what is being done? Hidden by hoardings in the dismal region of Drury Lane the work has been begun. Will it be carried on to the end in the same way?

I have no word to say against the London County Council as a body. Personally I have always received the most courteous treatment at its hands. It must be admitted, however, that its work, where artistic or architectural qualities have been required, has lamentably failed. It is true that the Metropolitan Board of Works left a sordid legacy

of ill-conceived and incomplete schemes, which partly account for the failure of former streets, such as Charing Cross Road, Shaftesbury Avenue, and Rosebery Avenue, on which I have touched in my first paper; but this is no reason why these traditions should be followed in new work.

The ability to grasp the architectural effect of a great thoroughfare driven straight through an area of slums, with the resulting junctions of the small streets that cross it, does not come within the province of an engineer. His mind is too much occupied by gradients and differences of level—absolutely essential points of course—but not the chief one, which is that the street when completed shall be architecturally harmonious and grand. This is the point on which I wish emphatically to insist, and no street can possess such qualities if its buildings are placed on ill-shaped sites and rear façades, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," not "whole as the marble, founded as the rock," but which shock the astonished passer-by with their instability and want of elbow room. Another urgent requirement is that proper skilled knowledge should be brought to bear on this part of the scheme before the stage is reached (now within measurable distance) when the authorities will say "too late! too late! the plans are passed, we cannot change them now."

Unhappily, at the present time, it is difficult to rouse public interest in a matter of this sort, yet the making of so great a municipal improvement, involving, as it does, the expenditure of £5,000,000 of public money, exclusive of what may hereafter be spent on buildings, should make each one of us strive to secure on lines at once sound and artistic the completion of so great a work. It is false to suppose that this means larger outlay or waste of money. On the contrary, the expenditure of thought and knowledge on any undertaking makes for economy, a fact which hitherto Metropolitan Boards and County Councils have grievously failed to realise, or else have ignored.

There is another important point connected with this subject which so far has not been raised. The new street will, of course, attract an immense and concentrated volume of traffic, and the effect where it emerges north and south on existing thoroughfares raises a problem which will have to be faced, and which should, therefore, now be carefully considered. At the northern end this has, to a certain extent, been anticipated, for the east side of Southampton Row has been pulled down, and it will be widened. But what will happen at the two southern exits? One, the south-western, will pour an increased and ever-increasing stream of vehicles over Waterloo Bridge. The officials at Spring Gardens are quite alive to this fact, and it would be more ingenuous of them to disclose their plans for meeting the difficulty. I believe they have two:



HOLBORN TO THE STRAND:
FURTHER DIAGRAM BY MR.
MERVYN MACARTNEY.

one, to widen the bridge by carrying the footways on steel cantilevers; the other, to pull it down altogether, and build a new one of iron or steel. Either, if carried out, would be an infamy. Our metropolis possesses a magnificent river, spanned by at least two bridges (London and Waterloo) that for simplicity and grandeur are not easily to be matched. To mar the beauty either of river or bridge would be an everlasting disgrace to the greatest and wealthiest city in the world.

The mention of Waterloo Bridge reminds me that its harmonious completeness has already been seriously damaged; some of its old, admirably-designed lamp supports have been taken down and others put in their place—inconceivably hideous, unsuitable, and paltry. New lamps for old forsooth! These latter-day Aladdins have verily exchanged the true for the false, and, withal, for no apparent reason. But is there any necessity for the spoiling or pulling down of Waterloo Bridge? Surely not. The position of the south-east exit of the new street suggests an excellent way out of the difficulty. By taking down the east side of Arundel Street, and carrying an approach on the high level to a new bridge, the traffic to the south side of the river and Waterloo Station would be permanently provided for. It should be observed that the great terminus railway stations largely influence the flow of street traffic from north to south. A great and increasing number of omnibuses run between these stations, and the destination of a majority of the vehicles going to the south side other than heavy wagons is either Waterloo, Vauxhall, or London Bridge Station. The new electric railways may partly lessen the congestion, but above-ground transit will always be large, and require ample facilities if it is to be easy and speedy.

A minor subject connected with the laying out of streets is the method of lighting them. The putting up of heavy iron posts to support a globe and wire seems cumbersome and unsuitable. I should like to see the lights swung on cables across the street from wall to wall. The electric light lends itself to this kind of treatment, and its adoption would do away with the obstruction caused by the numerous lamp-posts, such as occur in the Euston Road and other streets. I think, moreover, that the effect would be very good.

It will be seen from what I have written that a task of no ordinary difficulty and complexity lies before the London County Council. I trust that it will see the necessity of seeking the advice of those best qualified to give it, both on the engineering, the financial, and especially the artistic problems which will have to be solved, and it behoves all Londoners to display a lively and vigilant interest in the development of the great scheme.

MERVYN MACARTNEY.

THE NEW A.R.A.: JOHN BELCHER, F.R.I.B.A.

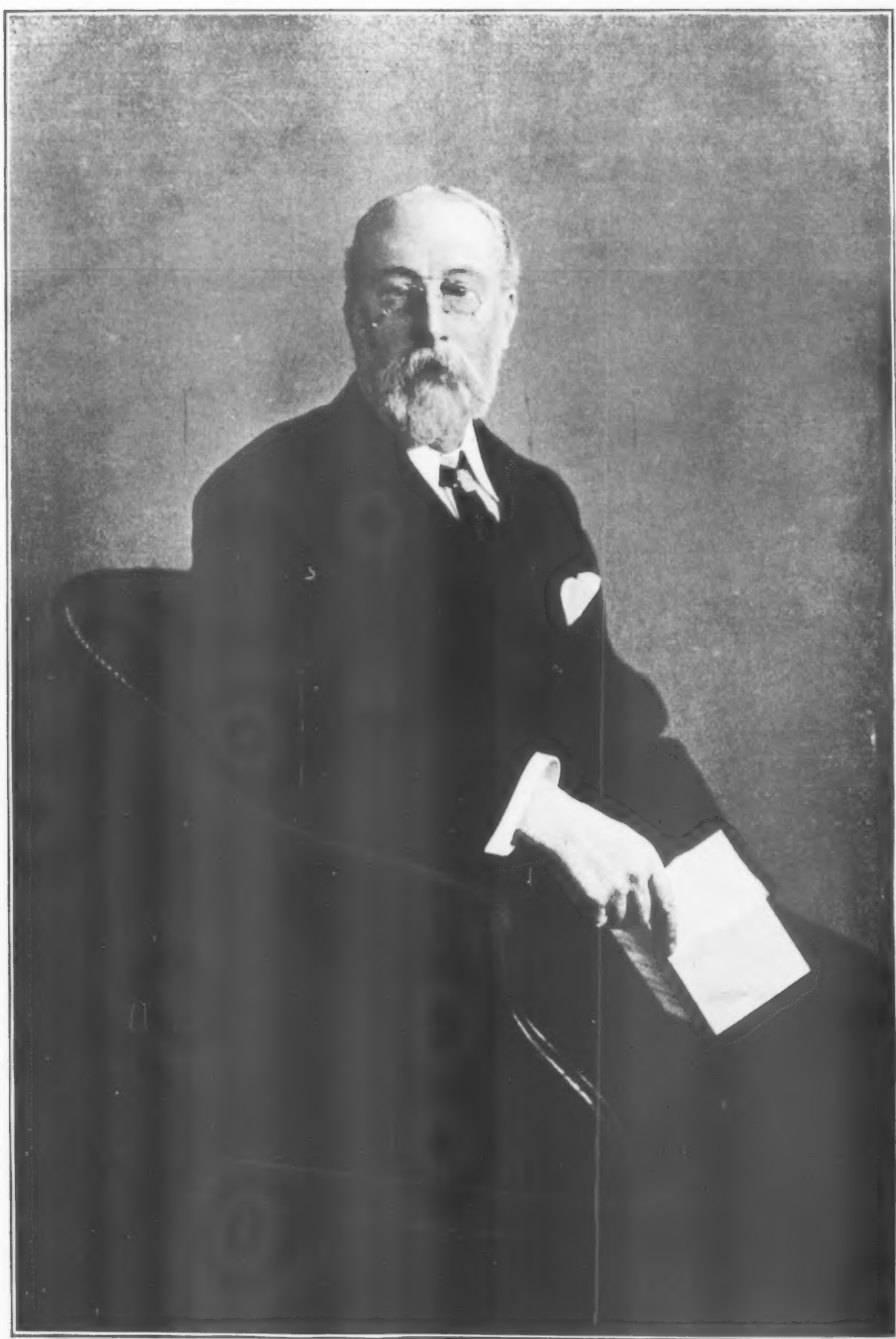
THE new Associate, Mr. John Belcher, was trained from his earliest years for a place in the profession of architecture, studying in Paris and in the mediaeval towns of Germany before he was articled to his father, with whom he eventually entered into partnership, and whom in course of time he succeeded.

His earliest works, undertaken in partnership with his father, had (from the paternal preferences and those of the clients for whom they were executed, and to whom Gothic had not yet begun to appeal) necessarily been in the Renaissance methods, then alien to his own ideas. These were the Royal Insurance buildings in Lombard Street; the Commercial Union, Cornhill; and the Croydon Public Hall. His Gothic enthusiasm in the early '80's is vouched for by the great pile of red-brick warehouses built for Messrs. Rylands and Son, after the great Wood Street fire, a design clearly derived from those beautiful old-world buildings that line the now deserted canals of Dordrecht and Haarlem. It is also seen in degree, but in a more English manner, in his restoration of village churches in Warwickshire and Wilts; in the country mansions of "Holcombe," near Chatham; "Yeldhall Manor," Twyford; "Mark Ash," Surrey; his own residence, "Redholm," Champion Hill; extensive alterations and additions at Stowell Park for the Earl of Eldon; and houses, stables, and studios at Weirleigh, Kent, Brenchley, Henley, Boxley, and Royston. Later developments may be found at Morden Grange, Blackheath, and in a house for Mr. De Chapeaurouge, Norwood.

To a later period still belongs the Institute of Chartered Accountants, an imposing work in the Later Renaissance, a style to which his taste and sympathies now turned. This has been the chief work of his career. He has masked the irregularity of the site in a masterly way, and turned the disabilities which he encountered on his return frontage into an excuse for a daring and yet entirely successful modification of his principal elevation.

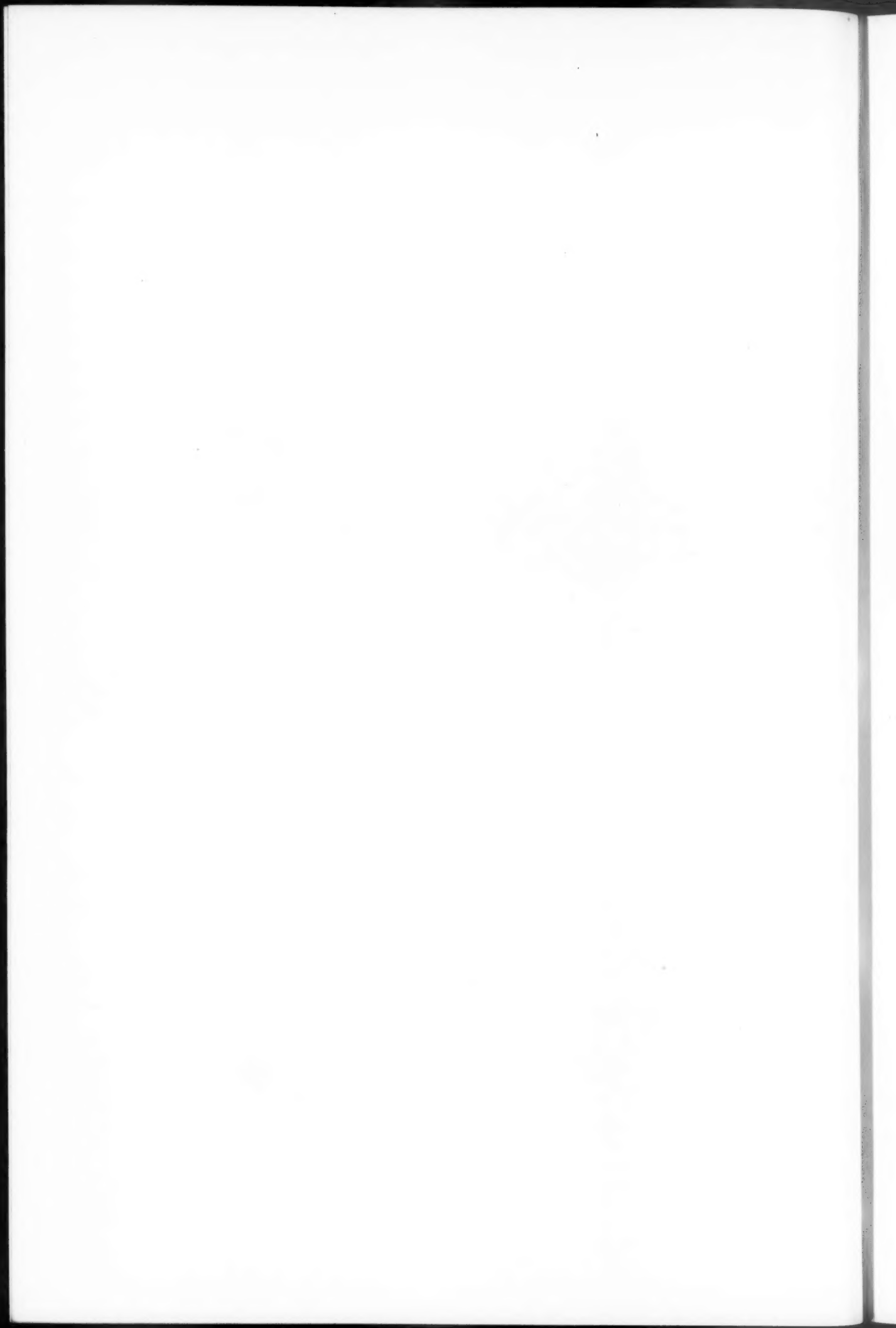
In addition to these he has of late completed a fine Late Renaissance red brick mansion, near Pangbourne, for the late Mr. Donaldson, and a highly important design, a large building for the Eastern Telegraph Company, is about to come into being in Finsbury. Peculiarly welcome from one who practises in these methods is his scholarly work on the "Later Renaissance," written in collaboration with Mr. Mervyn Macartney, and recently completed.

Mr. Belcher's other public works now in progress, are the Cambridge Guildhall and the Colchester Town Hall.



From a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

MR. JOHN BELCHER, F.R.I.B.A.
THE NEW ASSOCIATE OF THE
ROYAL ACADEMY.





HEAD OF WEST BOW, EDINBURGH.

THE TALL HOUSE: WRITTEN BY A. G. HYDE: ILLUSTRATED BY SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

HISTORY repeats itself in more ways than one. In most things we have diverged considerably from the practices of our ancestors; but in one particular at least we are returning to them, viz., in the building of many-storied houses in our larger towns.

The prototype of the modern "sky-scraper" may be seen in many of the older cities and towns of the country, but especially in those of the Continent. One, and perhaps the chief, reason for its existence was simple enough: towns were mostly walled, and space was precious. Hence, the narrow street of the mediaeval town and its lofty buildings, squeezed closely together, and projecting storey over storey like inverted steps. This latter peculiarity is one of the marvels of the old civic architecture, some of the houses—especially the corner ones—standing on bases so small as to suggest the balanced egg of Columbus.

The "tall house" of the modern city is also an attempt to economise space, though the necessity for doing so has arisen from other causes. It is the outcome of that "swarming of men," which, with good reason, seriously exercises the brain of the modern social economist. What shall we do with multiplying humanity in the large centres? The problem is always perplexing, in some of its

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ADVOCATES CLOSE, HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH.

aspects almost appalling, but also full of interest. The answer, so far as mere physical distribution is concerned, is usually furnished by the practical builder, who presents two alternatives: "We may spread them out thin," he says, "or we may pack them over each other's heads." Both solutions have their advantages and defects, and necessarily neither one is final.

The spreading-out process began even before the need for town walls had ceased. It is the one most familiar to the modern Anglo-Saxon—especially the Anglo-Saxon of the suburbs, himself now a mighty host—and is undoubtedly the more rational of the two modes of human lodgment. More people by this arrangement may possess separate houses, in fee simple or complex, as the case may be, and sit, metaphorically speaking, under their own vine and fig tree. But the advantages of the small house and garden system, great as they undoubtedly are, are beginning to be dearly paid for, especially in the larger cities, where it leads to enormous surface expansion and interminable distances. In this respect, London points the most forcible moral, though New York and the

other large cities of England and America inevitably show the same phenomenon.

If it were profitable, one might moralise on these things. The desire for a country life is by no means extinct, and few spectacles are more instructive and pathetic than the efforts of townsmen to combine its pleasures with the daily exercise of their callings. They secure a snug retreat in a green dell, with a sufficient number of miles, as they think, interposed between it and the enemy. But one morning the enemy, a solid battalion of bricks, appears on the neighbouring hill, and presently descends upon the happy haven. It may sometimes be diverted at great expense by a public park; but, like streams of lava, or locusts, or red ants, it cannot be stopped, and the victim must (literally) seek "fresh woods and pastures new."

The heaping-up method, which the tall house represents, comes as a check, if only a temporary one, to this inordinate spreading out. It is plain that if people can be packed in layers to almost any depth, they will not occupy so much surface space; and, although the system is objected to on many grounds, it has several advantages. For one thing, a larger part of the population may live near the centres of business, labour, and interest; and the mere fact of this centralisation is important. One of the most difficult problems of the modern city—speaking of merely mechanical problems—is the question of human conveyance: how to move people from one point to another with safety, comfort, and speed, and also with cheapness. The perfect motor, whether for tram-car, omnibus, cab, or metropolitan railway (underground or mid-air), has not yet been devised, and the hindrances to urban travel grow with every added mile. On the other hand, the "lift" has been brought to a high degree of efficiency, and people can be projected into apartments some hundreds of feet above the earth with greater ease than they can be carried to a distant suburb by the common modes of traction. The lift is an essential factor in the tall house—the engine, indeed, which brought it into existence—man not being a climbing animal, and, on the average, hardly equal to the ascent of more than four or five storeys.



"POSTAL TELEGRAPH BUILDING,"
NEW YORK.

Among other advantages of the hive system is, or should be, a greater amount of creature comfort for each individual than would be possible in separate houses, except in occasional instances. The modern residential mansion—of ten or twelve storeys in this country, and fifteen to twenty or more in America—has taken a good many years to develop, and should afford the quintessence of refined luxury in living. The "flatter," who is the modern cave dweller, should, unlike the ancient one, enjoy the perfection of domiciliary arrangements. If he does not, science, mechanics, and organisation are in vain. Once hoisted into the upper galleries of his cavern, by the usual hydraulic machinery, he and his household might defy the greater part of the ills and irritations of life. "The penalty of Adam" is, of course, inevitable, but they should not feel "the seasons' difference" to any extent, as winter and summer could be tempered to some delicious mildness resembling the climate of Southern France. Their cooking ought to be superlative—at least in establishments where *table d'hôte* prevails. Fog and smoke should be wholly excluded, and the noises of the outer world come to them only as a softened echo. Electricity should supply the light, as in most cases it does, besides being used in other of its many applications. Perfect ventilation, sanitation, and general service, with the greatest possible security from fire and thieves, ought to be their portion here if anywhere.

Of course, the model lodging-house of many floors is not expected to afford all these luxuries; but here comparison should be made with the small tenement or rookery it is designed to supersede.

One of the strongest objections to the hive system, whatever form it may take, is the extreme artificiality of the life. Artificial it needs must be, from the conditions which have given rise to it; but man is by nature artificial, and has a strange gift for living in mines, on boats, and in other unpropitious places. Doubtless, if compelled to adopt the existence on a large scale, he will do so with his usual facility; and as the result a new social order will be developed, with its own moral, mental, and physical characteristics. Presumably, there will be differences of rank, according to the



ST. PAUL BUILDING, NEW YORK.

position of the particular hive inhabited, and also the distance of the suite above the pavement. Whether the mean of height will form the apex of respectability, as in former times, remains to be seen. In old Edinburgh, for instance, it was common to find mansions with a bootmaker in the basement, a judge on the first or second floor, and a tailor in the attic; but the denizen of the modern tall house seems chiefly to favour the upper storeys. As to the peculiarities mentioned, perhaps the future tense should not be used, the system having been some time in vogue, and the "flatter" (it is said) already differentiated from his fellow-men. The new citizen, according to certain journals—for the most part religious—is elusive, irresponsible, and unsatisfactory; but an unfavourable verdict at this date should not be pronounced upon him. It is quite probable, however, that the existing social machinery—municipal, political, parochial, &c.—will need readjustment, to meet the requirements of his particular case.

On other grounds, there are strong objections to the too wide prevalence of very tall houses. In this northern land, at least, it is difficult to see how

they can be built over large areas without greatly darkening the streets, unless these are considerably widened, which is hardly to be thought of. A London thoroughfare, indeed, in a district given over to "sky-scapers" would be like the bottom of the Grand Canon of the Colorado, "where dawning day doth never peep," as in Spencer's "House of Morpheus." Then there is the problem, not of mere interior ventilation, but of the total supply of fresh air for the multitude. And there are also the contingencies of fires and earthquakes, dangers which have been emphasised by events not very long past.

To consider the subject from the point of art would be superfluous if art were not concerned with things that closely and vitally affect us all. Architectural beauty, or at least fitness, is one of these; and it is, therefore, extremely undesirable that we should be visited with a plague of enormous houses if they are to be ugly as well as huge. "Monstrous erections," "hide-

ous structures," etc., are among the pleasant phrases which have been heaped upon them by critics, mostly by these of America, where the new order had its source. Do these remarkable houses and their authors—the up-to-date architect and the modern practical builder—deserve this lavish opprobrium? The answer must be that in some cases they do, and in some they do not. In a few instances, both in London and New York (and doubtless in other cities), these great buildings may rank as artistic creations; in many others they are distinctly otherwise; but if they do not,

as a rule, possess the picturesque qualities of their predecessors—the mediaeval town mansions—the age, which is primarily one of science and mechanics, not of art, is perhaps chiefly to blame.

One effect observed in cities which have been given up largely to the mania for height, has little to do with the architectural qualities of the structures themselves. This is the more or less complete submergence of their chief public buildings below the horizon of lofty roofs. In the days when ordinary buildings were of moderate height—a

moderation perhaps due to the force of gravity and the weakness of human legs as much as to anything else—artists, travellers, and sightseers were fond of general views and the features belonging to them. "Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples," as in Wordsworth's famous sonnet, were the salient objects in any comprehensive view of a large city or town. They used to sketch them, paint them, and describe them; but we are



AMERICAN SURETY BUILDING, AND
BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

changing all that, and "flats, tenements, offices, and factory chimneys" will soon be the true rendering. New York presents the great object lesson in this respect, her cloud-capped wonders in merchants' and other palaces having (in the lower part of the city, at least) completely hidden from view all she once possessed of what may be called general public architecture. It might be suggested that the public buildings of Lower New York were so few and insignificant that their submergence did not greatly matter.

The moral of the tall house is that it may be

useful up to a certain point. Possibly in this country—in London, for example—it has been rendered necessary by the great press of human kind, as, by its introduction, our cities may be made to hold more, cubically speaking, than before. But its too great prevalence is not desirable on almost every ground, and its growth should be carefully watched lest it become a "tall bully" in another sense than the phrase meant when applied to London's famous monument.

BARNABY HOUSE, LUDLOW: WRITTEN BY OLIVER BAKER.

A VERY interesting old building at Ludlow has recently passed into the possession of the Governors of the ancient Grammar School there, which it closely adjoins. Though not of great size or striking character externally, it has features which, apart from its very unusual history, make it well worth the most careful preservation. Originally, it is said, on the authority of the learned antiquary Thomas Wright, to have been a place of rest for the pilgrims who passed in large numbers through Ludlow on their way to the celebrated Well of St. Winifred, at Holywell, in Flintshire. It has since been used as a silk mill, and, later still, was divided into tenements, and inhabited by cottagers. For the last six years, however, it has been, with the exception of a small piece of one end, entirely deserted and neglected, and, if not speedily rescued, must soon lapse into ruin.

The original building was a hall of considerable size, being 70ft. in length, 18ft. in width, and externally 18ft. high to the wall plates. The walls are of the native grey stone, 3ft. thick, and it stands parallel to the ancient town wall of Ludlow, from which it is only divided by a narrow lane. On that side there are no ancient apertures except a tall and narrow doorway with a thirteenth century shouldered head (now bricked up) high up in the wall, the rest of the doors and windows being plain eighteenth century square or rectangular holes.

On the garden side it has a huge stone chimney breaking the line of its east wall, and high up, near the chimney, is a small pointed window of thirteenth century character bricked up. Near it a small projection is carried on two stone corbels, and may have been a fireplace, added when floors were put in, and the open hall divided into storeys. There are several ancient doorways on this side, one of them with a shoulder-headed arch of the thirteenth century, and one of later date with a wide splay of red sandstone blocks, is very tall, and seems to have been a door and window in one. The roof is of the fourteenth cen-

tury, more ancient than any in Ludlow, and, perhaps, the finest feature of the building, as it has a series of seven massive principals supporting heavy purlins and rafters, and between the purlins the spaces are enriched with cusped wind-braces. It is difficult to convey an impression of the real character of the roof in any written description. The ornamental effect of the cusped wind-braces is lost under the present divided-up condition of the building, except when seen from below looking vertically into it. There appears to have been a subordinate building to the north, as there is an ancient doorway at that end.

The old stone tiles still remain on the roof, but they have been allowed to get into such a bad state that the rain pours through innumerable holes, and unless speedily repaired, the roof timbers—at present wonderfully sound—must rapidly decay.

It is very much to be hoped that the new owners of this most interesting relic will be enlightened enough to repair it without delay, as another winter would wreak irreparable mischief. One would think that in a town like Ludlow, whose ancient buildings are its chief charm and attraction, the funds for preserving one of them would readily be forthcoming, and if a few pounds were immediately spent in making the roof water-tight the future of this old hall—once so famous as Barnaby House—and the uses to which it shall eventually be put, as an adjunct to the Grammar School or otherwise, might be discussed at leisure.

Two things, in any case, should be remembered. Firstly, that if the building is either removed or allowed to fall a prey to the ruin which, if not arrested, must soon overtake it, it will be a distinct loss to the town, especially in the view as seen across the river from the public walks on Whitcliff; and secondly, that if it is to be "restored" into a new building, it might as well be left to depart more slowly by decay.

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE ENGLISH ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

IN the December number of *Die Kunst*, a monthly illustrated magazine, published in Munich, is an article on the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, held last autumn, which is interesting as exhibiting the way the Germans (so far as *Die Kunst* is entitled to speak for them) view the movement and judge the *raison d'être* of the Society.

The bold and gifted writer, with a daring that speaks much for his enthusiasm for Art, ventured across the uneasy Channel, and plunging into the smoke-laden gloom and fog of our city, strode up

to the New Gallery to see our "novelties"—what was being worn this autumn, what was selling best, what was for the moment in fashion. In this mood—so I read his article—he surveyed our Gallery, and then sat down to write out his disappointment. In this exhibition over the last he sees no advance; we are merely standing still, and "to mark time" in these hurrying days of international progress "is to fall back." You cannot afford to stand still, he cries; in the revival of art some twenty years ago England led off alone, but the other nations are creeping up to her, touching her, and will soon surpass her. He flings himself against the dead wall of our imperturbable national self conceit. This sublime insularity of yours, he threatens, means cretinism and goitrous art. So exclusive are you that there is not a single foreign exhibit in all your gallery. You are a small clique that act and react on each other; your "cult" is the rude and uncultivated, and your progeny in consequence uncouth lunatics.

Except for the metal work, jewellery, and enamels he has little to say, beyond disapprobation, for any of the exhibits. One is startled to find the President handled by this "superior person" in very lofty fashion, and written down in terms uncompromising. Other well-known names come in for similar sweeping treatment, and—one must admit—from his point of view they severely want it.

The works of William Morris obtain a different recognition. Morris is dead. His fame established and European, and one may safely "praise the works of Pietro Perugino."

How others see us, 'tis interesting to learn, and often a something to profit by. In this case the whole conception is from so unsympathetic and, in consequence, so ignorant a point of view, that the critic's conclusions seem to us perversely wrong in their ingenuity. If the Arts and Crafts Society is indeed an exhibition society which depends for its existence on the plenishment of its coffers by the production of surprising novelties—then it has yet much to learn. If its mission is to construct originalities, regardless of material and of labour—it must reform itself. If its existence is based on its power of piqueing the jaded appetite of the man in the street, it must discover new stimulants and of ever increasing piquancy. If—but those have never been its aims.

The society is an expression, in outward form, of a belief that the true basis of Art lies in the handicrafts; that those whose hands make these things that should be works of art must all be artists; the only real help for the decorative arts must come from those who work in them; nor must they be led, they must lead.

Art is the medium by which man speaks to his

fellow man. The quality of the message is the measure of the Art. There is good Art and bad Art, and all the innumerable intermediate shades. There is good Art ill-expressed, and bad Art cleverly set forth. We cannot be without Art, though by machine-made goods we approximate to the inane. Every piece of work that a man does he leaves upon it some human touch, some expression of himself. And his feeling touches us; and touches us in varying degree, according as we are practised in the labour in question, according to our powers of observation and sympathy, according to the sincerity of our aims in this world. If a man is uninterested in his work and does tired stuff, the thing when done will bore us. Consciously or unconsciously, as soon as the novelty of the acquisition is over we shall weary of the product, and the weight of its weariness will oppress us. On the other hand, if a man has a bit of work to do in which he can take a pride, his pleasure animates and inspires his hand, and his work diffuses the sentiments that cheered him at his labour. Consciously or unconsciously, his work is a gratification to us, with the added reflection that a work that was a pleasure to do, is sure to be honestly and thoroughly done, whilst the distasteful work runs a risk of being scamped. But delight is not always innocent, nor, unless it be fairly simple, can it appeal to a large variety of audience. There is the delight of virtuosity which only his fellow craftsmen can fully appreciate, not a very admirable sensation; but at this moment, when specialism is carried to such a pitch that any excellence must mean a high pitch of dexterity, very considerably prized. But Art, if it is to be a living Art, must have a wider basis than the recognition of virtuosi, connoisseurs, and dilettanti. Art should be widespread and popular. That this is felt to be the case, is shown by the desire of all manufacturers to ornament their productions. Even the things turned out by machinery are invested with what goes by the name of decoration. Blind, futile, and wearisome as it generally is, it is at least a tribute to the sense that some sort of grace should be there. But this application of ornament from above, that is from the artists and authorities who no longer have their hands on the material, can never lead to any profitable development. Art must grow from the material under the hand of the worker, if any real progress is to be made. Hence the "trying back" that offends the German critic. But this primitiveness ("Archaismus," he calls it) and simpleness ("Unkultur") are inevitable, in a revival of a state of affairs that has been squeezed virtually out of existence for now a long time. At first, to the public, the idea itself was novel, and the products of the idea even more so; but obviously this pitch of strangeness neither can

nor ought to be maintained. It is a proof of the healthiness of the society and of the work collected and shown in the New Gallery that one can say that there were this year no sensational attempts at eye-capture, no laboriously elaborate inanities which compel the attention by their diabolic cleverness—the standard of excellence of the exhibition as a whole was considerably higher than any of the previous ones.

Our German friend fails to recognise this steady, quiet progress; to him the sober conquest of material, done in obedience to principles and with that singular imperturbable reserve characteristic of the Englishman is no advance at all, but the costly outcome of our insular arrogance and conceit.

Viewing the "Archaismus" as a mere fad—in Morris as no doubt inherent, but regrettable, since it warped his breadth as an artist and narrowed his power—and in his successors as a mere affectation—he is irritated that now the brains are out the thing persists in pretending to live. "Time was . . . the man would die." He does not see that this appearance of mediaevalism, of primitiveness, is due to the fact that the craftsmen of to-day are working under similar conditions, as regards their materials, to the craftsmen of the Middle Ages. Morris set himself to know by actual touch, and thoroughly, each craft that he took up. Whatever tradition there was extant, with that he acquainted himself; and what could be learnt of tradition that once was from pictures and books, that he learnt. He so steeped his mind in the literature and art of the Middle Ages that his verse and his fancy took a mediaeval cast, but his hands remained Morris and nineteenth century. Except in their obvious knowledge of the possibilities and limitations of their material, his designs could not possibly be mistaken for mediaeval designs, and for a man who was so deeply versed in the lore of those times there is surprisingly little antiquarianism. Kinship with it there is, of course, because the designs were begotten under like conditions, but Morris's work, in every branch, is surprisingly original. The doctrine that the maker of the work of art should also be the designer gets its illustration in the room devoted to Morris's work. The closer his hand is to the materials, the more spirited and more feeling is the result. His illuminated manuscripts show him most himself; next come his printed books, which are almost autographs; then the stuffs woven under his own eye from the threads dyed by his own hand, and then, lastly, the wall papers, printed most loyally by other hands in materials of which he had no practical knowledge of the ingredients, in a shop other than his own. There is here no reproach implied; the bulk of the work that has to be done in the world has to be done by several hands and those not the

designer's, but the fact being that the nearer the hand to the material the superior the result, is an universal axiom, true in the minor arts as well as in the greater, it behoves us to recognise this in our lives, to encourage the manufacture of articles by individual craftsmen as much as possible, and to discourage the manufacture of anything like imitations of such work performed by different means, limiting ourselves in the purchase of such goods (made by machinery and the sub-division of labour, &c.) to such articles as are absolutely necessary.

The fusing of Germany into a single nation—the great material expansion of the people—has brought about many ferments; a new and hitherto unexperienced restlessness, and the Fatherland as yet has not found itself. In the matter of the Decorative Arts, it is felt that there is a great deal of leeway to be overtaken, and a sort of blind scramble has been the result. The Germans have not the Englishman's reserve and fear of extravagance, nor his craving for definite form. Their work (to roughly and not very adequately summarise them) is unrestrained, exuberant; they make short work of styles; they blend the conventional and the natural apparently without a pang; they spin long webs of stravaigling lines and whisk them into a tangle; they affect shapes that are mysterious and formless; there is what the moral Englishman would call a want of principle in their proceeding—a want of some definite aim that shall in the end crown their endeavours. Work devoid of seriousness can have no permanence. The tastes that it appeals to are the temporary superficial feelings of the moment, the whims and fancies of the age—it strikes no deeper chord. On the underlying passions that are common to human nature in all ages it makes no claims beyond that of honest intention and honest workmanship.

The worship of Art—fine Art, high Art, Art with a capital A—is one of the grimmest bits of tragedy of our day. We go about the affair with malice prepense; deliberately and self-consciously we propose to coerce her to come and set up her abiding place beneath our roof. We fill our houses with innumerable objects presumably pleasurable to her; we spend our wealth in crowding ourselves out of our own homes, our leisure in the incessant toil of their maintenance, our repose in anxiety and comparison. Room after room, heaped up with costly treasures, serve as avenue to the locked shrine which terminates the vista, behind which Art herself should be. *Is she?* We dare not put the key in the lock.

And for this end the wheels of the world go ceaselessly round with human groans in the roar of them; the toil that is spent in producing these undesirable accumulations is worse than

wasted; the heavy cloddishness of this apparatus for constructing an uncalled-for supply, stamps out the individual craftsman and still lingering crafts. It has a different standard of excellence—opposed to and destructive of the old traditional one handed down from father to son, master to apprentice, since the days of the Tudors. It has new methods, and they are not the outcome of varied trial and long experience; the element of time plays a different part in the product; the pride of responsibility has gone, and with it the pleasure of labour. There is no securer way of banishing Art than to misuse labour.

Open not the door of the shrine!—there is no Art there, there never was—and the blood will ooze out and make a mess, and perhaps a stain not to be rubbed out from our memories—the blood of the patient joyless worker crushed and torn by the wheels of this inexplicable apparatus. Inexplicable—for why should such a purposeless tyranny be allowed to be imposed upon us? Our German critic seems farther from the answer than we are: the tragedy behind the locked door is one of the sensations the World has chosen to provide itself with, and it must take the consequences—and his function is to appraise it on its own terms and without protest, since what emotions are there to appeal to, that shall make protest other than vain and a mark for the ribald to jeer at? What Art may be (I fancy I hear him say) we do not know or cannot agree upon a definition, but we can talk *about* it.

H. R.

CHISEL, PEN AND POIGNARD.*

"IT would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that as a goldsmith he stands unrivalled. Yet even in saying this it is well to be temperate, for he lived in an age of great metal-workers. The so-called 'Jane Seymour's Cup,' by the painter Hans Holbein, who was almost of the same age, is a proof near home that Cellini was not alone as a maker of fine plate. Some of the work of a similar kind by W. Fannitzer, of Nuremburg, at the same period is very beautiful, and as a maker of fine armour, an art of which he was very proud, he had rivals amongst the Milanese."

An artist's library from a book-cover's point of view is usually one of the raggedest sights in the world, but amongst the few he possesses the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, translated by the late John Addington Symonds, should be conspicuous.

* "Chisel, Pen and Poignard; or, Benvenuto Cellini, his Times and his Contemporaries." By the author of "Kenelm Digby," &c. Longmans, Green and Co. London. 1899.

As book openeth book, so happens it often that the reader of one becomes the reader of many, and, given a choice, there is none more likely to please than the latest on this particular subject. "This I take to be one of his devilish lies" says the author in praise of his hero.

The title "Chisel, Pen, and Poignard" is expressive if somewhat cumbrous, the writer intending, no doubt, to convey the idea that Cellini was happy with any or either, like the amorous man in the song. "One of the reasons sometimes assigned for the superiority of ancient over modern art is that in our own days of hurry-scurry artists, like other men, attempt too many things, but the history of Benvenuto Cellini is far from supporting the theory." Sculptor, author, goldsmith, gunsmith, enamellist, engineer, swordsman, sportsman, bronze-caster, poetaster, and performer on the cornet-à-pistons. Since such a man *must* be doing, the question to be decided is not what he should have done, but how much of the whole shall be praised.

So long as a really good book is recommended by one not entirely new to the matter neither author nor reader is likely to care a great deal about how the column is filled. The author, a Roman Catholic, would have us remember, and, therefore reminds us sometimes that, as Cellini had no morals to speak of, it would be rather like tilting at windmills to talk very gravely about them. In quality and quantity the same, with hardly a difference, as those possessed by men of his temperament in the same period, they are merely phenomenal and not reprehensible.

The translation of Cellini's *Trattato* by Mr. Ashbee is as expensive as it is desirable, and we are glad that the author of this little book has extracted from it Cellini's account of the derivation of engraving applied to pictorial purposes from the Niello work of the goldsmiths.

The story is old, but not everyone knows what Niello is, and even I, until I read this, could not have explained the connection so clearly.

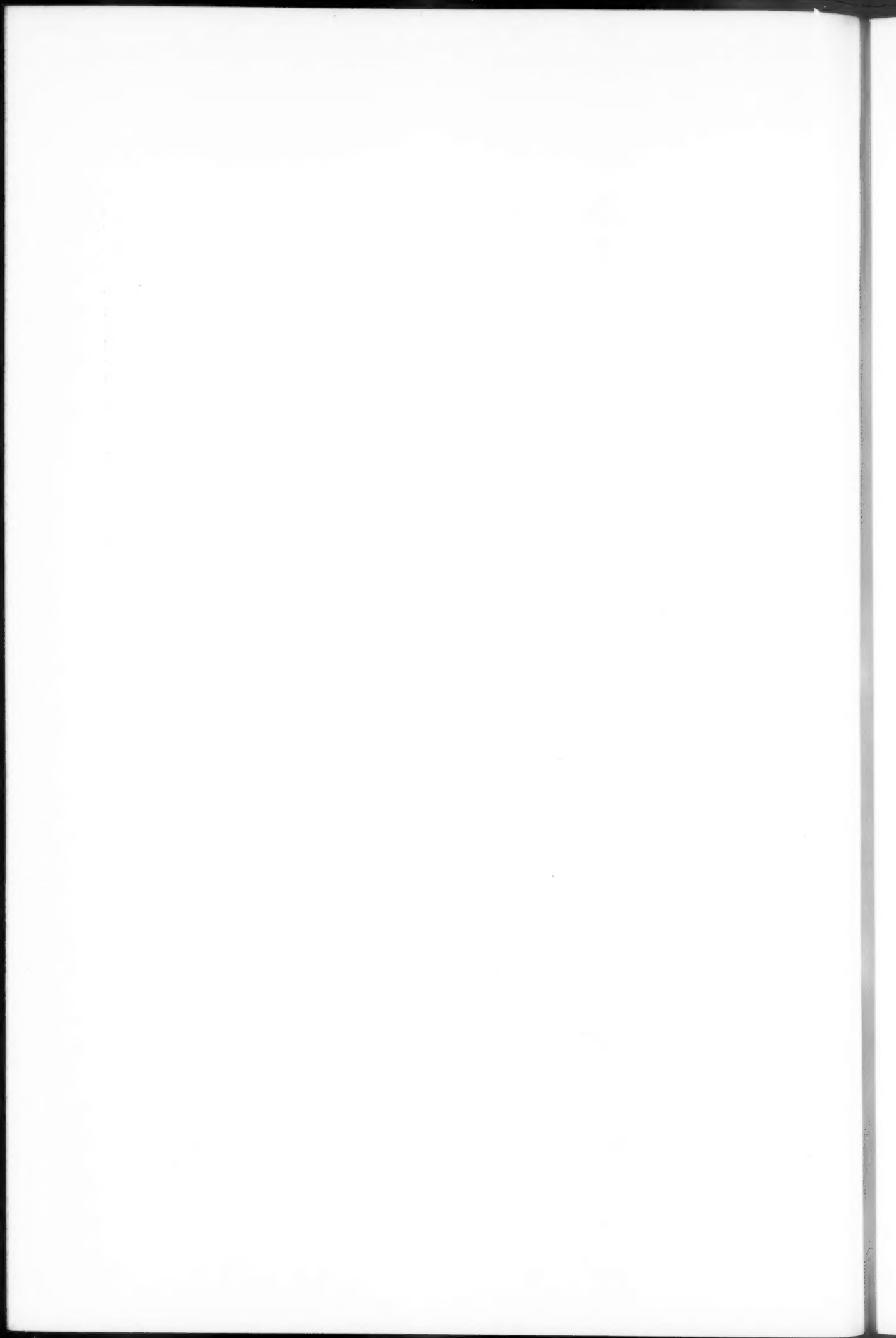
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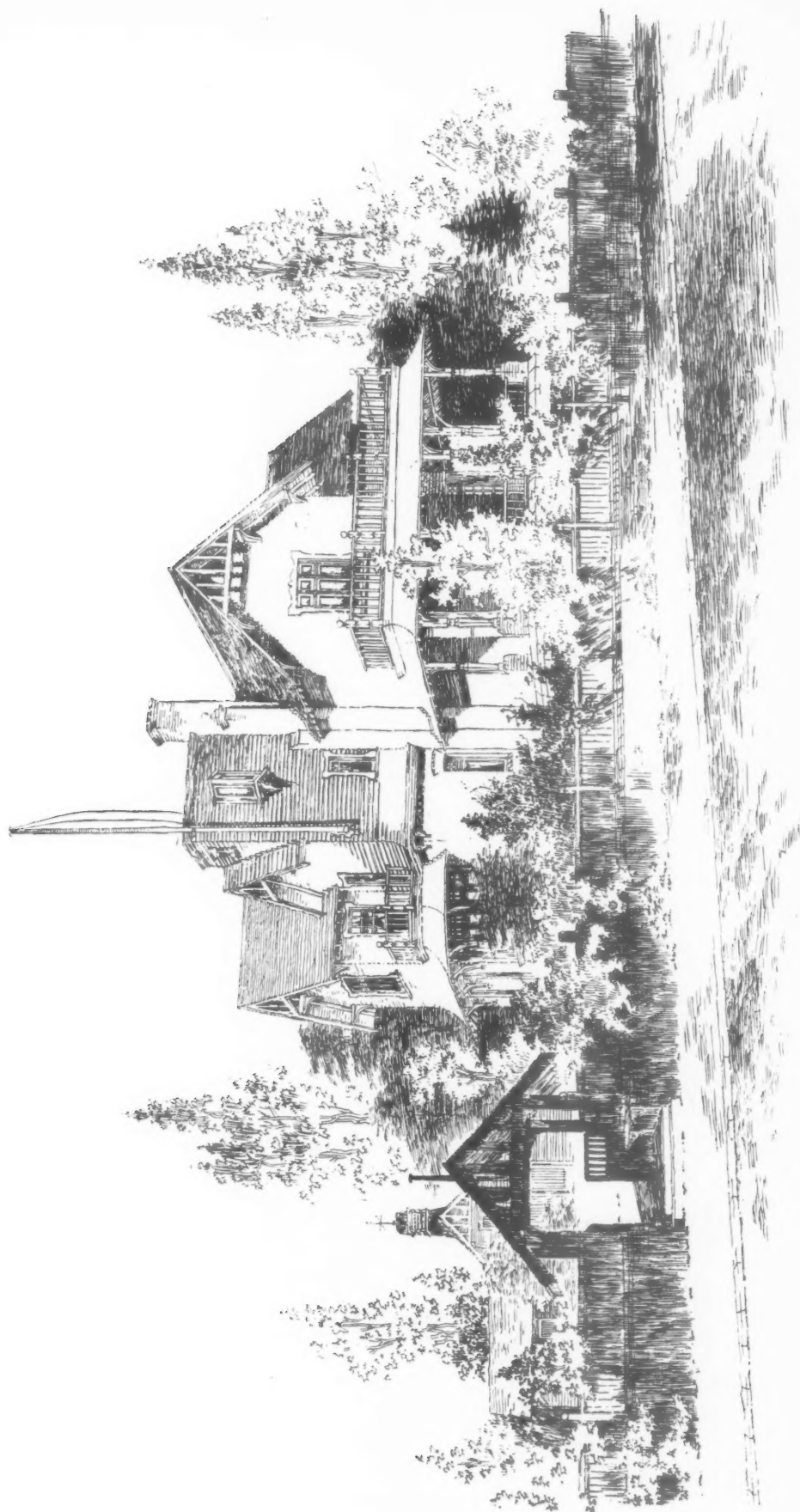
CURRENT ARCHITECTURE.

THE shop front by Messrs. W. G. and A. J. Penty, at York, is an interesting solution of a difficult problem. Its designers have safely steered between the impracticable and the pretentious, and their work is of just proportion and interesting detail. The general design seems thoroughly suitable with its strongly marked cornice and deep set windows, and the marble window sills are one among several evidences that care and thought have been expended on the details.



FISH AND GAME DEALER'S SHOP,
FEASEGATE, YORK: W. G. AND A. J.
PENTY, ARCHITECTS.

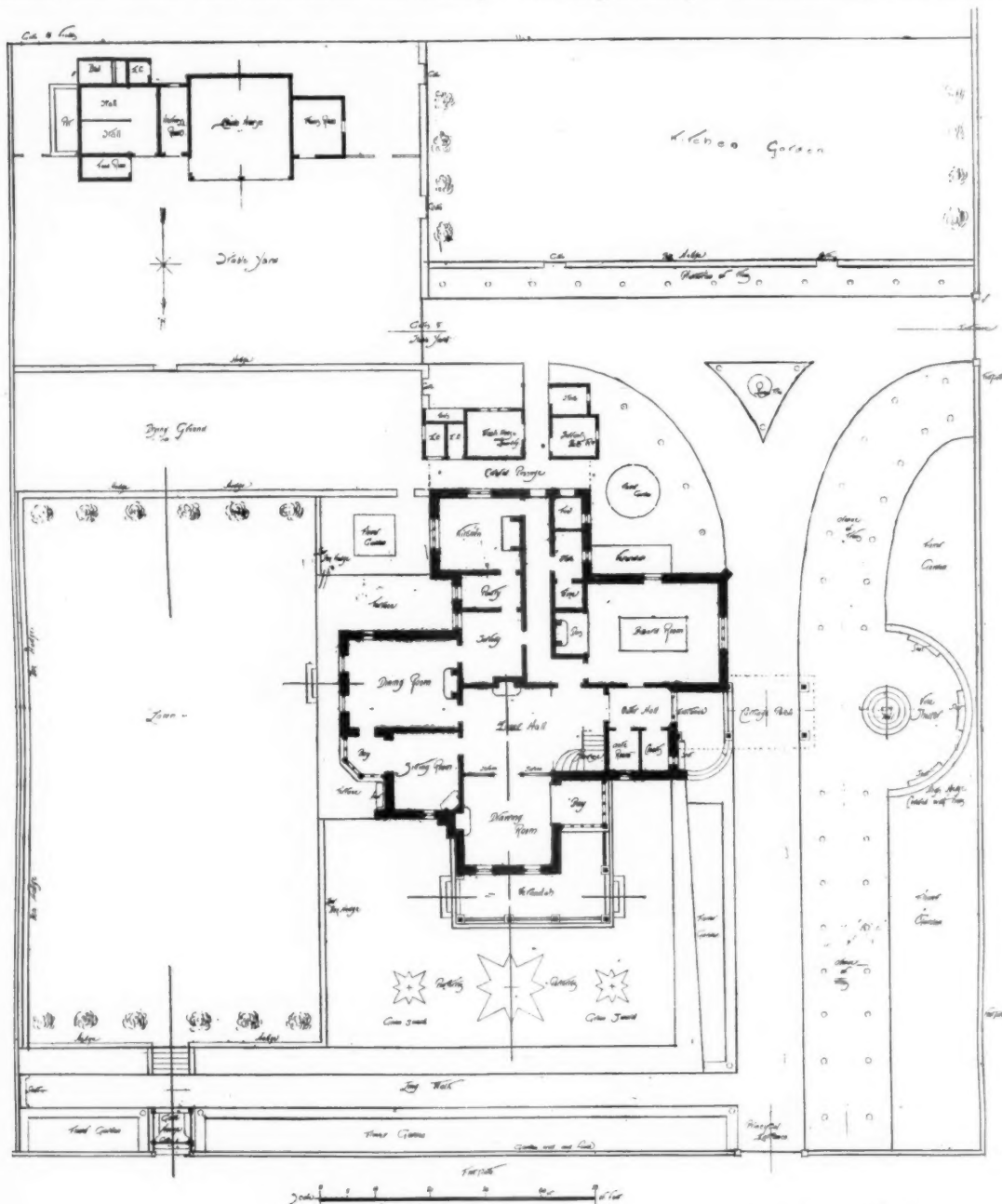




A HOUSE AT STRATHFIELD,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.: C. SYDNEY
JONES, ARCHITECT.

The broad frieze binding the whole front together gives sufficient height and importance to the ground story, while it suggests the great girders behind, and avoids that low-browed and retiring

lintel. In these days of short leases a movable name-board might be more suitable than a structural inscription; and certainly the modesty of the lettering is hardly in accordance with the advertis-



PLAN OF HOUSE AT STRATHFIELD, SYDNEY, N.S.W.:
C. SYDNEY JONES, ARCHITECT.

effect which characterises the eighteenth century type of shop, but is not in harmony with present day wants.

It is questionable, however, whether the name of the tenant ought to have been carved upon the

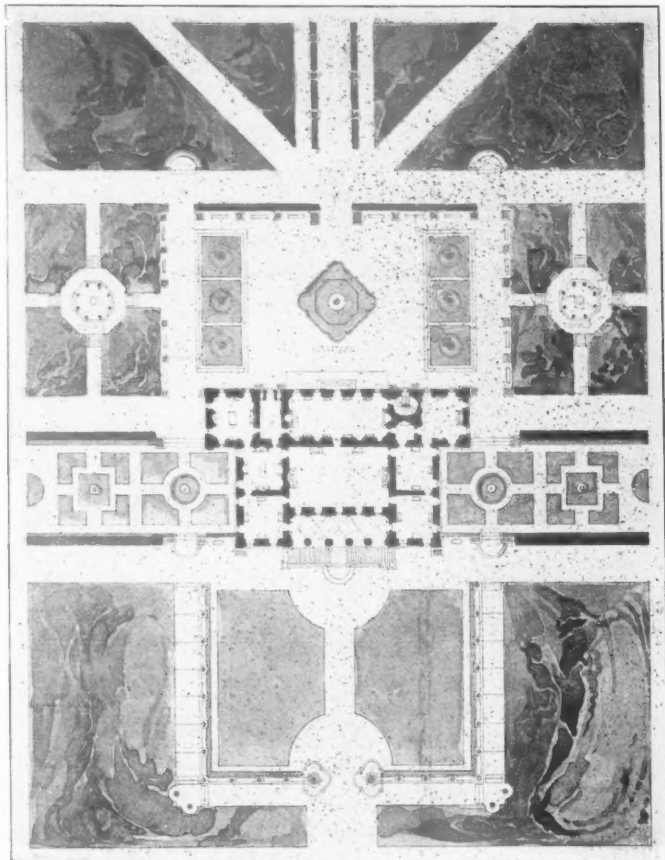
ing propensities of the *fin de siècle* tradesman, who is more than likely to set up his name in large gold letters, and ruin the whole effect. The broad, low, sash windows look as if they would be likely to "jam" in time, and, owing to the narrow

thoroughfare, one assumes no sun-blinds were necessary, or these should have been made an integral part of the design. But it is altogether pleasing to see thought and originality expended upon what would, a few years ago, have been treated in the inconvenient fashion of a bygone age, or else abandoned in despair to the tender mercies of the sign writer and the gilder.

The house at Strathfield, Sydney, N.S.W., of which we give a perspective and plan, is certainly typical of the colonies in its balconies and verandahs. The plan, judged by the home standard, is fairly well thought out, but the architect might have planned the pantry on the west side of the passage, with the kitchen next to the servery, and fuel room and store on the south side of the kitchen. At present this is rather far from the dining-room, and it is hardly desirable for the pantry to open direct into the kitchen. Exception might also be taken to the unnecessary door between the dining and sitting rooms, which is likely to create draughts. The glazed screen between the drawing-room and the main hall would seem to indicate that the latter is not top-lighted, and, as borrowed lights are generally ineffective, this hall is probably very dark. This might easily have been obviated by a slight rearrangement of this corner of the building. The perspective at first sight shows a somewhat pleasing exterior, much of its strength being gained by the tower-like structure at the north-east corner, beside which the chimney-stack appears as a kind of turret. This is quite marred by hanging on to it a flagstaff, a gable end, and one of the abominable windows which are sometimes seen in English halls as a glazed niche for a flower-pot. The addition of a lych-gate, so long the prerogative of the churchyard, is an anomaly, but it seems to be intended to shelter the passing wayfarer. The addition to it of another flag-staff is inexcusable.

A VILLA ON THE RIVIERA—THE COMPETITION WILL BE CARRIED OUT. DETAILS AND PARTICULARS OF THE REQUIREMENTS.

MANY of our readers have enquired as to the announcements we made relative to this competition. The Riviera owes much of its popularity to the English and American residents and visitors who



PLAN OF THE VILLA BORGHESI.

spend the winter in its sunshine; but as a result of the recent regrettable display of anti-English feeling many people have decided to spend their winter elsewhere, and many of the villas are closed. Sir William Ingram having purchased a site, proposed to erect a villa thereon this spring, but in view of the irritation, in which he naturally shared, he had almost decided to abandon the idea for the present. Waiving, however, this view, he has decided, in order to prevent disappointment and to keep faith with the readers of the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, that the competition will be carried through as announced.

The proprietors nevertheless wish it to be understood that with the payment of the premiums, their liability in the matter must be considered to be at an end, although they have every reason to believe that as soon as more friendly relations are established between this country and the French people, the design awarded the first premium will be carried out on the site now awaiting building operations.

PARTICULARS AND CONDITIONS.

The cost of villa, complete, is not to exceed £5,000. This does not include the laying out of

garden, but only of the necessary entrance or fore-court.

In character the house is to assimilate as far as possible that of the site—especial attention being given to harmony with the older kinds of buildings in the neighbourhood.

Simplicity of outline and wall surface shall be carefully studied.

It must be remembered that the climate is sunny, and verandahs sheltering the rooms within must be provided on the south-eastern, south-western, and southern sides. These should be treated as an architectural feature, and not as a kind of greenhouse after-thought.

Accommodation should be provided for a fairly spacious entrance hall, with the reception rooms on either side. There should be a *salon* with an inner room, and, if, possible, a smoking room accessible from one or other of these.

The *salle à manger* may be on the opposite side of the hall, conveniently placed for access from the offices.

There should be a hat and cloak lobby, with ample lavatory arrangements for the use of casual guests.

The bedrooms would naturally be on the upper floor, where the best rooms should be given a balcony, which can be shaded by an awning or by a permanent roof.

Similar lavatory accommodation to that specified for the ground floor should be provided on the upper floor, with two bath rooms annexed.

The bath rooms should be arranged to be conveniently reached from the principal bedrooms and dressing rooms.

Accommodation for nine servants required (and an approximate number of bedrooms should be given).

In all other respects the considerations regulating the design and arrangement of an ordinary English house should be followed.

Stables, apart from the house, should be provided for six horses, with rooms for grooms.

Local materials should be used as far as possible.

Designs submitted should include a perspective view, as well as plans and elevations, and must be accompanied by a detailed report.

All drawings should be inked in, and be without colour or wash.

The competition will close on May 31, by which date all drawings must be delivered to the offices of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

The premiums will be awarded for the three selected designs, viz.:

First premium ...	75 guineas.
Second premium ...	25 guineas.
Third premium ...	5 guineas.

[The plan of the Villa Borghesi we publish is given merely as a specimen of the planning of a Roman Villa.—ED.]

OLD COLONIAL HOUSES OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE: BY ALYS FANE TROTTER AND HERBERT BAKER, A.R.I.B.A.,

A BOOK in itself delightful, and peculiarly interesting at the moment, has resulted from the co-operation of artist and architect here. Both one and the other are fortunate, for the latter had not his friend's bicycle, and perhaps not his talent for "spotting" the most picturesque bits of these houses, but he, for his part, has contributed not only plans, drawings, and architectural details, but also an essay upon "The Origin of Cape Architecture," which is felt to be indispensable as soon as it has been read. The architect to whom this is owing "has shown in the modern house of Groote Schuur (the property of the Right Hon. C. J. Rhodes) how perfectly the old Dutch style can be adapted to nineteenth century uses," and his observations on the whole subject will be read with the utmost respect. It is hardly too much to say that he has added a chapter to the older architectural histories, and shown wherein they are lacking. The buildings depicted are embraced by a circle described about Cape Town, and may date from any time after 1650. The resemblances, as might be expected, are marked between these and those already familiar to us in Holland. The style, we may say, is the same with only this difference, that it is more independent and freer. On the façade there is more display of art than elsewhere, and the examples here shown should be studied. The pediment and the gable are set triangular forms, and depending on whether the architect is committed by the nature of his undertaking to one or the other we find him almost wholly concerned with their variants. Of themselves they are not beautiful, but there is pleasure of no common order in noticing how the designer has played with these forms. The style is derived as we said, but the colonist from the beginning had need of buildings in no wise resembling on plan the edifices of the old country. "Neither in the small, low, tiled roofed sheds of the Holland marshes, nor in the *many-storied, narrow-fronted* houses of the cities, is there any exact prototype of the spacious colonial homestead."

We think as we read of the difference between the old colleges and our town flats, but what we remark are structural utilitarian differences. A certain distinction of style is added to both, and the colonial builders or architects clearly had the same inspiration as their forbears in Holland. They were freer to breathe, however, and the impression on visible matter of this same feeling of freedom is what delights us in the designer's rhythmical movements. The whole truth about

decorative art was spoken when the poet Lovelace sang :

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

What must also be perfectly clear are the points of resemblance between these colonial buildings and many of the same date in England, the eastern counties particularly. Mr. Baker gives drawings of gables, the like whereof are not in Holland, he says, and are yet very common on the south-east coast of England in the brick cottages and farm-houses, the building of which is attributed to Flemish refugees. [The author compares these "Three gables from Stellenbosch" with three from the Isle of Thanet, p. 6, figs. E, F, G.] For the purpose of this comparison we may regard Belgium and Holland as one, and in conclusion remark that for a period succeeding the advent of William III. our English domestic architecture was almost as Dutch as that of Cape Town itself. The same "with a difference" always.

E. R.

"Old Colonial Houses of the Cape of Good Hope," illustrated and described by Alys Fane Trotter, with a chapter on the origin of Old Cape Architecture, by Herbert Baker, A.R.I.B.A. London, 1900. B. T. Batsford.

RAPHAEL: BY HENRY STRACHEY.

MR. STRACHEY'S contribution to the "Great Masters" series of handbooks is excellent. It neither claims to be founded on original research, nor attempts to finally solve the problems which have perplexed and divided critics for generations, but it is a quiet and modest piece of work, from which readers will obtain a clear conception of Raphael as man and artist, and an estimate of his work and its effects. As artist, Mr. Strachey ranks Raphael as "the greatest master of composition the world has seen." He belonged to the Umbrian School, which was more in sympathy with the Venetian School, intent on problems of coloured light, than with the Florentine, pre-occupied with the question of form. Inferior to the greatest of the Florentines as draughtsman, he was their superior as colourist, and as that "second to only the greatest Venetians in splendour." "In composition no one has ever approached to within a distance which makes comparison possible." No matter how awkward and irregular the space he had to fill, the composition with which he did so was unerringly beautiful. In the "Camera della Legnatura" he attained his highest in faultlessness of theme and achievement. The causes which resulted in the second Camera's slight inferiority, notwithstanding the perfection of the "Miracle of Bolsena," are interesting, but we have no space to touch either on them or on the interesting and suggestive criticism of Raphael's other work in fresco and on canvas. Mr. Strachey is by no

means blind to the defects and limitations of Raphael's work. He sets forth clearly the charges brought against it, merely urging that since critics, the greatest even, disagree, lesser minds are justified in going their own course. The first two chapters of the book are biographical, and it closes with a chronological list of the work done and a catalogue arranged according to the galleries in which it is contained.

E. M. M.

Great Masters on Painting and Sculpture: Raphael. By Henry Strachey. London, Geo. Bell and Sons.

A MANUAL OF CHURCH DECORATION AND SYMBOLISM: BY THE REV. ERNEST GELDART.

THIS is a book of recipes on the garnishing of churches—a kind of ecclesiastical Mrs. Glasse's cookery book—but without, alas! any phrase in it so humorous as the immortal "first catch your hare." It is stuffed with profound platitudes and easy truisms, many of them probably badly called for and needed; and it claims to be a vade-mecum of taste. By it you, as a clergyman, may learn how to tastefully cope with the deluge of indiscriminately collected greens that are liable to surge in upon you at certain periods of the year. It soon appears, upon reading, that the book is written with a view to keeping order in the kitchen. The batterie of precedents and the snippets of symbolism are to quell and silence opposition, and are collected as a defence for the parson against his congregation. There is not a more fearful wildfowl than your congregation living. Evidently to stand with one's back against the closed door and to forbid, at peril to one's body, the incoming of this tide of vegetables, is not to be thought of. King Canute's position by the seashore was not more helpless; therefore, with the shows of learning, and a flavour, vague and unsubstantial, of something akin in appearance to piety, the rules of church millinery are formulated. The situation is one, really, of tears. Into the hands of these inapt defenders are placed the priceless monuments of our past, and whilst they—or some of them with the Rev. E. Geldart—admit that the custom of littering the church periodically with ropes of green stuff, contraptions of flowers, texts and banners, nailed like split vermin, has no special sanction—"is but a thing of yesterday," "too often ugly, nearly always over-bearing, assertive, noisy, and undisciplined, mischievous"—they still prefer to permit the harm done to the structures of which they are the guardians, and hope to mitigate the effect by making distinctions such as the permissibility of flannel and the impropriety of glazed calico: nails may be driven into plaster, but not into either wood or (wro't) stone. The Rev. G. Geldart permits the applica-

tion of melted gelatine, and not sealing wax, but discountenances the use of Epsom salts as a mode of decoration. The gravity with which the making up of this church *chiffon* is discussed would startle even the correspondents to a dressmakers' periodical. At the very outset in the preface the reader is thus apostrophised: "You have in your hands the fruit of five-and-thirty years of my work in one field of God's fair earth." It is true that, besides lengthy instructions as to how to carefully deface the walls of a church, here are many pages devoted to symbols, emblems, calendars of saints, their heraldry, &c.

"Chapter on chapter did I count,
As a curious traveller counts Stonehenge."

The book is illustrated freely. "The majority of the drawings are original, and are the result of more than thirty years' study of ancient work at home and abroad." "The beautiful frontispiece" is by another hand—a mere piece of shop design, and quite unentitled to such a description.

In the parish of Assesmilk-cum-Worter it will be remembered that the chief fact that stamped the Rev. Hopley Porter (before his fall) as "the mildest curate going" was that he, "in old maids' books, sticks seaweed, yes, *and names it*." It is impossible but that the words and scenery of this ballad come drifting past one's mind as one reads the text and looks at the illustrations of this book. There is such an air of good intention and amiability on every page—all as animated as boiled water. A treatise on church garniture suggests immense possibilities of harm, a book to instruct the wild amateur, to enumerate the times for the unchaining of the florist and the gaol deliveries of the greenhouse, that one feels sincerely relieved to find so little vigour here. We could even guarantee the book to be like the dynamite in R. L. Stevenson's story, "as harmless as toffee; a child might play with it."

H. R.

"A Manual of Church Decoration and Symbolism. By the Rev Ernest Geldart. Oxford and London, A. R. Mowbray and Co., 1899.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

POMPEII: ITS LIFE AND ART: By August Man, translated by Francis W. Kelsey. London: Macmillan and Co. Limited. 25s. (Review next month.)

HISTORY OF GOTHIC ART IN ENGLAND: By Edward S. Prior, M.A., with illustrations by Gerald C. Horsley. London: George Bell and Sons. (Review next month.)

HOME AND GARDEN: By Gertrude Jekyll: Illustrated. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 10s. 6d. (Review next month.)

PLASTERING: PLAIN AND DECORATIVE: By

William Millar. London, 1900: B. T. Batsford. —The success of this book has been so great that a second edition has now been printed. It has been carefully revised and additions made which makes it certainly the most authoritative work on plastering in existence.

WIMBORNE MINSTER AND CHRISTCHURCH PRIORY: A Short History of Their Foundations and Description of Their Buildings: By the Rev. Thomas Perkins. London, 1899: George Bell and Sons.—The title of this book explains the contents. The facts are carefully compiled and put together in a very readable manner. The numerous illustrations are from photographs by the author.

STUDIO SONGS: Written and illustrated by Edmund Ethelston. London: Bickers and Son. 1899.

THE PLUMBER AND SANITARY HOUSES: By S. Stephens Hellyer. London: B. T. Batsford. Sixth edition. 12s. 6d.

MAGAZINES.

LA REVUE DE L'ART: Ancien et Moderne.—The January issue of this excellent magazine contains some capital photogravures, and amongst the articles one of much interest by Leonce Benediti on Puvis de Chavannes.

BERLINER ARCHITEKTURWELT. Berlin: Ernst Wasmuth.

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW. (February.) Boston, U.S.A.: Bates and Guild Co.

THE RELIQUARY AND ILLUSTRATED ARCHAEOLOGIST. (February.) London: Bemrose and Sons Limited.

ARCHITECTURE. New York, Forbes and Co. Vol. I., No. 1. (January, 1900.)—This is a new production, well printed on capital paper with some excellent collotype plates. The literary matter consists almost entirely of current notes.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE ACADEMY.

It is the intention of the Editors to again devote the resources of the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW to the publication of Architectural Drawings exhibited at the Royal Academy, and he begs that intending exhibitors will lend their drawings for a few hours before they are forwarded to Burlington House, so that, in the interests of the Profession generally, as complete a list as possible may be published.

Arrangements have been made so that the drawings can be photographed and returned if necessary within two hours of their delivery at the office.

The Editors will be pleased to undertake the delivery to the Academy of any drawings sent them; in which case the proper labels and forms should accompany them.



WYCH STREET, STRAND.

DRAWN BY F. L. EMANUEL.





THE COLLEGE, EDINBURGH:
ROBERT ADAM, ARCHITECT.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF ROBERT ADAM: BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A : PART ONE.

"Que diable fait-il dans ce galère" may perhaps be the reflection, or exclamation even, of members of the profession as they take up these pages, wondering how it comes to pass that "a mere literary man" should so rashly deal with an architectural subject.

Persons, however, of artistic feeling and instinct can sometimes appreciate that larger expression of art which makes itself understood outside professional technicalities. Apart from this, Robert Adam was a most interesting personality, brilliant and many-sided, with a true dramatic instinct. Such figures attract the eye and irresistibly claim attention, for everything connected with him seems to please. His principles were fixed and thoroughly worked out, and based on the true artistic laws of exact proportion, on grace, disregard of means and method as compared with the object in view, and a perfect unerring feeling of propriety.

Anyone who gives his study and attention to the work of this accomplished man must feel himself drawn and attracted to him. I once conceived the bold and perhaps presumptuous idea of bringing his claim before the members of his own profession, and secured invitations from the leading architectural societies of this kingdom to address them on the subject. I began with the Society of Arts, where I addressed a large audience, among whom were some of the leading London architects, Colonel Edis taking the chair. I provided a vast number of "lantern slides," showing on the screen every description of Adam's work. This exhibition, I could see, produced an effect of wonder and surprise at the grace and versatility of the man. A very interesting discussion followed, in which it was virtually made out that the lecturer had made out the case he came to prove.

After this I began my tour, which was a labour of love, though involving a good deal of trouble and much travelling. I appeared before that interesting body, the Architectural Society of Edinburgh, under the presidency of Mr. Robertson; then successively before those of Birmingham, Manchester, Carlisle, Glasgow, York, Newcastle, and Sheffield. They were most interesting expeditions on which I met pleasing, hospitable people, who did the honours of their town. I noticed, however, an incident which seemed significant, viz., that when the general

public were admitted, the lecture was received with a sort of enthusiasm; the principles seemed to go home to them. Adam's, indeed, is really a popular system, and was intended to be such; it embraced national principles, capable of being set forward in an attractive way.

Quite a number of notable architects have left their mark upon this great city, their mark being so personal and characteristic that you can recognise it wherever you meet it. Such were Wren, Chambers, Soane, and others; but there are two whose work is singularly in evidence among us—Nash, the designer of Regent Street, Waterloo Place, and the many terraces in Regent's Park; and the brothers Adam, or rather Robert Adam, for the latter was the inspiring partner. We owe much to Nash, in spite of his tawdry style, for the brilliant, theatrical air he imparted to what he built; though it is impossible to take him seriously, on account of the poor material in which he worked, which yet has lasted wonderfully well.

But Robert Adam was a true architect and a remarkable one. Unfortunately, his works have been allowed to grow dingy and dilapidated; portions are now being rapidly taken down and removed; but they have an originality and fancy about them that is very pleasing, and which entitles them to more respect and consideration than they have yet received. There are instances of "clever families," most of whose members have distinguished themselves. Talent seems "to run," as it is called, in these favoured races. Few families, however, can exhibit so unvaryingly brilliant a record as does the House of Adam, which was displayed conspicuously in varied professions.

William Adam, of Maryburgh, in Kinross-shire, who may be considered the first ornament of the family, was born in 1689, and became the leading Scotch architect of his day. He built many houses for the nobility—such as Hopetoun House; the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh was also his work. His style was simple, classical, and perhaps conventional. He published a collection of his designs, and died in the year 1748. At Blair Adam he had built himself a house which passed to the eldest of his four sons, John, who became an architect, though little is known of his work. The second son was Robert, the well-known artist-architect. The third was William; and the youngest, James, who was next in ability to Robert. The names of the brothers are associated with the streets of the Adelphi—itself a tribute of fraternal affection of a very striking kind. No architect without this warm family affection would dream of giving this rather awkward Greek name to an important public work.



SCREEN IN FRONT OF THE ADMIRALTY, WHITEHALL.

There was also a daughter, Susannah, who married the famous John Clerk, of Eldin, so distinguished on his scientific gifts and discoveries. James, who died in 1794, two years after his greater brother, was an architect of some distinction, and had the true feeling of his craft. He had a large share in Robert's work—having much the same principles and treatment, so that their portions can scarcely be distinguished.

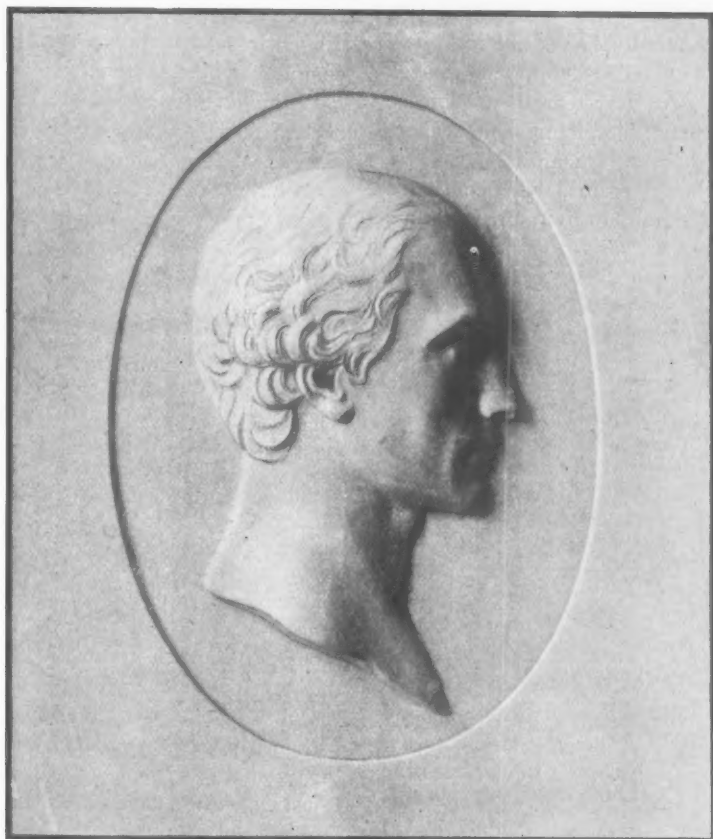
John, the Squire of Blair Adam, had a son, William, born in 1751, who became a very distinguished politician, and was well known in the Pitt and Fox struggles. He was one of the managers of the Warren Hastings trial. He died in 1839. He had four sons, who all achieved distinction and success. One, John, became acting Governor-General of India, and died in 1825. The eldest, Sir Charles Adam, was Admiral and M.P., dying in 1853. The third, William, was banker and treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, and also Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery. The fourth was the well-known Sir Frederick Adam, G.C.B., Lord Commissioner of the Ionian Isles. He died in 1853.

Sir Charles Adam, the Admiral, had a son Patrick, well remembered as an active and useful whip in the Palmerston times. He died so recently as 1881, leaving a son, the present representative, Charles, who was created a baronet in 1882.

William Adam, who was accountant in the Court

of Chancery, is said to have "managed" the various enterprises of the brothers' firm, which is likely enough, and on the death of the two brothers, which occurred within a short time of each other, he wound up the business. It is stated, however, in the *Architectural Dictionary* that the houses at the north-west corner of Whitehall Place are of his design, which is unlikely, for, as we have seen, he belonged to another profession altogether. They are undoubtedly the work of the firm; the staircases have the Adam grace—though somewhat attenuated. It seems to me to belong to what might be called the posthumous Adam work, when his survivors had learned and could fairly imitate the methods of the master. This, as I said, is a very striking record which few families can match, and of which any family might be proud.

Our hero, Robert Adam, who was born at Kirkaldy, was sent to Edinburgh University, whose façade he was later to rebuild, and where he made many friends, among whom were David Hume, Robertson the Historian, Adam Smith, and Adam Fergusson. With the settled purpose of his countrymen and that quiet assured confidence of success, which is, as it is called, "half the battle," he was determined to equip himself with some new and original principles and designs—a system, in short, which should enable him to claim the patronage from the general public which he felt assured was destined to be his. How thoroughly



ROBERT ADAM, ARCHITECT:
FROM AN IVORY MEDALLION
IN THE POSSESSION OF
MR. ADAM, OF BLAIR ADAM.

and successfully he carried out this bold, well-laid plan will be seen.

In the year 1756 he set off on his travels, intending to visit the principal Italian cities and study their familiar "remains." He visited Venice and Naples. At Rome he found many friends. He had come provided with introductions from influential personages, but he could well depend on his own merits.

At this time he seems to have been an interesting, refined young man, well cultured, observant, agreeable, and with an enthusiasm beyond his years. A slight but significant proof of his social attraction is that we find Piranesi, the great etcher and artist, dedicating one of his grand volumes to him.*

By a very original method he determined to seek for the principles of a new system in one of the ancient cities of Dalmatia, the picturesque Spalato, or Spalatro, in which the gigantic palace of Diocletian, with other remains, had continued practically untouched, and in fair preservation. Mr. Jackson, the architect, has written an interesting volume on his own visit: here are found most of the features of the new Adam style, which were barbaric enough, but which he refined. It would take too long to show this.

About the year 1803 one Lavallée visited the city, and gives a very minute and picturesque account of its condition at that time. It seems to have been much built upon. He remarked that the more important buildings were gathered in the very centre of the Palace, and round the most private apartments of the Emperor. Here, close to the Duomo, as it was then called, was the Archbishop's palace, the hotels of the more important personages, the Mayor's house, and many more. The beautiful peristyle, often described, with its arched open colonnades, was still standing, and bore the name of *Piazza di Duomo*. He noted the fine effect as he stood in the centre of the place, and on one side saw through the arches the octagonal temple, and on the other the elegant temple of Esculapius.

Nothing could have been more noble or logical than this disposition of the palace. Our architect gives a minute account of the other arrangements, but these were the most striking. He adds that it is "an instance of that gradation from less to greater of which some connoisseurs are so fond, and which is known by the name of 'Climax.' Thus, the vestibule is larger than the portico, the atrium exceeds the vestibule in size and grandeur of treatment, while the colonnade surpasses all the rest. We may likewise observe a remarkable

diversity of form as well as of dimensions, to which the ancients were particularly attentive."

He took with him a very accomplished artist, Clerisseau, whom he employed at a salary to copy and measure all the buildings and works of art that he thought would be useful for his purposes. Clerisseau was with him not merely at Spalato, but also in Rome and other Italian cities.*

This tour abroad was a long and serious undertaking, for he seems to have been away some four years—from 1754 to 1758. This was a long stretch of time, and, as he was always a hard worker, it seems to prove that he was busy collecting materials, copying and studying diligently with the object of working out a completely new system.

Within a few years after his return from abroad he had received various honours and distinctions. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and also of the Society of Antiquaries. By the Court he was appointed architect to the King and Queen. This post, however, he had to resign later when he got into Parliament.

He was now busy preparing a magnificent and picturesque volume, which was to exhibit the results of his labours in exploring the Palace at Spalato. No one had a better instinct for what was scenic and dramatic, an instinct, as I shall show, that directed all his architectural efforts. It is impossible to look at this grand volume without recognising the romantic character of the subject and its romantic treatment. There is something dreamy about the whole episode, and this feeling is intensified by the admirable illustrations. Nothing indeed was spared on this sumptuous performance, the paper is thick and massive, the print dignified, the engravings imposing.

But we can also admire the adroit business-like way in which he "worked" the commercial side of this venture. Though this, indeed, may be an injustice, as no amount of importunity or canvassing could have secured for a young architect, and a mere beginner, the extraordinary support it was to receive. I prefer to think that this was entirely owing to his own persuasive manners and character, and to the partiality which a few influential patrons had for him, for the list of subscribers is one of the most extraordinary on record. It was led by the King and Queen, the Dowager Princess of Wales, Duke of York, Prince William, and Prince Henry. Then followed no less than twenty-three dukes and duchesses, one hundred and two earls

* This collection of etchings, which fills nearly thirty volumes, is in itself a stupendous artistic monument. The plates can be counted by the thousand. Yet a single one of these elaborate drawings would nowadays absorb the labour of a year and more.

* We find a collection of engraved views by this artist, engraved in a bold effective style, somewhat after the fashion of Piranesi, and representing all the leading monuments. I am inclined to think that these were the prints prepared for James Adam when he was abroad in 1762, and who seemed to have wished to recoup himself his expenses by their publication.

and other peers, while among the foreign subscribers were found the Duke of Parma, the Doge of Venice, the librarian of San Marco, various foreign ambassadors, and the administrators of French posts. While in the general crowd were found such names as Horace Walpole, David Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Brocklesby, Lords Chesterfield and Clive, Bishop Warburton, Piranesi, and many more. Lord Bute, his chief patron, for whom he was to build two stately mansions, took ten sets. The venture must have been highly profitable; he must have received some £2,000 at the least, besides its bringing him a certain

his buildings. At this moment there is not a quarter of London in which we will not find some of his work.

To appreciate this reform we must consider a moment what was the state of things around him. There was nothing but conventionality and monotony. For any building of pretension there was but the one established pattern—huge massive elevations, monstrous pediments and columns, which shut out the light from the windows. Chambers, Colin Campbell, Kent, and others gave the law and the model. Everything was costly and uninteresting. Within there was the same story,



OLD UNIVERSITY, EDINBURGH.

amount of reputation. The work was dedicated to the King, whom the author adroitly likened to Diocletian himself.

It will be interesting now, before going into any detail, to investigate what were the leading principles of the Adam style. I have taken much pains to investigate these principles, and I think I have succeeded in discovering what his methods were. There is little that is technical in them, and the whole will be really found to be based on the ordinary accepted principles of artistic propriety.

We must consider first that Adam was one of the greatest architectural reformers known. He not only displaced the existing system, and substituted his own, but he succeeded in making himself the sole indisputable architect of the time. He kept the general work in his own hands for nearly forty years until he had covered the whole kingdom with

continued, says Adam, since the days of Bramante without alteration.

In this depressing state of things our architect resolved to introduce an entirely new system—one that should be bright, gay, and attractive, and above all, of moderate cost. It was to be "up to date," as it is called now. He would in fact popularise architecture. It should be also cheap and within the reach of all, and with this view he proposed to utilise cheap and homely materials, setting them off, however, by refined and elegant treatment. This was a simple logical scheme, with nothing Utopian about it; it only needed a man of suitable gifts. And here comes our first surprise. Few people when they talk of Adam's work suspect that he was one of the most accomplished men that ever lived—a perfect "Admirable Crichton"—certainly the most accomplished architect we have had in Britain. This seems a rather bold and

sweeping announcement, but a short enumeration of his gifts will prove it. First he was an architect proper, and unlike most architects, his works are found in every department of building. In these latter days architects are almost compelled to be specialists. We have church architects, mansion architects, theatre architects, "residential" architects, and the like. But Adam engrossed all departments. He built everything—public buildings and offices, churches, theatres, noblemen's mansions, private houses, whole streets and quarters of a town, terraces, tombs, everything in fact. He attracted to himself all the business of his time—making a sort of monopoly of it, which he retained until his death. All these works are striking of their kind. Such an amount of work might fairly have engrossed every moment of his time, but it was only one department of his labours.

Next he was a decorator—the deviser of a most beautiful and elaborate system of ornamentation—quite different from what is understood by house decoration now. For his methods were structural, not painted, but in relief. They were inseparable from the building—never to be altered—and are at this hour what they were then. This involved much labour. His designs for laying out interiors are all novel and striking, involving quite a new departure; and connected with this decoration are the wonderful Adam ceilings; astonishing works of their kind, most elaborate in details, and admired to this day.

Next he entered the domain of sculpture. His designs for chimney pieces are truly beautiful, profuse, and elaborate. They show that he quite understood the powers and limits of sculpture, though he was not actually a sculptor.

He also dealt with ironwork, furnishing the most pleasing airy designs for balconies, railings, street lamps, fireplaces—all like the rest in profusion—and showing a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of iron.

Next he took up—and it should be borne in mind took up on the same great scale—the department of furniture, and here his designs for everything that could be wanting in a house could be matched with any of those of the great makers of his time—even with those of eminent French artists. Many of these furniture makers were mere craftsmen, but Adam was an artist *au bout des ongles*, and could give play to his fancy, designing such articles to suit things that he had already designed. He planned not only furniture proper, but all ornamental articles—*girandoles*, mirrors, vases, curtain valances, carpets, silver ornaments for the tables, fenders, fireirons even! This department alone would have exhausted the energies of another man.

Again, like the old artists of Italy, he worked in the precious and ordinary metals, and his ornaments fashioned in this way are truly elegant and full of feeling. Finally he was a painter, and his water colour and other drawings have been justly admired.

This is surely an astonishing record of accomplishments to be found in a single man, especially when it is considered that all the departments were carried out on an almost gigantic scale. As I said, all this recalls the old Italian architects, who were painters and sculptors and goldsmiths. No architect, therefore, ever came better equipped for his task than this versatile man.

One result, then, of these universal accomplishments was found in all his work—it was, indeed, his leading architectural principle—viz., homogeneity. His idea evidently was that the effect was to be produced by the same spirit, feeling, and principle striking from every quarter. Exterior and interior decoration, furniture, chimney pieces, ceilings, ornaments, all should be harmoniously designed together, and come from the one hand. The tenant or spectator should find everything telling the same story. The same hand, the same touch, was to be everywhere. The result was therefore original and striking.

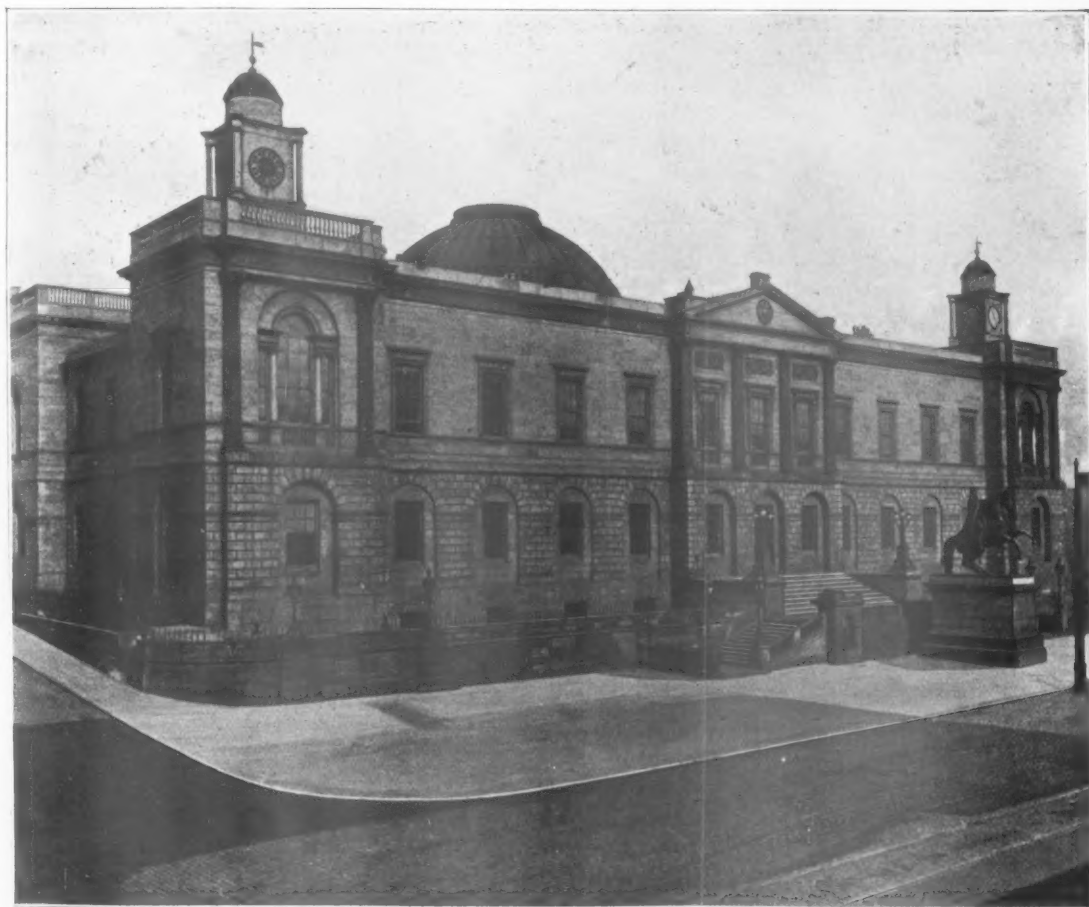
Endowed with these showy graces, it was natural that our architect should be eminently *pictorial* in his treatment. He was a pictorial artist, and his designs affect the spectator much as a picture does. Few architects possessed a more exquisite sense of proportion, and this came to him by instinct. It seemed impossible for him to go astray—his *coup* never misses. Everything seems in the right place, and of the proper width, length, or height, as in the case of the cornice of the Register House at Edinburgh which seems to be exactly what it should be. Everything is either correctly subdued, or enhanced, or else emphasised. Everything, therefore, has its effect and meaning.

And this leads us now to what was another principle of his, viz., that of "movement" or animation, which is a great charm in all his elevations. In the prevailing pattern of noblemen's mansions this was not thought of; on the contrary, a correct regularity and repletion of the parts with a due balance was supposed to produce a classical dignity and impressiveness. What he sought he tells us was "a greater movement and variety" as distinguished from the old inertia. A proper "recession and advance" of different parts of the elevation was one element of this movement, but his real aim was more psychological. His aim was to produce something that should excite the attention or curiosity of the spectator and set his thoughts in motion. The elevation was to suggest in all its details the interior arrangement, or might

be generally expressive. The front, in short, should be read like the page of a book. The more cultured spectator would be tempted to speculate why such an arrangement was so, &c.

One of Adam's most expressive buildings, and one full of his sort of "movement" is Gosford House, Lord Wemyss's seat in Scotland. It is a brilliant and dramatic piece of work which has also been considered Adam's most successful effort. He who runs must admire it. We see its merits

profit. Cellar and garret windows, which many architects overlook or treat in a rather degrading fashion, he contrived to make picturesque and attractive. In this building we have indeed at a glance the whole system of Adam revealed with a sort of architectural "bustle" which is very pleasing. This attractive building has of late years been rather roughly treated, owing to alterations and additions. The entrance and hall has been transferred to one of the ends.



THE REGISTER HOUSE, EDINBURGH.

when we contrast it with some mansion of the old classical type, with its long regimental rows of windows and general tame effect. Here we find animation and architectural vivacity, with abundance of dramatic movement. Thus the large arched windows at once suggest great chambers within. The colonnades, passages a general *va et vient*, the low domed halls, the rude rusticated lower story, tell of inferior accommodation below; and it will be noted how significant and telling is the lunette cellar window—quite a central note. Our architect could turn the most homely element to

In further aid of this idea of "movement" Adam would extract as much expression as they were capable of from certain architectural elements. Into them he seemed to put as much feeling and life as possible. Instead of every detail being lost in the general whole, he gave an emphasis to each which at once attracted. These elements were:

1. The column.
2. The window.
3. The arch.
4. Ornaments, such as "swags," ovals, medallions, urns, &c.

To make all these impressive and telling he refined them, and seemed to extract the very quintessence of expression from them, isolating them, so as to make the effect stronger. Thus he seemed to rely first on pure form, secondly on feeling; no one better understood the efficacy of these potent factors, or could put them to more effective use. It might be thought that in the case of one so devoted to rich and elaborate ornamentation, there could have been little room for the display of the beauties of pure form. But the truth is, it will be found that in all these profuse details of decoration, he was seeking to *suggest* beautiful forms and outlines. These ornaments were not used to fill up spaces as ornaments, but to suggest elegantly designed outlines. This is shown conspicuously in the case of his ceilings, which were usually adorned with concentric circles and garlands, delicately wrought it might be, but really intended to suggest a series of charming curves. He did not mean to *imitate* the folds of a drapery, or the leaves and flowers of a garland. His work in this way was abstract, as it were, and conventional; he gave only so much detail as would support the outline.

As I have said, he intended using homely and ordinary materials, the common stock brick and stucco, and the only treatment that could elevate or refine such material was that of refined forms and outlines and decoration. Hence all his delicately conceived ornaments—*paterae*, ovals, festoons, and the rest, whose elegance redeemed this background. Thus do we find the common coarse pottery of Italy or Greece redeemed by beautiful shapes and outlines and contours.

It was, however, in the column that he exhibited this feeling and perfect instinct for its capabilities. The column is now treated as a rather trite form of ornament it may be, to enrich a window or to support a cornice, the object being to supply detail or general air of enrichment. It is often a mere bit of conventionality treated according to *recipe*.

Adam had a different fashion. He seemed to see in each column some spell-working power: he brought out its very quintessence, casting it in the most refined shape it was capable of, then setting it in its place to do the work he had provided for it. This magic concentration of powers was not without its effect, even if limited to a single specimen. This is the more interesting in Adam's case, as nowadays the column is scarcely thought of in this expressive view. Nay, even the ordinary conventional proportions are not strictly attended to, and if neglected the neglect is not noticed. The public eye is sadly vitiated in this respect. Few know that some of our most prominent monuments repeatedly fail in this respect owing to

lack of funds, or some other reason. The Victoria Tower at Westminster is certainly shorter by a story than it ought to be; anyone who considers it carefully will see that it is too short for its breadth, and does not "carry off" the long stretch of buildings that spreads out at its feet. For years the public offices in Whitehall have been left without their two side towers, and no one seems to miss them, though the proportions of the building are seriously injured. If stock were taken of the thousands of columns scattered over London it would be discovered that little thought has been taken of casting the proportions according to academic rule. The frightful portico in front of the Admiralty defies all scale.

Adam, then, had a sort of passion for the column, and, as I said, entered thoroughly into its possibilities of expression. On one occasion Lord Kames wrote to ask him for his views, and in a natural, charming letter, the architect set forth in popular form all he thought upon the subject. Nothing could give a better idea of the simple unaffected nature of the man. The style, too, is very agreeable.

"The capital," he wrote, "of the Corinthian order demands delicacy and richness in every other part belonging to that order, and when that necessary profusion of ornament cannot be afforded the architect ought to reject this order altogether. The fable of Callimachus, the basket with acanthus leaves, I never had any faith in. The Egyptians had a kind of Corinthian order, and in many points so similar to that which the Grecians used that we cannot doubt of the latter having only changed and improved (as they imagined) many parts of the Egyptian capital. . . . I own there appears an absurdity in supporting any weight by a combined cluster of light foliage, but if you suppose a column to represent a tree, I shall suppose a palm tree, which grows of a pretty equal thickness, and of which the branches grow near the top, and that part of the top of the tree is cut off and the branches or leaves left: you will find that tree able to support a weight, and these branches by no means impairing its strength—not in any danger of being broken off—they will bend down their heads with the beam or entablature that lies upon them, and connect them together as those of the Corinthian capital do, but the main weight will still rest for its support upon the upright stem. This I take to be the true origin of the Corinthian order. Some other leaf has been substituted as more beautiful than that of the palm, or any other which grows in that manner, and by degrees the acanthus has prevailed; many of these trees grow twenty or thirty feet high in one stem, then split into two or three large boughs. If you cut the tree two or three feet above the separation of

these boughs it occasions that swell at the top which gives the appearance of the basket or vase your lordship mentions, which all architects have split upon, resorting to this foolish fable, when the thing may be accounted for in the simple and natural manner I have mentioned.

"As to the proportions of the columns, we might suppose these to be taken from the proportions of the human figure, and the leaves at the top to correspond to the hair. The introduction of Caryatides among the Greeks gives at least a degree of plausibility to this conjecture, though I own the analogy extends little further than to the

building were not so immensely great as to demand a variety of orders, I would omit entirely the two mongrel orders, the Composite and Tuscan, and, God knows, our confused ideas of magnificence in building do but little require that variety. The Composite order is by no means so fine as the Corinthian, and the Doric order can, without great variation, supply every purpose of the Tuscan. These are my real sentiments with regard to the orders of our art.

"I flatter myself that the arts in general are in a progressive state in England. If the King builds



MANSION: STRATFORD PLACE.

general proportion of columns but not at all to particular parts of the order. The Ionic order ought only to be used in gay and slight buildings, as the meagreness of its capital never fills the eye sufficiently on the outside of a mass of solid architecture. I have always thought this order destined for the insides of houses and temples, but the universal practice in all countries shows how much I stand alone in this opinion. The false and destructive prejudice in favour of lightness in buildings, I imagine, is the cause of this custom. I would only ask any man if the buildings of the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans had been light, according to modern ideas, where should we have seen any remains of them in our day? If a

palace in a magnificent pure style of architecture, it will give a great push at once to the taste of this country, as it will not only furnish ideas for lesser buildings, but show effects both of external and internal composition, which this country as yet is entirely ignorant of. If it is done meanly or in bad taste, I should apprehend the worse of consequences. Painting and sculpture depend more upon good architecture than one would imagine. They are the necessary accompaniments of the great style of architecture, and a building that makes no provision for them, and does not even demand them as necessary adjuncts, I would at once pronounce to be wretched.

"My brother James writes with that love and

enthusiasm of architecture, which no one could feel that has not formed very extensive ideas of it. It is easy to tame and bring under proper management those large views, and the detail of our profession comes naturally to the man who understands its great principles in the laws of beauty and grandness. But the architect who begins with minutiae will never rise above the race of those reptile artisans who have crawled about and infested this country for many years.

"I have been twice in the country since I received your lordship's letter, and if I may judge by my own employment, private buildings go on apace. I expect to be very little in London all this summer, having business in various quarters of England which I am with difficulty able to get managed with honour to myself and satisfaction to my employers. I hope you will forgive the length of this epistle, and believe me, &c." (31st March, 1763.)

All this is sensible, judicious, and pleasingly expressed, and his theory of the Capital has a certain plausibility.

In the great volume published by himself and his brother not long before his death, he gives some further ideas as to the column. "It is not only," he says, "one of the noblest and most graceful pieces of decoration, but in all round bodies especially such as stand isolated, there is a delicacy of proportion to be observed." Which expressed in a sentence his favourite treatment, which is, that as the column was so prominent and conspicuous, all possible refinement and grace was to be extracted from it. Carrying out this principle, he went to very daring lengths—heretical they might be called. He actually reshaped his column! The capital seemed obtrusive. "I have always thought," he said, "the capital (of the Ionic order) much too heavy." So he fined it down, devising "a mean, in width about one-half the superior diameter." The column, too, should be tapered as it ascended, while "fluting," he thought, was unsuited for the open air, though he did not always adhere to this in practice. He went further, even, and must have made architectural schoolmen aghast by declaring that he "saw no reason for applying to each order its precise entablature."

These delicacies had a remarkable effect on his work, and explain how it is that architects are often mystified when looking at a piece of his work, for they are conscious of something novel and unusual, which it is difficult to account for. This feeling seems to be owing to these adroit softening and alterations of the architectural elements.

His refined feeling can be traced still further in our architect's treatment of the columns on the façade of a "mansion," and which we almost invariably find engaged or sunk in the mass of

brick. This was owing to his instinct for homogeneousness. He felt that columns of stone would be too ponderous for the background of brick, and he preferred to weld the whole together in one mass, indicating the columns, as it were, rather than presenting them in detailed shape. These traits are quite characteristic of so delicate an artist.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE L.C.C. NEW STREET: HOLBORN TO THE STRAND: RECOMMENDATIONS BY T. G. JACKSON, R.A., JOHN BELCHER, A.R.A., W. R. LETHABY, R. WEIR SCHULTZ, AND ERNEST NEWTON.

MR. T. G. JACKSON'S OPINION.

The plan on which the new street between Holborn and the Strand has been laid out by the County Council has, no doubt, been so well considered that it may seem presumptuous in one, who has not had the opportunity of following the reasons by which the Council has been guided, to offer the alternative scheme proposed by the accompanying plan. I cannot but think, however, that more might be done to secure a good architectural effect without impairing convenience.

There are three fine buildings standing within the limits of the scheme—the two churches of St. Clement and St. Mary, and Somerset House, with its fine entrance gateway; and the new streets should be laid out so as to ensure these buildings being not only brought into prominence, but also seen from the proper points of view.

The two churches are intended to be looked at endways, along the line of the Strand, and not to be seen in flank. If anyone doubts this, the melancholy aspect of St. Clement's Church, which is now exposed in flank, ought to convince him. This should dispose of one scheme that has been advocated, of directing a street straight at the flank of St. Mary's Church, which, as anybody can see by going up the alley on its north side, was never meant to be seen sideways.

On the other hand, the front of Somerset House cannot be thoroughly appreciated except from a front point of view, and for that reason I would direct the new street so that the front of Somerset House should lie opposite to its *débouchement* into the Strand. Here might be formed a square, symmetrically placed opposite the front, and with St. Mary's Church aligning with one side of it much as St. Martin's Church does with that of Trafalgar Square. The new "Place," might be planted with trees, and in the middle might be put Mr. Gilbert's great fountain, which demands to be in the middle



MR. T. G. JACKSON'S SUGGESTED
PLAN FOR THE NEW STREET.

of a regular space, instead of being as now in the middle of nothing at all—wandering about, as it were, in a wilderness of cross streets among the throng of omnibuses and cabs.

In this way I venture to suggest a really fine thing might be contrived, and due honour might be done to a group of buildings, of which any city might be proud, without, so far as I can see, in the least impairing the utility of the new scheme. The branch street running towards St. Clement's should be so directed as to bring that steeple into the perspective, and when the time comes, as it is to be hoped it will come, for a new bridge to relieve Waterloo bridge instead of altering it, this branch would lead directly to it.

With regard to the proposal that a number of architects should be invited to design the street fronts of the new thoroughfares, I think there is much to be said either for or against it. It is obvious that one hard and fast way of treating a new street will not apply to all cases. For the northern part of the new street, and perhaps for the southern part also, to some extent, a uniform design would be suitable. But I should deplore any attempt to treat the new frontage to the Strand in the same way. The Strand is now, perhaps, the most picturesque street in Europe, and it owes this not entirely to the admirable position of the fine churches which stand out in the middle, but also to the very irregularity in the sky line and elevation of the houses which line it. Among them there are designs which individually are good or bad. The bad, regarded separately, certainly predominate. But the general effect as one looks along the street, either east or west, is eminently satisfactory. While, therefore, the new avenue northwards—only pray let it be called a street and not an avenue—may be treated collectively, the Strand front ought, in my opinion, to be left to individual treatment. This is the more necessary because the south side of the street will remain as it is—lined with houses of all shapes and sizes. To build a regular continuous design opposite them would have a most unpleasant effect, and the contrast of a new formal line of building, not only with the houses opposite, but with the whole of the western part of the Strand, would constitute an architectural disaster.

But while advocating individual treatment for the Strand front, I see no reason why some committee of architects should not have the power of criticising and, if necessary, forbidding any design that is vulgar or artistically objectionable.

THOS. G. JACKSON.

MR. BELCHER'S OPINION.

The beauty of a city depends not merely upon its situation nor upon its fine buildings. To take advantage of situation, and to enhance the import-

ance of its buildings, there must be the effective laying out of its streets. That which makes Paris, Berlin, or Vienna attractive as cities, apart from their buildings, is the architectural treatment of their main arteries or thoroughfares. In Paris wide boulevards and fine vistas are enjoyed. Some important public building or object of interest forms a suitable termination to each. In Berlin equal care has been taken in the formation of open thoroughfares, and the effective marking of natural irregularity caused by the river. In Vienna it is the grand central "Ring" from which its streets radiate, and which gives it a distinctive character. In all cases other considerations than the mere convenience of traffic have been combined to produce the attractiveness of the special locality. The amount of traffic does not indicate the importance of a street. It is the manner in which it is laid out, the lines of its intersections, the points of entry, termination, or centre, all treated to produce fine architectural and pleasing effects. The *coup d'œil*, in fact, which gives satisfaction to the beholder and interest to the locality.

If Sir C. Wren had been permitted to carry out his plan for new streets after the great fire of London what a fine city it might have become, but then, as now, architectural treatment was not favoured. Piccadilly Circus and Shaftesbury Avenue are modern instances of the lack of architectural method. It must be conceded that the Government has, in view of the representatives of artists, modified its original plan at Whitehall, including the sites of the new buildings, though there are still many defects which might easily have been avoided at an earlier stage.

It is to be hoped that the County Council will reconsider the plan of the proposed new street in some particulars. This new street from Holborn to the Strand is a unique opportunity which lends itself admirably to architectural treatment. Mr. Mervyn Macartney, who has given this matter his special study, has drawn attention to the lack of this quality, and has given valuable hints which should not be neglected. His knowledge of the subject warrants the careful examination of his views. He points to the formation of a large circus where the main thoroughfare diverges to the right and left into the Strand. This, architecturally treated, would form a dignified and valuable centre, not only from an architectural point of view, but would also afford greater facilities for the traffic at a place where congestion would be likely to occur. This arrangement would also provide an excellent site for a public monument or memorial. This, again, could be opened up to the view from the Strand by a flight of steps, an opening which would let in the sun from the south. Again, Mr. Macartney indicates the way to avoid the awkward

wedge-shaped sites which are found where streets cross one another diagonally. But there is one statement which should weigh with the County Council, viz., that the value of the sites are invariably increased by the architectural treatment of the street, and this should be obvious after an examination of his plan. The opportunity is a great one, and it is one in which not only good provision can be made for the traffic in the required direction, but advantage can be taken to beautify the city and increase the value and importance of the street and locality.

JOHN BELCHER.

MR. W. R. LETHABY'S OPINION.

Within a certain margin for deviations, the new street is, I suppose, practically settled, and we now have nothing to do with ideal new streets nor with the reasons which led up to the choice of a point of departure and the point aimed at. Granted a new street from the south end of Southampton Row directed on the centre of a crescent which embraces the church of St. Mary in the Strand, some general considerations, a few of them of importance, remain, and it is only from this limited point of view that these following notes are written.

1. It is evident that a wide new street will collect traffic from the north and discharge it at its south end, and that directed straight on the river, as it is to be, it will in the main be a cross river traffic. The first and most important point is certainly this—What bridge provision is to be made for dealing with a large increase of people and vehicles passing over the river, should Waterloo Bridge prove insufficient, as many people believe it would do? It must be plainly stated that Waterloo Bridge is one of the finest architectural monuments in London, and, taken together with Somerset House, its value to London is only second to the great dome of St. Paul's itself. There must be no patching the masonry of these noble arches with additions of struts and girders—those temporary expedients which are becoming the most permanent of our institutions. The only way that Waterloo Bridge could be dealt with would be to double its width as it stands at the cost of a million or two, but we are hardly likely to see that: we have grown too "rich" now to care to spend sufficient money for substantial and handsome building. The other alternative is to throw another bridge across the river bearing the same relation to the eastern limb of the crescent as Waterloo Bridge bears to the western. The planning for this bridge is surely an essential part of the scheme, although it were not thought to be immediately called for. Such a bridge, unless it were regarded as a real companion to Waterloo Bridge, and were as such copied from it, had better by far be a piece of

utilitarian engineering, for such things have an evident fitness, and even elegance, which are never quite repulsive, whereas, an engineer's structure bedizened with what *he* considers ornament, always ends in a look of cheap affectation of costliness, too ridiculous for words, wholly vulgar, and, as the nice young woman said, "soul destroying." I fear, too, to be honest, that an architect's efforts in the ornamental way would be hardly likely to be any better, we should be far more likely to get one of the popular designs in the *re-Wren-Renaissance* style, rather than a severe arrangement of great arches in sound material. The *temporary* engineer's bridge at Vauxhall was (or is?) rather *beautiful* in its way—organic, high strung for its work, and, above all, unpretentious; there was nothing in it to actively offend anybody. Such a bridge on a bigger scale, more carefully finished into mechanical perfection, and painted pure white, or densest black, would, I feel sure, be the best solution of the matter. The new bridge might be pointed on Cornwall Road, and a decent junction made with Waterloo Road by the church and garden, just opposite the station. All City and N.E. traffic would be by this route.

2. A second important consideration is the relation of the new street to Lincoln's Inn. If sufficient space is not allowed between it and the square, it is perfectly clear that all the houses on the west side of the square will be pulled down and rebuilt, with their frontages to the new avenue; yet these are the most interesting houses, both historically and artistically, which remain near the centre of London. Even if the new street had to be made to curve to the west after passing the Holborn Restaurant, forming a very flat crescent-like curve, these houses should be preserved from destruction. They are fully worth a *sacrifice*, and it is doubtful if such a curve in a street carefully managed is a sacrifice at all. The segment might be struck on the east or axis of the square, and one opening into it be made on this line.

3. As laid down, the street, before it comes to the curved limbs resting on the Strand, seems to be pointed at the spire of the church of St. Mary; but the supposition is that the buildings which would be erected here *between* the upper part of the street and the church would be high and "imposing," and it is doubtful if the spire would then be of any effective value to the vista whatever. A straight prolongation of the street should certainly be made here. If with steps, as suggested by Mr. Macartney, the composition might be of considerable beauty. This direct way through to the Strand for foot passengers need not be wide, and might be crossed by corridors on arches if there is to be a central building here. But a peep of the beautiful spire would be of infinite value.

For the rest, the avenue should be as wide and treey as possible. It is short, and, for once, we might have a real feeling of liberality. It slopes south, and might be a pleasant place half the year through, where even some adaptation of the foreign café might be found possible. As to the "architecture," the less is said the better; except that there should be no demand for vulgarising the fronts with "ornament." If but few restrictions (except a maximum of height) are made, some of the buildings will almost certainly be quite interesting. What is wanted is anxious consideration of details from the planning point of view, little niceties of adjustment and scrupulosities of balance and order. A few feet of difference in the drawing of the line of an angle, shaping a crescent, or pushing back a recess here and there, makes all the difference. The posts and lamps and kiosks should be elegantly simple, but the work of a master.

MR. R. WEIR SCHULTZ'S OPINION.

In considering the direction of the new street it is essential that we should keep before us the main lines of concentration and distribution of traffic, and try to ascertain how these can best be accommodated and facilitated without losing sight of the initial importance of creating a dignified and imposing thoroughfare well-designed and arranged from the architectonic point of view, a new and important artery of a great metropolis.

Mr. Norman Shaw's fine plan gives us the cue we wanted for a solution of this difficult problem, and it is following on his general lines that I venture to discuss the question, principally from the point of view of the traffic.

The main volume of the traffic is directed from the north to the south and *vice versa*, and it is only a very small portion of it that will come into the new street or go out from it at its point of connection with Holborn. A study of the present trend of the traffic at the corner of the Holborn Restaurant any day will show this.

The new street, therefore, should commence at the east end of Theobald's Road. It is here that the traffic converges and distributes itself. The routes from Euston, St. Pancras, and King's Cross, from Islington and further north by way of Rosebery Avenue, from Shoreditch and St. Luke's on the line of City Road and Clerkenwell, all concentrate on this point. The present Southampton Row north of this is wide enough for the traffic from Euston. A short length of new street cut through the south side of Guildford Street, opposite the end of Hunter Street to Powis Place and continued across Great Ormond Street to New North Street and Theobald's Road, would open up a more direct route from St. Pancras and King's Cross for the cabs and omnibuses

which at present diverge along Guildford Street, to Russell Square and Southampton Row.

The new street should start *at its full width* from the space in front of the Fire Station at Vernon Place, where a small square might be formed; setting back the rounded corner of Vernon Chambers for that purpose if required. Good provision should be made at Holborn, by means of the half circus suggested by Mr. Shaw, for the two lines of traffic which cross at right angles to one another. The line of frontage of the west side of Southampton Row, between Vernon Place and Holborn, and which is practically parallel with the side of the Holborn Restaurant, should fix the axis of the new street which should run in a straight line from its northern end to a point where various old streets at present converge somewhat to the south-west of Lincoln's Inn Fields. This slight alteration in direction from that shown on the various published plans appears to me to be a very important one. It would have this advantage, amongst others, in that it would take the line of the new street across Holborn more nearly at right angles and would also make it bear further away from Lincoln's Inn Fields, thus giving a better chance of preserving the fine old houses on the western side of that great square which, by their mere contiguity to the new street, are threatened with destruction.

At the southern end of the straight line would come the other square shown by Mr. Shaw on his plan, and we should thus have a square at either end and a long, broad, straight street between, with, let us hope, in course of time a row of stately shady trees down the centre, trees allowed to grow naturally, and not lopped and cut about for the purpose of preserving the light to the buildings, as would be the case were they placed on the side footways. On the southern square, and centering with the line of the street, behind Mr. Shaw's suggested monument, might well be placed the new hall of the County Council, with its great dome rising up behind. No more central or convenient position could be desired for the home of the London County Council. As much ground as would be required could be reserved, and all the various departments could be gathered together in one building, easily accessible from east and west, from north and south, and a stately and magnificent pile could be erected on London's newest boulevard, both worthy of a great city.

The street diverging to the south-west would join the Strand at the foot of Wellington Street, and provide for the traffic going towards Charing Cross and over Waterloo Bridge; that to the south-east, terminating at St. Clement Danes Church, would provide a new route north and west from the Law Courts, Fleet Street, and the City. The access to the north-west could be further improved by

widening Great Wild Street (which would run out of our new southern square), and by forming a new and smaller square at the junction of this street with Great Queen Street, Drury Lane, and Long Acre.

The great segmental road shown in the County Council's scheme would now disappear, supplanted by the line of road suggested by Mr. Shaw, which will prove to be much more useful and direct for purposes of traffic and also for possibilities of fine architectural effect. The further arrangement of the space in the large triangle so formed becomes a matter of detail which need not be dealt with here or now.

With regard to Lincoln's Inn Fields I would plead strongly for their being left secluded and undisturbed—a quiet oasis near a busy thoroughfare—more openings into them are not required. Would Gray's Inn Road benefit appreciably, for instance, were two large openings cut from it into Gray's Inn Square; would it not seriously detract from the charm and seclusion of the old Place Royale in Paris if great gaps were opened up into it from the adjoining busy faubourg?

The comparative absence of width in Waterloo Bridge makes the question of coping with the increasing traffic over it a very serious matter, and Mr. Macartney's suggestion of a new bridge further down the river is therefore a very excellent and practicable solution of the difficulty. This new bridge would draw off the bulk of the traffic coming from citywards, from the Law Courts, from the north-east by way of Chancery Lane, and it would be bound to attract a certain amount of that coming down the new road, through its south-eastern branch. Arundel Street is narrow, it has recently been entirely rebuilt, and it slopes down steeply to the Temple Station. A little further east we have in Essex Street, practically ready to hand, the nucleus of a high level approach to a new bridge across the river. It is a portion of older London still practically untouched but not likely to remain so much longer. It terminates towards the river with a fine archway at the high level and a steep flight of stairs leading down to the embankment. The street would have to be widened—in any case the old houses are likely to be pulled down before very long—and its line slightly curved at the lower end so as to bear round towards the river at right angles. The bridge proper would commence at the high level where the old archway now stands—and this might form a motive for a fine entrance to the bridge—skirting the Temple garden on the east and the Embankment garden on the west, it would cross the Embankment and the river over the Temple pier; from it the School Board would obtain a new entrance to their offices, on the high level. On the Surrey side an easy outlet could be

obtained to Stamford Street—the continuation eastwards of York Road and therefore handy for Waterloo Station—and the main line of the bridge would cut into the Waterloo Bridge Road further down. This bridge would thus immensely relieve the traffic over Waterloo Bridge, which could be left undisturbed in its present state.

Very little appears to be known publicly about the actual state of the arrangements made by the County Council with regard to this important new street, and it is doubtful if a final scheme has yet been definitely settled. There is probably, therefore, yet time for a reconsideration of the general lines and it is of the utmost importance in the interest of the success of the project that some individual of standing, with a knowledge of the subject, should be *definitely* responsible for the scheme as a whole and for the setting out and arranging of the details. This is the only way to ensure proper consideration and to lead to a successful result.

ROBT. WEIR SCHULTZ.

MR. ERNEST NEWTON'S OPINION.

The articles published in *THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW* on the subject of the new street are of exceptional interest, and we can only hope that the County Council will carefully consider any amendments which are clearly improvements on the scheme as it stands.

In its main lines there seems to be a consensus of opinion that the County Council scheme is the right one. The modifications in detail are, however, valuable. The continuation of the line of the street southwards to St. Mary's Church is a most important suggestion. One can imagine nothing finer in its way than the view down the ample flight of steps on to St. Mary's and the Strand, with a possible hint, on clear days, of the high ground south of the river. There is, I know, an impression that St. Mary's was designed to be looked at endways, and that the tower is too narrow to form a satisfactory composition when seen from the side. There is, I think, very little in the contention; the peep which we get now is enough to show that the side view is good.

The squaring of the angles at the intersection of streets is also very important. It is impossible to do anything with isolated wedge-shaped plots of land, the buildings on such sites always look more like stranded leviathans, or ships in dry dock, than buildings.

The bridge question is undoubtedly best solved by building a second bridge opposite the eastern end of the proposed quadrant, leaving Waterloo Bridge untouched.

Mr. Blomfield's suggestion of putting the new street to the west of the Holborn Restaurant, and

opposite Southampton Street, is a tempting one. Right away north from Holborn to Euston, the laying out of the streets and squares is really fine, and one feels that a prolongation south of Southampton Street, would be a symmetrical and dignified scheme; but the Holborn Restaurant, stretching as it does right across from Little Queen Street to Newton Street, blocks the way; the traffic line, too, would not be direct, unless it was possible to make the street right through the squares; this would make a splendid triple roadway with trees and greenery, but is, I fear, too revolutionary to be entertained for a moment. If, as seems inevitable, the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields is doomed, it would be a great gain to omit part of the ground floor of the future new buildings, and make open arcaded entrances somewhat similar to the entrance to Pump Court in the Temple, so that a view of the square could be had without destroying its quiet charm by the introduction of traffic ways. If there is one thing more than another which oppresses the London wayfarer it is the feeling of the want of elbow room. Lateral openings, courts, gardens, arcades, whatever they are, make a street pleasant and bright. We get glimpses of the doings of people apart from the life of the street we are in, and a sense of spaciousness, which mere width in the street does not produce. London has hitherto been too much looked upon as a piece of land covered with a building deposit averaging some fifty feet in thickness through which cuttings have to be driven, mere troughs for the conveyance of streams of people and vehicles from one point to another. Walls rise on each side of us, and we drift along with the stream helpless and depressed with only one desire, and that is to get out of our trough and into our homes as soon as we can.

This subject must, of course, be considered practically; but I deny altogether that a really practical solution cannot be a beautiful one as well; there is no necessary antagonism between the two. The best practical solution is the one that meets all the difficulties squarely and sensibly, and solves them in the best possible way; it is not a lazy short cut which refuses to grapple with difficulties in detail, but leaves them to solve themselves. I believe that all really practical solutions may be beautiful, and all beautiful solutions practical.

ERNEST NEWTON.

G IOTTO AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA: BY JOHN RUSKIN.*

BUT for the difficulty of getting the photographs from the originals reproduced satisfactorily the reprint of Ruskin's notes on these frescoes would have appeared towards the end of last year, but a

few months more or less matters little to Giotto, and what Ruskin said long ago will be new to a great many readers. Although theorising more than one should, there are characteristic remarks interspersed which make Mr. Ruskin's introduction an inseparable part of the whole; as when, for instance, he speaks of the "graceful infidelities" of the engraver, and the consequent feeling of loss when the original is compared with the copy; and when Giotto is introduced to us as "a man who knew his business, and produced certain works of known value for a certain price; being troubled with no philosophical abstractions, shutting himself up in no wise for the reception of inspirations; receiving, indeed, a good many, just as he received the sunbeams which came in at his window, the light which he worked by; in either case, without mouthing about it, or much concerning himself as to the nature of it. Not troubled by critics either, . . . &c.," the whole passage so exactly like what we have heard Morris say, that it seemed, as we read, as if he were with us again.

The "note" (not Mr. Ruskin's) on these illustrations is intended to make it clear that they are in some respects more desirable than the earlier publication of the Arundel Society. The latter consisted of thirty-eight woodcuts from copies, whereas this new volume contains the fourteen "Virtues and Vices," and also the two frescoes of "Christ in Glory" and the "Last Judgment," at the east and west of the chapel.

It is clear that no pains have been spared to make these poor little things as good as the photographs were, and for what we have here let us who possess them be thankful. One knows what not to expect in such cases, so let it be said briefly that the illustrations help us to believe that what Mr. Ruskin said may be true. To procure such a volume is in effect to obtain a key to the riddle of Giotto's designs, and increase desire to see the original frescoes *in situ*. The four walls were to him the four pages of a great and sacred book, the fifty-four spaces apportioned somewhat as follows: The first twelve devoted exclusively to the apocryphal history of the birth and life of the Virgin as related in books which passed for gospels: "Protevangelion," and the "Gospel of St. Mary." Then follows the life of Christ in twenty-six panes, and beneath these two series along the main walls are figured the cardinal virtues and their opposed vices, so "the walls of this chapel are covered with a continuous meditative poem on the mystery of the Incarnation, the acts of redemption, the vices and virtues of mankind as proceeding from scorn or acceptance of that redemption, and their final judgment."

* Giotto and his Works in Padua. An explanatory notice of the frescoes in the Arena Chapel. By John Ruskin. George Allen 1900.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE: MESSRS. BARCLAY'S NEW BANK IN FLEET STREET.

THE attempt to arrive at a just appreciation of the artistic value of any building erected under present conditions is fraught with much difficulty. So many modifying circumstances have to be taken into account, so much allowance has to be made. It is not easy to say on what lines it should be criticised, to determine the right point of view for the critic.

In dealing with a work of pure architecture, where the artist has been left entirely free to evolve his idea, the question is simple enough. Such works are real creations. They shadow forth the hopes and aspirations of humanity. They embody some master passion, some deep lying sentiment. It may be man's faith in the unseen and unknowable, or his proud regret for his illustrious dead, his feeling for the dignity of communal life, or the quiet simplicity of home. Such works spring direct from the hidden depths within, and reveal the inward vision; they are the material expression of an idea, the crystallisation of an emotion. It is possible, therefore, to judge them according to the inherent worth of the underlying idea, and according to the degree of success with which the idea is expressed, or the emotion suggested; to determine whether the method by which the effect is obtained is in accord with the vital and unchanging principles of building.

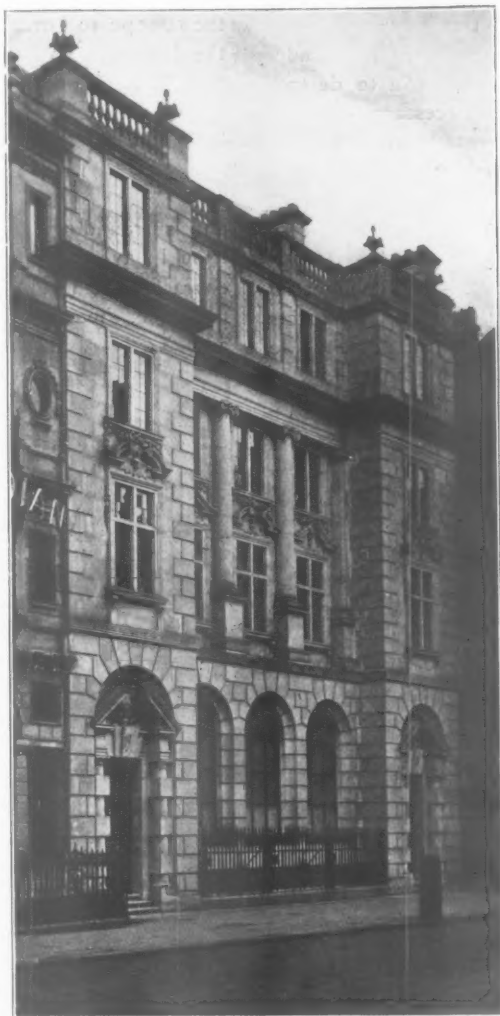
But when we come to consider the everyday productions of contemporary architectural practice, we are on different ground. The point of view

must be changed, the difficulties of criticism begin. How many of these everyday productions can be said to owe their existence to any compelling emotion, how many of them express any idea whatever? or, if they do, what, in the majority of cases, is its worth? The compelling emotion that prompts the erection of most buildings is the need for a safe investment, the passionate yearning for

a dividend; their function, when built, is to provide it. Not such was the sentiment that poised the Wingless Victory over the Acropolis of Athens, or reared aloft in our midst the mighty dome of St. Paul. What profit was there in the column of Trajan? What dividends are paid by Westminster Abbey? And of those buildings which are not erected simply as commercial speculations, inspired solely by a desire for gain, how many show a sentiment even as worthy as this? For every one designed for the public use and enjoyment, into which it would be possible to infuse some feeling for the dignity of public life, some sense of the grandeur of national existence; how many more are there scattered broadcast over town and country, which express nothing, and are meant to express nothing, but the purse-proud self-assertion of the successful trader.

It is, therefore, necessary to take into account the object with which a building is erected, and to judge it accordingly.

It is useless to lament the baldness and meanness of a building, the cost of which has been strictly governed by the amount of rent it will produce, or to bewail the lack of taste and reticence in a design which is intended to demonstrate the blatant vulgarity of its owner. If we desire to obtain fine architecture there should be



MESSRS. BARCLAY'S NEW BANK PREMISES:
FLEET STREET: SIR ARTHUR BLOMFIELD
AND SONS, ARCHITECTS.

a desire for it, even an enthusiasm for it, on the part of those who promote the building.

But when we have determined to what class of building any particular design, such as this one, belongs, we have then to take into consideration the many outside circumstances and influences which affect it, some of them common to every class of building erected under present conditions, others peculiar to one class or another, to buildings designed for certain purposes or under certain conditions.

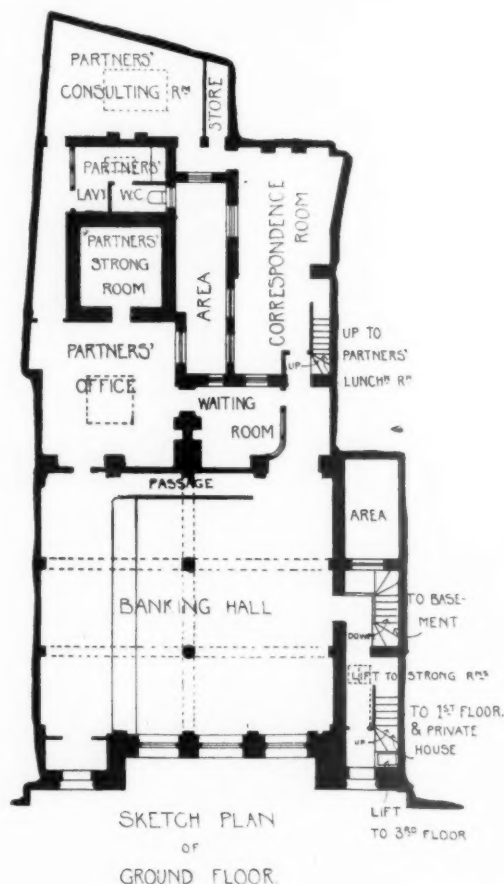
Nearly every class of building, nowadays, labours under the disadvantage that the customs of our present professional practice, and the system under which most works are executed, tend to destroy that personal element which is necessary to obtain the finest results, to prevent that close and sympathetic understanding between the man who designs the building and the man, or men, who actually carry it out, which is so helpful and so much to be desired.

So many buildings being first of all commercial undertakings, it follows that the public expects their designers to be, first of all, sound, dependable business men, and expects them moreover to perform various duties which do not, strictly speaking, fall within their province as master builders. The designer becomes careful and troubled over many things that distract him from his real work, he must fight against the deadening effect of the decorous and inartistic life which he is forced to lead to retain the confidence of the commercial mind, and against the irritation of daily business details. All this tends to the professional habit of mind to the detriment of the artistic, and to the detriment also of the personal element in the building. But all genuine building—all real architecture—is valuable in so far as it exhibits in every line and detail the influence—the impress—of the directing mind of the master builder, and to obtain this result not only is the power and willingness of the artist needed, but also a sympathetic assistance on the part of the builder. Under present circumstances, and having regard to the constitution of the large building firms to whom is entrusted—for general commercial reasons—the greater part of the more important work of the day, this assistance is not always obtainable. The big contracting firm is a modern development, a product of our later civilisation. The heads of such firms are gradually ceasing to be builders in the real meaning of the word, and are developing into general agents for other people's goods, who finance the technical skill and knowledge of others. Such firms are corporations with no real heads, but simply chiefs of departments, who often possess but little technical knowledge of building. It is difficult, therefore, to find any one responsible individual who will take

a personal interest in the work, and a personal pride in seeing that every detail is carried out in its perfection.

Taking these circumstances into consideration, the inference is suggested that building, as an art, is almost impossible under the conditions that obtain in the vast majority of cases. The remedy seems to lie in a simplification of the system, the abolition of the numerous middlemen between the artist and the man who actually carries out his design. The perfect system would seem to be one in which the designer and the builder were one and the same person, or, at any rate, one which permitted the designer to superintend every detail and practically to live on the works.

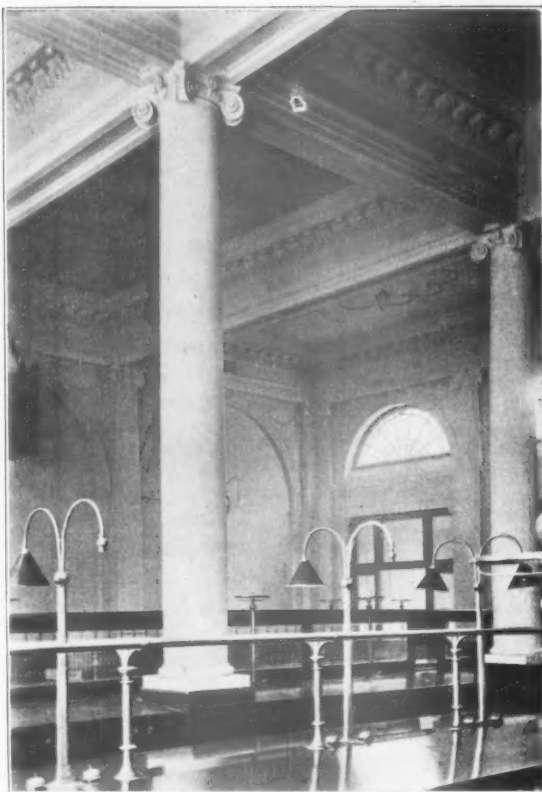
With regard to this particular building, we have not only to consider the general disadvantages which it shares in common with all others, but to notice those also which are imposed by its position and surroundings. A building, to be perfect, should have ample room in which to develop its characteristic form. Its shape, its outward appearance, should be the expression of its functions and character. It should possess organic unity of structure, and general conception. But here we have a building forced into a pre-ordained space and shape, taking its general form not from its own



nature, but from outside circumstances. We have its frontage line and many of its principal arrangements settled by an arbitrary and temporary Building Act, and by the rights of adjoining owners. Had this site been secured for a public library or warehouse instead of for a bank, the general form and outline would have been much the same in every case—dictated by circumstances; while the natural forms of such buildings, freed from these circumstances, would have been entirely different.

It seems to us, therefore, that the right point of view from which to regard such work is, first, to frankly acknowledge that circumstances have been too strong for it, and that it can lay no claim to be considered as a separate and distinct organic creation, comparable with the great masterpieces of antiquity, or even with such contemporary work as many country churches and houses which are produced under much more favourable conditions; then to draw attention to the fact that such work as this is distinctly necessary and useful, and that it affords its designer much opportunity for showing his skill and right feeling, even though the result is foredoomed to fall short of perfection in many essential points. Such work should be judged as it fulfils or not the particular functions for which it was designed, and considering that its virtues must, by the nature of things, be somewhat negative in character, according as it does this in a simple and inoffensive manner.

To form a judgment, some description of the arrangement is necessary, and in order that these notes may be more easily understood we give a rough sketch plan of the ground floor, which shows the general arrangement of the various offices sufficiently well for our purpose. There are two entrances from the street, one being placed in each of the end projections of the façade. One of these is the public entrance to the banking hall, while the other serves as an entrance to the suite of offices on the first floor, as the entrance to the manager's apartments upon the second and third floors, and also as an additional entrance to the banking premises, which are arranged conveniently and seem to give entire satisfaction. This extra entrance to the bank is safe-guarded by a sturdy mahogany door, which is so arranged that it cannot be opened without notice to the porter or some other person who is already within the banking department proper. To the right, just inside the outer door, is a lift serving the offices on the first floor and the kitchen upon the third floor. Valuables and heavy cases for the strong rooms in the basement can only be brought into the building through this entrance, and in order that these may be easily transferred to the lower storey a second lift has been contrived to work through a trap-door in the floor of the



INTERIOR OF BANKING HALL.

passage. The lift is remarkable. The trap-door is designed to open in two halves, and, the head of the lift being semi-circular, the rising of the lift automatically opens the trap and closes it again upon its descent. It is a "trap" in another sense than the one intended, for we dare not think of the effect should the lift rise through the floor while the passage was in use.

The banking hall is a lofty room, the walls of which are covered with arcading, two Ionic columns stand in the centre of the hall and support the girders of the floor above. These columns are shown in the photograph. The counter and desk fittings throughout are of polished mahogany, and seem to be eminently well adapted to their various uses. "Steel-bronze" has been substituted for brass in the grille across the paying desks—a change with which we most cordially agree, both for the sake of appearance and also on the score of saving in labour, for it is claimed for this metal that it never requires cleaning and does not lose its brightness. In appearance it somewhat resembles oxydised silver, and should quickly come largely into use if it fulfils all that is claimed for it.

The basement storey is principally devoted to strong rooms. There are eight of these, two for ledgers and six for the storage of valuables. The latter six are arranged *en suite*, with one door

common to the whole range and an emergency door which can only be approached through one of the ledger strong rooms. The door for general entry is burglar-proof and is fitted so that it requires two keys used together to unlock it. The core of the walling of these strong rooms consists of blue Staffordshire bricks faced with white glazed bricks, and the whole suite is well ventilated into the open-air. There is also a "box examining room" situate at the entry to the strong rooms, to which all parcels are taken for purposes of examination and verification before being finally interred in these catacombs.

The lavatory and cloak room accommodation for the staff is on this floor but does not call for particular notice, except that each clerk has his own cupboard with coat hooks and hat shelf complete, a singularly convenient arrangement.

Ascending by the principal staircase from the ground floor to the first storey, we were struck by the poor detail of the iron balusters, and could not refrain from comparing them with the much better railings towards the street.

Two staircases lead up to the second storey upon which the reception rooms of the manager's apartments are placed. The drawing-room contains a very excellent fireplace of the design of which the photograph here produced will give a good idea.

The third floor contains bedrooms, kitchen, scullery, and the usual adjuncts. In the scullery the arrangement of sink wastes is rather complex



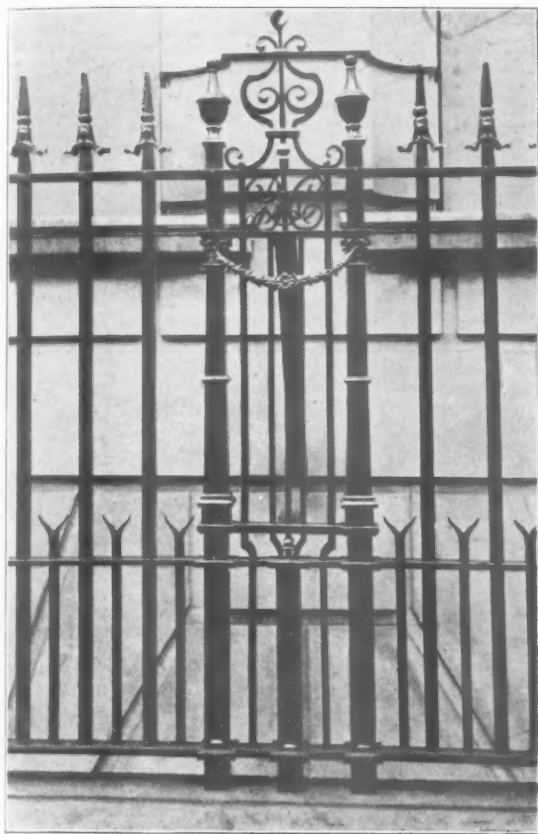
AN INTERIOR.

but very excellent. Kitchen, pantry, scullery and larder are each of them well adapted for their various uses. In the larder is placed the lift which runs up, as shown, from the ground floor.

While it is obviously beside the mark to discuss those general defects of the building which were imposed by the conditions under which it is produced, yet it is permissible to point out when we consider the architect has not taken full advantage of such opportunities as were afforded him to obtain as much characteristic expression as was possible. With regard to the treatment of the front elevation, we see no reason, inherent in the structure and arrangements, why this particular style was adopted. It looks like a mask or screen, fitted on in an arbitrary way, that might equally well have been Gothic or Romanesque. It does not strike one immediately as being the logical and inevitable expression of the internal arrangements and general character of the building; and even considering it simply as an elevation, a design in this particular phase of the Renaissance, it is not altogether free from faults which were directly under the control of the architect. The relative values of the three main horizontal lines, the scale of the columns, the height of the attic, accentuated by being cut up with so many vertical lines, the broken pediments at the second floor level, the lack of strength



A FIREPLACE AND OVERMANTEL.



IRON RAILINGS AT MESSRS. BARCLAY'S
NEW BANK PREMISES, FLEET STREET.

between the ground and first floor windows, are all points which might have been improved by more careful study and treatment.

It has been well said that the business of criticism is to concern itself with the best that is known and thought in the world, and it must recognise, therefore, that it is a far cry from the great original works of the Renaissance to this latter-day echo of their forms and details; but, at the same time, it is equally far from this quiet and unassuming design to the florid impertinence of the new public-house.

It is probably true to assume that the underlying motive that prompted the erection of this building was a commercial motive, that the principal idea of the building owners was a sound investment. This fact, as we have pointed out, stamps a building at once with its prevailing sentiment, or lack of sentiment, places restrictions on the designer, and largely influences the attitude of mind with which he approaches his work. All artistic work is conceived under the influence of emotion, but who can work up much enthusiasm for other people's dividends? What emotion does their

contemplation produce, beyond a possible feeling of envy? So it seems to us that, in undertaking work of this description, in which any exalted sentiment is impossible, the architect is best advised who frankly accepts the limitation of the case, and confines himself strictly to the problem before him, viz., to give the building owner what he wants, a good return for his money. As far as the outward appearance of the building is concerned, this result is best attained, and the true interests of artistic building are, at the same time, best served by expressing as simply and completely as may be the necessary arrangements and structure, by avoiding all unnecessary features and details not suggested by the necessities of the case, which not only cost extra money, but are also unartistic and opposed to all right principle. In this case we cannot help feeling that a mistake has been made in adopting an essentially three storied treatment for a four storied building. This treatment is more suitable for a palace or municipal building, where a suite of lofty reception rooms occupies the first floor. The importance of these rooms is then indicated on the elevation by the main order of columns, and the elevation thus becomes expressive of the relative dignity of the rooms on the different floors. But here we have a four storied building, of which the ground floor is the most important, and the three upper ones of comparatively equal, though less, importance, which requires a totally different treatment. If the floor levels had been boldly admitted and emphasised on the outside, and the openings for light made the size and shape best adapted for the purpose, the architect would have obtained a suggestion from which to work, and the result would have been more expressive and more in accordance with the ruling idea of the building. He would have been able to produce an elevation which would equally well carry out the wishes and ideas of the owner, and at the same time be more truthful and expressive and of higher value as art.

However, when we judge this building simply from the standpoint of the object for which it was built, we must say that, with this exception of the general treatment of the elevation, it does fulfil its purpose. No doubt it would be possible to carp at many minor details, either from the point of view of commonsense and convenience, or of appearance, but this is not worth while.

The owners wanted a sound, substantial, and not undignified structure, that would worthily represent a sound and substantial banking concern.

This they have got. The architect has had a certain problem to solve, and this, from the owner's point of view, he has done, and done well.



ANNECY: FROM AN ENGRAVING, 1526.

THE TOWN AND CASTLE OF ANNECY: WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. P. COOPER: PART ONE.

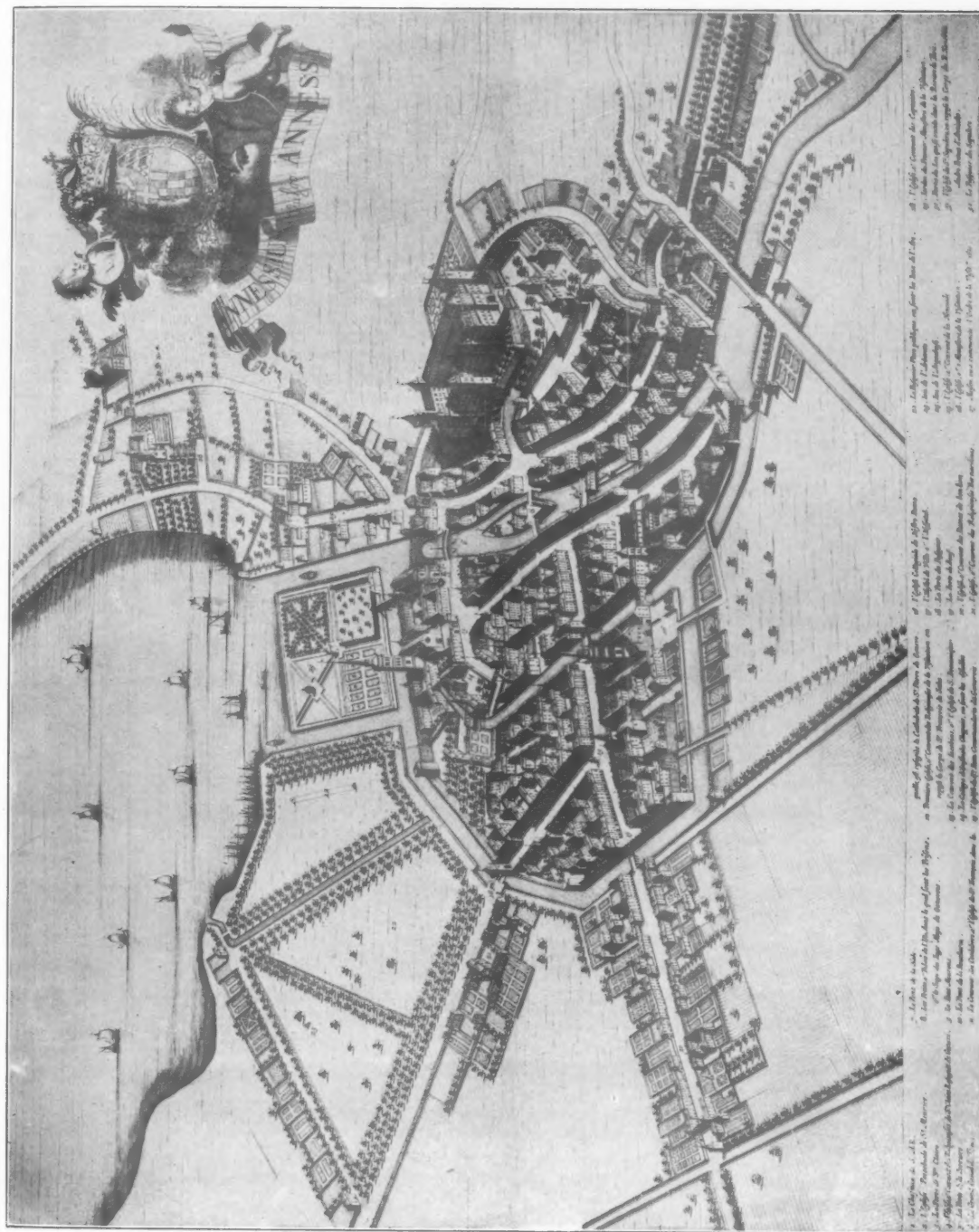
AN old town is a cluster of crystallised legends and historic tales; the walls chronicle them, and those of the inhabitants—who care nothing for the beauty of the weather-worn churches, castles, monasteries, and houses—call to remembrance, as they pass them by, many a tale repeated to them in childhood. But when the time comes that the buildings must go, no thought is given to the fact that with them must also go a whole host of memories, handed on from generation to generation, and that posterity will be left so much the poorer by their loss. A few of them, gathered by historian, archaeologist, or evolutionist, may find a place in musty libraries; but the rest, like uprooted plants, after a short period pass away and are forgotten.

It were difficult to find a country richer in historic tales and legends, which relate facts as seen in a magic mirror, than that round Annecy, and she herself, though her churches were ruined and her towns destroyed during the great Revolution, has preserved much of her old character, and one can still pass down streets that have been but little altered since St. Francis trod them.

This town of Annecy lies on the borders of a

sapphire lake. Though the sun may on hot afternoons rob the mountains of their colour, and clothe every blade of grass in glittering mail, it is powerless to rob the lake of its wondrous blue. Till late in the forenoon the mountains round hold the mysteries of the sunrise and veil their fastnesses in shifting vapour, transforming their craggy heads into the similitude of castles and walled towns, dream cities lying enchanted among the clouds. Shadows shift from pinnacle to turret, dropping down the great walls of masonry, and deepening in huge portals whence no wayfarer ever issues to disturb their repose.

From the lake canals run inland, the tongue of land forming a garden, so that from the town the blue of the lake is broken by trees. Facing what formerly was Le Pont de la Halle is the Palais de l'Île, its prow-shaped chapel cutting the stream towards the lake. On a height above it is the castle, from which a street descends steeply to the town, its houses, originally of stone, have, in bygone times, shot forth wooden balconies and staircases so as to almost completely hide their original fronts. Below, most of the streets have stone colonnades. On market days the country folk arrange their wares under the arches; men and women sit fondling their cheeses, filling up the holes with careful fingers, more intent seemingly on the product of their labours than on possible customers. Shadows mass here, and the grey



ANNECY IN THE XVII. CENTURY.



ANNECY: CHATEAU DE L'ÎLE.

buildings throw a peaceful and quiet air over the inhabitants.

The town is bound in on three sides by the mountains which almost encircle the lake and form a shield against the north wind which here is said to never blow. Beyond the town, on the south side, flows the Fier, celebrated for its gorges. Tradition states that Annecy once lay between two lakes. Beyond the marshes old writers tell how they have seen vestiges of a port and an enormous stake to which boats were firmly fastened. The Romans are said to have forced an opening through the rocks, which formed a dam at Tassel, by the aid of acids,

Celts it is impossible to say, certain it is that the country was, in 218 B.C., the year when Hannibal crossed the Alps, inhabited by the Allobroges. Like their neighbours, the Helvetii, they lived largely by fishing, and had floating habitations. After Hannibal's invasion of Italy, the Romans over-ran their territory for having allowed him free passage through their country. For 543 years they were under the Roman dominion, despite their frequent attempts to regain their freedom; yet during that period they preserved their own laws and customs when dealing with members of their own nationality. But the Roman

dominion bore fruit in that they forsook their old manner of living and took to a pastoral life. The Romans either added to the existing town, perhaps that of the Egyptians, or themselves built the town which preceded the present one, of which remains, such as subterranean chambers containing Roman utensils, tombs with Latin inscriptions, stones forming the basis of subterranean walls, were found long ago; and in later years traces of temples and theatres have been discovered, besides coins in gold, copper, and silver, and silver stamped with the effigies of early emperors. This first town was probably buried



PALAIS DE L'ÎLE, ANNECY.

completely by the mud, carried away formerly by the canals formed to take the waters of the lake after the melting of the snow and heavy rains, which had been neglected after the barbarian invasion towards the end of the third century. During that period a mixed race of Huns, Goths, Burgondes, Franks, Vandals, Saracens, and Hungarians had sprung up, and they occupied the country at the time of its conquest by the Burgondes in 422, to whom Honorius ceded the whole of Allobrogae by treaty. Godibrand, their chief, settled at Geneva, which town he restored. During the reign of his son, Gondégisele, the country was divided into dioceses and parishes.

More than two centuries had passed since the first town of Bautae had been destroyed. The banks of the lake had been drained, and the plain cultivated; and now that the Burgondes divided up the conquered country among the Allobroges and the few remaining Romans, it was the surroundings of the lake that the king chose to reserve for himself, constructing a castle on the top of the hill now occupied by the chateau to serve as a safe retreat in case of invasion or insurrection. Gradually the country folk built under the castle for protection, and the first town of Annecy came into existence, its name derived, it is said, from two Teutonic words. An—near; and ach—water or lake. St. Maurice the patron

saint of Sigismund the king, being chosen as its patron saint. In 536 the Franks became masters of the country, and for close on three centuries and a half held it, introducing the feudal system in its hardest form. Their rule is still held in remembrance by a tale connected with one of the castle towers, in which Lothaire confined the Princess Tiedtbeige in order that he might live more at ease with his concubine Waldrade. The Frankish rule

was followed by that of Boson, king of Arles, who became king of Savoy, and conserved the feudal system.

At the beginning of the 10th century the first walls were raised round the town to protect the inhabitants and peasants, who flocked thither from the country round, owing to the devastation of the neighbouring valleys by the Saracens, Moors, and Hungarians. The name of one of the surrounding hills, the Crêt-du-Maure, records the visit of the Moors who are said to



PALAIS DE L'ÎLE, ANNECY: FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY J. P. COOPER.

have attacked the town. The name of Bornales de Sarrazin, given to some grottoes in the neighbourhood, recall that of the Saracens, as does the legend which tells how a knight of the court of King Arthur, accompanied by La belle Gidda, was wandering in search of adventure, and, on hearing of the distress of a garrison besieged by the Saracens, attacked the pagan camp. A Saracen giant *hideux et mécréant*, came forth to meet him. At the critical moment of the fight, Gidda, who

had watched the combat from a neighbouring hillock, jumped on the giant's shoulders and, bandaging his eyes with her scarf, enabled her knight to dispatch him with his axe. The Saracens, Moors, and Hungarians went as they came, leaving but a few names and legends behind them. The country then passed under the rule of the kings of Bourgogne who were followed by the German emperors. It was the latter who invested the Bishops of Geneva with sovereign rights over the town of Geneva and its surroundings, rights enjoyed by them throughout the middle ages.

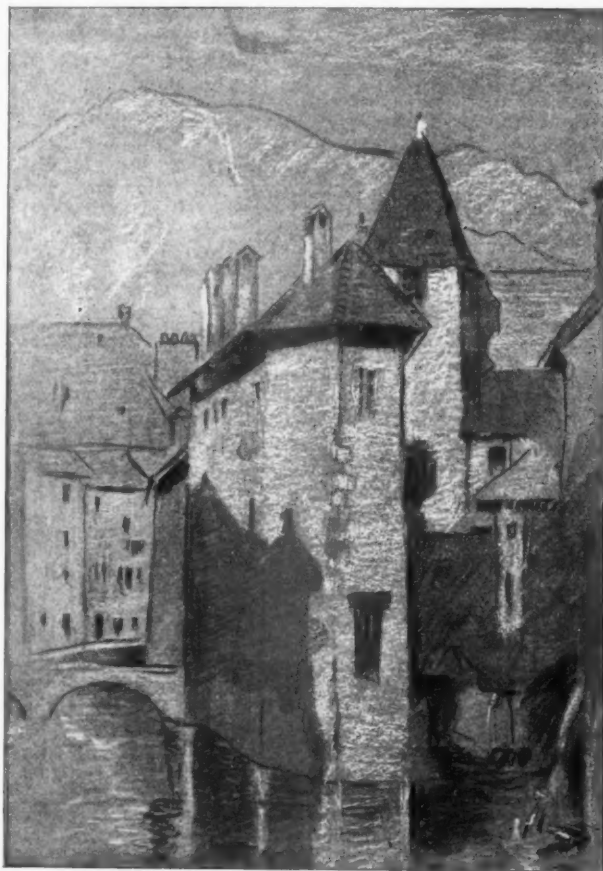
During this early period, when peace for any protracted period was unknown, a man here and there was found who devoted his life to other than material aggrandizement or battling with his neighbours. Long after their deaths their influence lasted; some a lesser and some a greater fame awaited; to-day the names only of many are remembered; but one at least has left a memorial of himself which is even now receiving fresh recognition. The celebrated St. Bernard was born at Menthon in 993. On the eve of his marriage with Marguerite de Nicolau, the bride chosen for him by his father, impelled by the desire to consecrate himself only and wholly to God, he fled, and when his parents came to conduct him to church, the bent bars of his window showed them what course he had taken. He fled to the mountains and erected there two hospices on that of the Great and Little St. Bernard for monks of the Order of St. Augustine. Other saints besides St. Bernard have left their names on the country side. Of St. Ruph, St. Germain, St. Jorioz, and Madame de Bellevaux, their sister, a legend comes down to us telling how they quitted Belgium for the Alps in order to lead the life of hermits. St. Jorioz stopped on the borders of the Annecy lake, St.

Germain chose for his abode the rocks which crowned Talloires, St. Ruph chose Samburg's frozen peaks. Madame de Bellevaux, who arrived first, had her cell behind the chain of mountains which separates the valley from the plateau of Beauges, imagined herself cut off from all the noises of the world, but one morning she was surprised to hear the Angelus. Curious to know who her neighbour might be, she scaled the rocks, and, surmounting the summit, after a wearisome descent came to the hermitage of St. Ruph. On

finding her brother, she determined to again set off and go far beyond the sound of his bell. Without accepting the frugal meal offered her, and taking only some water from the fountain with her own hand, she departed. Since then the fountain has been said to possess curative properties. Another fountain points the spot where she rested. The hermitage was in late years demolished and the reliques and bell taken away, and from the date of their removal the inhabitants of St. Ruph put down the commencement of their misfortunes. Other legends point probably to the Druidical form of worship which was practised by the Allobroges. There is that of the miraculous bush

under which the remains of St. Gingod were found, the leaves of which made the goats that eat of them suddenly blind, and close by this spot is a fountain whose waters have the virtue of procuring good husbands for the girls of the parish, and on the site of another miraculous bush, where habitually perched a white dove, the church of Consainte-Colombe was built.

The country during this early period was in a continual state of unrest, but Annecy grew and prospered till the second half of the tenth century, which introduced an epoch of stagnation, owing to the universal belief that the end of the world was



ANNECY, PALAIS DE L'ÎLE: FROM A SKETCH BY J. P. COOPER.



ANNECY: BACK VIEW OF CHATEAU.

approaching. Commerce and industry were interrupted, everybody spending their time in preparation for the end by good works and penitence, and for this reason it is said Irmingarde the Queen founded and endowed the monastery at Talloires. But no sooner was the dreaded period passed than all seemed endowed with fresh life. Buildings rose rapidly. The town spread down hillside from the chateau to the canal Thiou. A fortified wall surrounded the narrow space into which the streets were crowded, and an archway traversing the canal completed the fortifications, the single bridge which crossed the Thiou being flanked by strong towers provided with massive gates. The only building of note beyond this gate, now the Pont Morens, being the oratory, soon to be famed as Notre Dame de Liesse. Within the walls Amadeus I., Count of Geneva, caused a large church to be erected to St. Maurice, as the castle chapel was found too small to accommodate the increasing population. This was consecrated with much pomp by the Bishop of Geneva in 1132. It is said to have consisted of a great nave "rising in the form of an amphitheatre, from the peristyle to the sanctuary," the altar being placed in the centre. As time went on aisles and chapels and vaults were added. Amongst the treasures of the Church were the reliques of St. Blaise, who suffered martyrdom

under Licinius in 316. It was in memory of his execution, when his body was torn with iron combs, that the woolcarders chose him as their patron saint. His reliques were supposed to possess the power of healing children. On the day dedicated to his memory it was customary to carry bread and salt to the church, where the priest pronounced a blessing which was known as the "Benediction of St. Blaise."

In 1178, William I., Count of Geneva, came to fix his court at Annecy, his numerous dependents, soldiers, and personal retainers which he brought with him made it necessary for him to enlarge the chateau, whilst the growing commerce, together with the yearly increasing number of pilgrims who came to visit the shrine of Notre Dame, caused new streets to be constructed outside the walls, beyond the Pont Marens, which were in their turn enclosed.

From the earliest ages the Church of St. Maurice had possessed an altar erected to the Virgin, but the inhabitants forsook this for the shrine dedicated to her outside the bourg, containing an image representing "Marie pleine de grâce et source de liesse," whose many miracles brought pilgrims with offerings from far and near. This shrine being without the walls and the gates closed at nightfall, the pilgrims had erected a hospital to provide



ANNECY: CANAL DE THIOU.

themselves and all who needed with food and shelter. Around the chapel and hospital other buildings rose, and when the town walls were being extended to the Canal du Vasse, also enclosed, and the present quarter of Notre Dame sprang into existence. Amadrus III. in 1367 started to transform the chapel into a great church, the original chapel being placed in one of its three aisles, and the choir he chose for his last resting place. At his death the works were stopped, and the building remained uncompleted till 1400. His son Robert, antipope under the title of Clement VII. did much towards carrying out his father's plans, granting it a jubilee every seven years, lasting three days. The bishop issued letters beforehand to be published in all the parishes, under the Government, giving the date. The concourse of Savoisians and strangers thus brought together was astonishing. Great precautions were taken to preserve the peace, but seem to have not been needed. The church drew crowds on all festivals on account, it has been said, of the beauties of its ceremonies. On the feast of the Innocents it was for many years the custom for the choir boys to dress up in imitation of the canons and dignitaries of the church, and having been conducted to the high altar to there perform all the chief offices and ceremonies. This was forbidden in 1425 by the Council of Bâle, as the children, the novelty having worn off and not being in awe of their superiors, had begun to treat it as a jest, but the custom was not abolished till the year 1571.

When the fear of the approaching end of the world was past, the number of pilgrims to the Holy Land had vastly increased. The cruelty

and tortures inflicted on them had set Peter the Hermit preaching throughout the land, and Pope Urban II., in a great speech at Clermont, sanctioned the Crusades: "You are soldiers of the Cross; wear, then, on your breasts or on your shoulders the blood red sign of him who died for the salvation of your souls." The assumption of this cross set the debtor free from his creditor, freed the malefactor from jail, the peasant from the jurisdiction of his lord, the priest and monk from cloister or parish, and invested the noble knight with a sanctity hardly to be gained before, by the most austere life. In Annecy the first Crusade bore

fruit in the founding of the church, convent, and hospital of the Confraternity of the Holy Sepulchre, afterwards called the Hospitallers, and the *chanoines* of this order wore on their black cassock a double red cross. Its members held themselves always ready to fly to the defence of the Holy Land.



ANNECY ON A MARKET DAY.

After the last Crusade and the Holy Sepulchre had fallen into the hands of the infidels their numbers fell off, and in the fourteenth century the members of the order were reduced to eighteen, but it lingered on, and in 1560, when all the other convents of that order were united by Innocent VIII. to that of St. John of Jerusalem, the convent of Annecy was exempted on account of its ancient origin.

Although the Courts of Geneva had taken no active part in the crusades, many knights from the country round had joined in them, and brought back stories of the places they had seen, and

married, was not without its influence. He chose this spot on the side of Semnoz for his own resting-place, and determined to consecrate it by erecting there a convent to St. Catherine, in which the daughters of noble families should receive an education befitting their rank. But death prevented him executing these plans, and it was left to his daughter and her husband, Thomas of Savoy, to carry out his wishes. On the completion of the buildings and its gardens, she applied to the Convent of Boulieu, which had been richly endowed by her father, for nuns to act as guardians to his tomb.



ANNECY: PALAIS DE L'ILE.

William I., Count of Geneva, pondering over them, when gazing from his castle tower on the well-wooded valley situated on the southern side of Semnoz, was struck by its resemblance to the Gorge of Sinai, where reposed the remains of St. Catherine. He was no longer the impetuous knight outlawed in 1186 by the Emperor Barbarosa for his frequent insurrections against the Prince Bishops of Geneva. His character had been changed by disgrace and increasing age, and the example of the Bienheureux Humbert of Savoy, living among the cloisters of Hautecombe, whose son his daughter Beatrix had

So certain nuns of the Order of St. Benoit, under the authority of her young niece Agatha of Geneva, came there, and there, on her husband's death, Beatrix retired, and there she died and was buried by the side of her husband and father, leaving ten children, of whom one—Boniface—was destined to become the famous Archbishop of Canterbury.

Outside the town chateaux and monasteries and villages were rising on every eminence. There was Albi, where stood the two castles constructed by the Burgondes in the fifth century; Rumilly, where was the castle belonging to the knights of

Rhodes, in which Djem, son of Mahomet II., spent years of captivity; the tower and chateau of Ugines and the chateau of Rossillon, built by Boniface of Canterbury, the Absalon of Savoy; the chateau of Giez, dating from the eleventh century, belonging to the family of Villelle, which gave to the Church Pope Nicholas II., where the fair Ines was born; Apremont, where Montmayeur in the fifteenth century shut up Monsieur Gui de Fausigny, who had decided against him in a process concerning his pretensions to the Chateau des Marches, and where after a few weeks' imprisonment he had him judged and executed; the Chateau de la Monnaie, in which the Counts of Geneva coined their money; Monthoux, built in the midst of the forest of Barioz in the fourteenth century; Montrottoir guarding the Gorge du Fier and the "Mer des Rochers,"* inhabited by a branch of the Menthon family; La Balme, where Amadeus IV., Count of Geneva, signed a charter, confirming the franchise of Annecy, privileges which were extended by his brother Pierre in 1370, the same it is supposed who built the Tower Perriere, which was added to the Chateau of Annecy about that period; the Chateau de Sales, in which the future Saint was born, "with its six high towers, its three 'tour-

* So called because the form given to the rocks by the continual flow of water resembles petrified waves.



ANNECY: PORTE ST. CLAIRE.

nelles,' its twelve weathercocks, its three barns, and 'autres fabriques de ménage'; the Chateau of Alex, where Jean d'Arenthon was born. Jean d'Arenthon was one of the most distinguished prelates who held the episcopal see of Geneva. Towards the end of the last century Mont Blanc was called the "Montaign maudite." The country folk said that the valleys of ice at its foot had been formerly covered with verdure, and peopled by shepherds and their flocks, but they had been cursed by some fairy and buried under eternal snows. On seeing, at certain times, the glaciers descend close to their villages, the Chamoinards beseeched their bishop Jean d'Arenthon to exorcise and bless these great mountains of snow and ice. The last time he blessed them they retreated, it is said, more than a quarter of a league. The Chateau of Sallenôve, with its legend of the phantom steed,* and close by the Abbey of

* Jacques Replat, in his "Bois et Vallous," relates the legend of this phantom steed, which was told him by a goat-herd in the ruins of the Chateau of Bâthie:—

It was in the time of the Crusades. Berthe the blonde, daughter of the Count of Geneva, was fresher than the flower of May, whiter than the flower of the thorn; and glances from her blue eyes had, moreover, captivated the Sire de Sallenôve and the Vidomme de Chaumont. In jousts and tourneys, the two rivals had long time disputed the favour of her hand. After many lances broken in honour of his lady, Chaumont gained love's guerdon. But a short time after his marriage he had to follow to the Holy Land Amé de Savoie, his suzeraine.

He had led with him all his men at arms to guard his manor and watch over his spouse. He left at Chaumont only a varlet of tender age and a chaplain with a grey beard.

The Vidomme had been absent for three years, and during these three long years he had given no news of himself. One might imagine that he had perished in crossing or fallen in the East under the scimitar of the Saracen.

Messire de Sallenôve had been greatly angered at the triumph of his rival, then he had fallen into a deep melancholy. Instead of going, as was his duty as a knight, to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, he had shut himself up in his dungeon, and no longer went out, neither for the chase, not even to go to mass in the parish. His black humour was a little assuaged by the departure of the Vidomme. As the absence was prolonged, he gained a little hope; at the end of three years he ended by telling himself that Berthe the blonde was a widow, or as good as one; that she ought, besides, to die of ennui in her solitary tower, having her old chaplain for sole companion, and for her only distraction readings from the lives of the saints or from a romance of chivalry. So, having resolved to see her, he planned, to introduce himself into the chateau—the stratagem of the wolf turned shepherd.

On the fall of a summer's night, after a day of stifling heat, Berthe had mounted the platform of the tower to breathe a little fresh air, when she saw arrive at the foot of the walls a steed bearing a knight.

The air was heavy; thick clouds, shot with lightning, massed on Jura's side.

The knight bore the arms and the device of the Chaumonts, a cockle-shell was fastened to his crest, the red cross was on his shoulder.

He sounded his horn and gave battle-cry of the family of the Vidommes. Berthe, the happy Berthe, thought her husband had returned, and hastened to quit the platform in order to meet the crusader. Already the varlet, who was charged to guard the postern, had raised the portcullis, let down the drawbridge, and given entrance to the cavalier whom he took for his master. On his side, the chaplain had descended into the court, and was



ANNECY GATEWAY.

Boulieu, founded in the twelfth century and transferred to Annecy in the seventeenth; there was also the Sainte Maison d'Entremont, founded in 1225, by Amadeus, Count of Geneva, which belonged to the *chanoines* of the Order of St. Augustine, amongst whose numerous possessions were the windmills at Creus. On summer evenings the dragon might be seen flying past on fiery wings, the burnt grass testifying to the spot where it had dropped in its flight. Well might the Venetian astrologer say, "Monsieur de Savoie est le plus riche des prince de l'Europe, mais il ne connaît pas ses richesses."

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about to embrace him—but, what was his astonishment! At the first words exchanged he recognised the voice of the Sire de Sallenôve. May Notre Dame de Bonlieu protect Berthe the blonde! All resistance appeared impossible; the chateau is without defenders, and the enemy has a foot in the place. Then, in the paroxysms of despair, the chaplain fulminated a "vade retro!" He cursed the felon chevalier in his person, his arms, and his horse.

Immediately the thunder growled, the tempest broke. The steed became furious, repassed the drawbridge; he carried his rider into the midst of the lightning flashes and the howling of the storm. The river Usse, which it was necessary to traverse to gain Sallenôve, is suddenly swollen by the torrents of rain; he threw himself into it, and disappeared under the boiling foam.

The raging flood closed for ever over horse and master.

It is since then that the phantom steed is often seen, particularly on stormy nights, in the roofs of the Chateau of Sallenôve.

VOL. VII.—N.

MOTTOES FOR THE FRONTS OF HOUSES: BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

"Thys House is naught
Nature hath wrought
What shall last aye;
Therefore serve God,
Keepe wel hys roode,
Thy fame shal not decaye."

This House I built not only for my home,
But for the world which may hereafter come.

No more I'll roam, This is my Home.

If this House lack aught that's nice,
Remember it had not your advice;
It would, doubtless, perfect be
Had I first consulted thee.

One marvel hath this House—that when perfected—
It did not cost me more than I expected!

Ein Haus von Gott dem Herrn bewacht
Ist wohl begründet und bedacht.

Translation.

A House which God doth oversee
Is grounded, watched, well as can be.

Durch Gottes Hilf und Menschen hände
Kommt manches schonere Werk zu ende.

Translation.

By grace of God and work of man
This ended well which well began.

Du hast zum Bau gedeih'n verlieh'n
Jetzt Herr, beschutz, und segne ihn.

Translation.

For this House I've done my best,
God, I trust, will do the rest!

This House I built on earth below,
But life is but a fleeting show;
I trust it has to me been given
Meanwhile to build a House in Heaven!

If in this House, oh passer-by
Thou no especial fault dost spy,
And if th' exterior pleases thee,
As the interior pleases me,
Then, God be praised! we both agree.

If thy House be not as fine
Envy not this House of mine;
And if thy House better be,
Look not down with scorn on me.

Without God's hand
No House can stand—
In this or any other land!

If this House thy notice win,
Give kind wish to all therein;
And if it please thee, don't neglect
To include the architect.

Casa mia, Casa mia!
Tu mi pari una badia
Piccola o grande che tu sia.

Translation.

House of mine though small you be
Thou'rt a palace unto me!

Ere you enter in this door
Or set foot upon the floor,
Give good luck to Me and Mine,
As I do to Thee and Thine.

My House though small
Is more to me
Than the finest hall
Of a king could be.

In this my House I live att ease,
And here I doe whate'er I please.

—Willst haben Gemach
—Bleib unter deinem Dach.

Translation.

Wouldst thou put happiness to proof,
Then always live 'neath thine own roof.

Hast du ein Haus
So denke nicht d'raus.

Translation.

Hast thou a home,
Then never roam.

This House is but one storey high,
Life hath but one Story, and then we die.

Under the Figure of a Boar.

This is a boar which here you spy
To picture to the passer-by,
That boars or bores beyond all doubt
Shall not come in, but stay without.

Under a Fox chasing a Goose.

When the fox chased the goose this House was begun,
When the fox gets the goose this House will be done
—1755.

This House ye Fox and Goose doth beare
That foxy men mayn't enter here!

Under a Chained Bear.

This House doth bear a bear who bears a chain;
Bear and forbear will save us all much pain!

Under a Noah's Ark.

This House is called the Noah's Ark,
Of that there is no doubt;
But with this little difference—hark!
The brutes are all left out.

Under a Hive.

Here in this hive a house a household see,
Given to sweets, yet more to industry.

Under a Cat and Mouse.

The sight of a cat, which never deceives,
Brings ruin and death to robbers and thieves;
For she judges the mice, and executes 'em,
And if thieves come bothering here—I shoots 'em.
(American.)

Under a Cheese.

In this House I have Bread and Cheese,
Come in and share it if you please;
Bread and Cheese is very good stuff,
When a quart of ale is not far off.

May this House be ever free
From Sickness, Thieves, and Poverty!

From the nightmare!
And sorrow and fire!
And all evil things that be
Salve—Benedicite!

There are houses better by far
Than this, while some inferior are;
Better or worse I let them go,
Virtus semper in medio.

Give this house, oh traveller, pray,
A blessing as you pass this way,
And if you've time, I beg your pardon,
While you're at it—bless the garden!

This truth is learned by all who widely roam,
No house is fit to live in, till 'tis home.

Home, Sweet Home!
To it may blessings come!

Many who see this house of mine
May truly say, "'Tis nothing fine."
I only wish that all who run
By it, had just as good a one!

I truly hope that all who come
Herein may think "'Tis like a home!"

This house was modern in ninety-five,
Should it last, howe'er 't may thrive,
'Twill be old-fashioned to all alive,
In twenty hundred and ninety-five.

Under a Horse Shoe.

A horse shoe brings good luck they say,
In any case I hope it may!
I built this house as I could afford,
For what is wanting I trust to the Lord,
I built it, indeed, as well as I could,
As for the rest I leave it to God!

"In pleasures or palace though we should roam,
Be it never so humble there's no place like home."
John Howard Payne.

If in this house some sinners be,
Remember there are sins in thee.

All the world is but a home,
In which each mortal finds his room,
Some the best and some the garret,
In any case we have to bear it.

That house indeed is firm and stout,
Which can keep all trouble out.

Willst du verstehn des Hauses wesen,
So thu hier diesen Reimen lesen,
Schau, halt dich wohl ehrlich und frumm;
Hie hast du's kurz in einer Summ,
Sag nichts hinein, trag nichts daraus,
Willst platz du ha'n in diesem haus.
A.D. 1644.

Translation.

Wouldst learn this house's way betimes,
Then thou may'st read it in these rhymes:
Be honourable, good and true,
And there it is—summed up for you.
Carry no gossip out or in
If thou wouldst have a place herein.

This house has faults yet, truth to tell,
All people are not built so well.

In every house a man we see,
Man's thoughts are his true family.
This house is enough for mine and me,
God bless the guests and the family,
And you who read, whoever you be!



THE WOOD CARVER: IN THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM: PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

EARLY ENGLISH CRAFT GILDS: WRITTEN BY REV. J. MALET LAMBERT, LL.D.: PART ONE.

AS the early history of the development of industry becomes clearer to us, it grows more and more evident that for its elucidation we must look beyond the mere sphere of individualistic effort. In agriculture, the earliest of all arts, we now know that if we except the most recent stages of development in western lands, the communal or common field system prevailed over the greater part of Europe and Asia. The individual would have been helpless. His activity was merged, so to speak, in the traditional corporate action of the small community to which he belonged. It would be easy to show the effects of such a system in the discouragement of initiative, and the persistence of inferior and antiquated methods, but the effort, at best, would miss the mark. It would be an anachronism. The real question is, whether it served its purpose in the environment of the whole of the political and social circumstances of its age. Only when one becomes steeped in the mental atmosphere of other days is it possible to estimate their institutions aright.

The same is true when we consider the earliest forms of the industries which came next on the stage, when the villages grew into towns, and the concentration of activity in the most elementary forms of handicraft began to form the constituents of an industrial class. At the first the burghers were also, in most cases, farmers too.* Then we can see the differentiation gradually taking

place; the arts subsidiary to clothing, food, and war, the weavers and fullers, tanners and cordwainers, saddlers and lorimers, emerge, and find casual mention in the records of the time; it is the sign that a class of men has arisen whose whole working time is devoted to handicraft or trade. But what at present concerns us is that these crafts emerge from obscurity, not as the employment of individual men, but as unions or associations of men, or as Gilds. The universality of this fact is one of the most remarkable things in social and economic history. Professor Ramsay finds their memorials everywhere in the valley of the Lycus and the cities of Phrygia,* and deems them antecedent to the Greek city organisation into tribes. They were among the institutions of Rome under the early kings. Under the later Roman Emperors in Europe they were universal; the names of over eighty of such societies survive. When modern Europe began to emerge from the confusion of barbarism, while so many things which belonged to the old world had vanished, instances of these ancient "Scholæ," or trades' gilds, survive; there appears a "Schola negotiatorum," with its "capitularius," or master, in the records of Ravenna in 933, a "Schola piscatorum" in the same sanctuary of Imperialism also in the tenth century.† Paris had become Frank, but the Fraternity of the Butchers and the "Marchands de l'eau" seem to date from Roman times.‡ Even Constantinople has its trades' Gilds, the degenerate descendants of those which greeted the great

* Ramsay, "C. and B. of Phrygia I.," pp. 106, 107, 119; and "Church in R. Emp.," pp. 200, 215, 359.

† Gross, "G. M. I.," pp. 282—285.

‡ Fagnier, "L'Industrie à Paris," pp. 3 and 4.

* Ochenkowski, "Engl. Wirths. Ent.," 51.



METAL WORKERS: XIV. CENTURY:
ITALIAN.

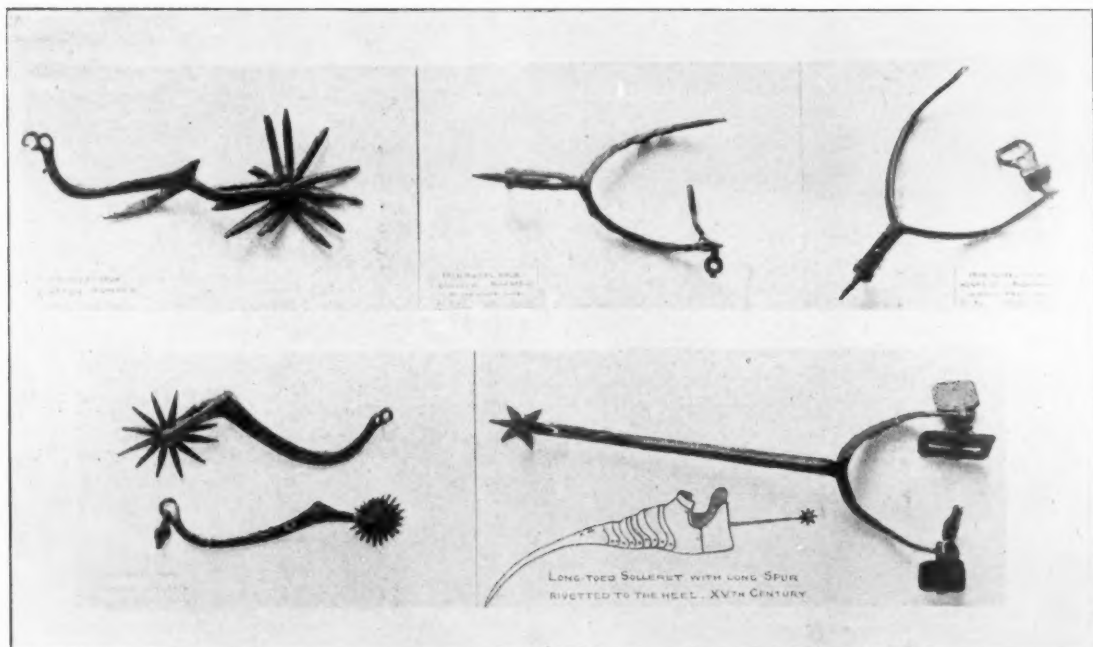
Sultan Mourad III., and which themselves claim descent from Byzantine ancestors.* In Russia they are called "Artels," and are numerous.

The comparative study of these associations is as yet incomplete, and it is only possible here to indicate the points of interest of the problems involved. Economically, it is now generally recog-

nised that the stage of what is called the "gild system" is the intermediate one between that of the family and the modern era of more or less limited competition. Socially and historically the interest goes further. Almost everywhere in Europe and Asia Minor there is a similarity of mould, and even over wide areas of detailed constitution, which, at least, suggests a common history. Rules of a "Collegium" of Trajan's time are reproduced in the common ordinances of English gilds of the fourteenth century. Is this similarity to be estimated as the result merely of universal tendencies implanted in human nature, or can we discern the persistence of a form of association so deeply intertwined with the common life of men that it has held its own through long centuries, and spread from land to land while dynasties and empires have occupied the pages of history? The question is one full of interest. It must suffice to indicate the conclusion to which a study of the facts has led the writer. That the formation of associations according to the ideas of the time and place is a natural product of economic tendencies may be granted, but from the peculiar forms in which the Craft gilds of Mediaeval Europe everywhere took shape it seems highly probable that they generally availed themselves of the traditional mould which had sheltered similar institutions in Roman times, which belonged also to the religious and social gild, and spread from the seats of its survival along the channels of civilisation.

Our knowledge of Craft gilds in England begins with the Norman period. Whether they existed in

* Lambert, "Gild Life," p. 52.



ANCIENT SPURS IN THE GUILDHALL MUSEUM.

Anglo-Saxon times is a matter as to which we have no exact evidence. The indications which seem to point to the probability of their existence are the following. It was one of the features of the mediaeval organisation of trades by gilds that the associated crafts grouped themselves in definite quarters of the towns, and gave their names to the districts or streets where they lived and carried on their work. Thus, in London, the Saddlers lived round and attended the Church of St. Martin's-le-Grand, the Lorimers lived near, in Cripplegate, the Smiths in Smithfield, Bucklers in Bucklersbury.* In Bristol we find Tuckers Street—*i.e.*, Fullers Street, Knifsmith Street, Butchers' Row. "Such a grouping," as Mr. Ashley remarks, "must have enormously strengthened the corporate life in each craft, and made the work of supervision easier."† We know, however, that, in Winchester at any rate, this grouping existed in Anglo-Saxon times. Such, at least, is a fair inference from the fact that the street names derived from the crafts were of Anglo-Saxon origin. Scowertene Stræt (or Shoemakers' Street), Alwarene Stræt (Mercers Street), Flescmanegere Stræt, Schyldwortene Stræt, and Tannere Stræt must have got their names before the Conquest.‡ It is probable that the workers thus congregated together, like their successors a century later, were organised in a similar manner.

Again, although with the doubtful exception of the Chapman's Gild of Canterbury, mentioned during Anselm's Primacy, § we have no evidence of a trade gild before the Conquest, yet the ordinances of four gilds of a religious and charitable nature remain from

Cambridge, Abbotsbury, Exeter, and Woodbury.* As Dr. Gross remarks: "All the characteristics of the later gilds appear in the statutes of these four fraternities."† But, as we shall see, the connection between the religious and craft gild was so close that, granted the co-existence of religious gilds and organised trades, it is a safe inference that the form of the latter was that of the gild.

There is considerable probability that the claim of the Saddlers' Gild, confidently asserted by Stowe, is so far well founded that they had a corporate existence in Anglo-Saxon times. A convention between the Gild, then governed by an alderman, and the members of St. Martin's-le-Grand dates from the year 1154, and bears strong internal evidence of their having come down from before the Conquest.

Not only is the Gild then represented by its Alderman, Chaplain, Echevins, and Elders, but the intimate relation between the two bodies is said to have existed from of old. The Gildsmen were to be considered as brethren with, and partakers of, all benefits with the Church of St. Martin, by night and by day, in masses, psalms, vigils, and prayers. Further, it had been the custom from ancient times, and was then on record in their Chapter holden in the time of Ærnaldus, their Alderman, that upon the members receiving the body of a deceased brother of the Gild, and duly tolling

the knell, the Church of St. Martin should receive the sum of eightpence.‡

The name Ærnaldus, the form and established antiquity of the customs described, as well as the antiquity of the craft itself, all seem to point to the validity of the claim.



GLOUCESTER CANDLESICK:
XII. CENTURY: SOUTH KEN-
SINGTON MUSEUM.

* Lib. Cust. (Riley) Int. lviii. lxxv.

† Ashley, "Ec. H. I.," p. 96.

‡ "Hist. Winch.," Bramston and Leroy, p. 40.

§ Gross, "G. M. II.," p. 37.

* Stubbs, "Const. H. I.," p. 413, where see refs.

† Gross, "G. M. I.," p. 183.

‡ Lib. Cust. Int., lv.; Madox F. B., p. 27; Hazlitt, p. 601.

For our ancestors had a genuine respect for antiquity, though it must be confessed that their zeal was not always according to knowledge. Witness the following from the White Book of the City of London:—"In the year from the beginning of the World, 4032, and before Our

was the earlier institution. There is this distinction, which does not seem to have been sufficiently appreciated, that the Merchant Gild was a body of



COOPERS AT WORK :
XV. CENTURY.



ARMOURERS AT WORK :
XIV. CENTURY.

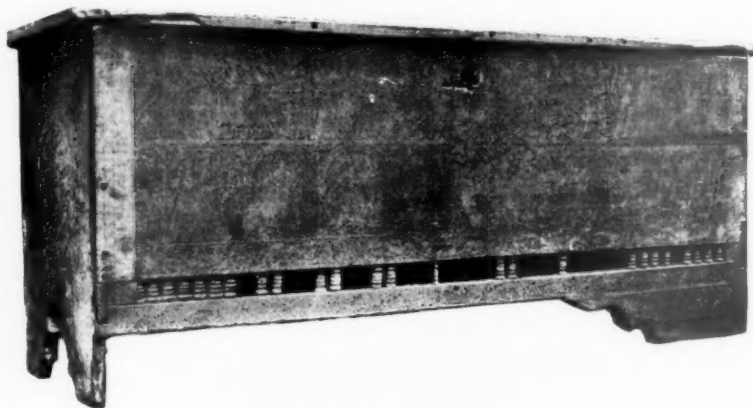
Lord's Incarnation, 1200, the city that is now called London, founded in imitation of great Troy, was constructed and built by King Brut, the first monarch of Britain . . . whence it is that even to this day it possesses the rights and liberties and customs of that ancient city Troy, and enjoys its institutions. For it has its senatorial rank as well as its minor magistracies; it has also its annual Sheriffs as a substitute for Consuls."*

It is clear, however, that so far as definite facts are concerned, the history of English Craft Gilds must begin with the century after the Conquest. Whatever may have been the stage of development in the towns of the Anglo-Saxon period, it was only after the firm establishment of the Norman rule that the orderly progress began which can be traced onwards to the present day. Until this stage was reached the Craft gild could not grow.

The earliest mention of Craft gilds is found in the accounts of the Exchequer for the year 1131, known as the Great Roll of the Pipe. The Gild Merchant first appears in a charter granted by Robert FitzHamon to the Burgesses of Burford (1087-1107).†

It does not, however, follow from this fact that the latter

such importance, and so intimately associated with the government of the town, that it seems in nearly all cases to have originated by charter. When, therefore, we know the date of the charter we know that of the origin of the gild. In the case of the Crafts the remark does not apply. It was, indeed, clear that a gild was liable to be called to account for its existence unless a Royal license was obtained, and we have some evidence of a charter being granted by Henry I. to the weavers of London and York, and to the workers in leather at Oxford. The reason in each case appears to be that it carried with it the right of monopoly in the Craft, a right which clearly required civil sanction. But the form of the entries in the Exchequer at least suggests that they record the enforcement of



COFFER OF CYPRESS WOOD
ITALIAN XII. CENTURY.

* Liber Albus, pp. 54, 427.

† Gross, "G. M. L.," p. 5.



TAPESTRY WEAVERS: XIV.
CENTURY: ITALIAN.

the annual "ferm," or payment, on gilds already in existence. The weavers of Oxford pay two marks of gold that they may have their gild, the Shoemakers of Oxford pay five that they may recover theirs, the weavers of Huntingdon pay forty shillings, those of Lincoln a mark of gold.* It is thus only from the side of the Government that our information comes; analogy would lead us to conclude that as private associations, probably

* Pipe Roll 31 H. I., 2, 5, 48, 109.



SPINNING, CARDING, AND
WEAVING: XIV. CENTURY.

under colour of religious gilds, some, at least, of these humbler bodies were already in existence, and now sought and obtained the status of recognised gilds, with the coercive jurisdiction it carried with it.

In the same year, Robert, the son of Lefstan, pays £16 for the Gild of Weavers of London, and it appears that the same Lefstan had occupied a similar position—that of alderman—of the old Cnihten-Gild; similarly Ulviet was a Lageman or magistrate of York, and we find his son Thomas paying to the king a coursing dog that he may be Alderman of the Merchant Gild.* Both positions



EMBROIDERY, SHOWING FRAME ON
KNEE: XV. CENTURY: DUTCH.

were evidently of sufficient importance to be objects of ambition.

No general rule, then, can be laid down as to the order of the appearance of the Merchant and Craft Gilds, nor can it be held as a fact that Craft Gilds owed their origin to the differentiation of the separate crafts from the bosom of the Merchant Gild. London, so far as we know, had no Merchant Gild, the crafts had to deal first with the King, and afterwards with the Mayor;† in some at least of the provincial towns the Merchant Gild was supreme, but at this early stage it does not seem improbable that the organisation of the separate

* Magn. Rot. Pipæ 31, Hen. I., pp. 34, 144.

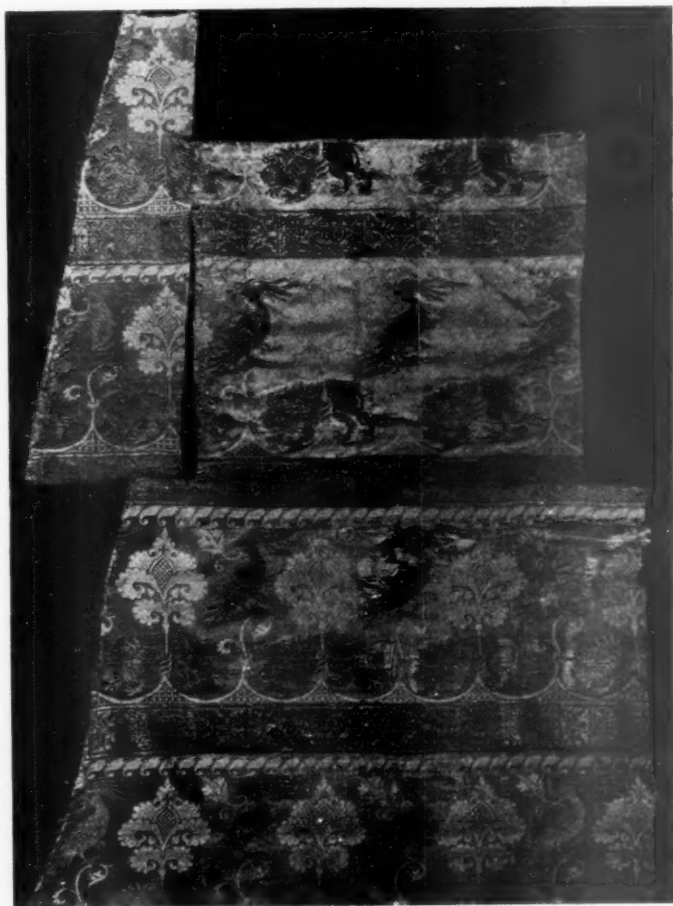
† Gross, "G. M. I.," p. 116, note and ref.

trades may have preceded the formal grant of a Merchant Gild with its general powers over trade. Unfortunately we do not know the date of the charter of the weavers of York granted by Henry I., the Merchant Gild is mentioned, as we have seen, in 1131, but the appearance of the two is so nearly contemporaneous that no argument can be drawn as to their respective priority.

Under the stronger rule of Henry II. the more frequent entries of payments from the Gilds to the Exchequer bear witness alike to the spread of organised industry and to the fixed principle of the King's Government to keep a firm hand on the growing tendency to the formation of these societies throughout the realm. As Dr. Gross says, they are "tolerated in return for a yearly ferm to the Crown." No less than eighteen London Gilds which had presumed to establish themselves are mulcted in fines in this reign,* but they are not suppressed; the Government was not hostile; it was merely—with the object lesson of the experience of the French Communes before it—determined to see that they kept to their proper place in the realm. On the other hand, it is clear that the spontaneous tendencies of the townsmen were leading them to organise themselves generally into the gilds of their several crafts.

Nearly 800 years ago we find, then, that weavers and shoemakers, bakers and tanners, goldsmiths and fullers, were already organised in London and York, Winchester and Lincoln, Oxford and Huntingdon, Marlborough and Beverley, into Gilds. What do we know of these primitive societies? An entry in the Exchequer Roll tells us little, it must be confessed; but there are not wanting indications which give us a fair warrant for considerable inference. When we come to the reign of the second Henry the few charters which we have show the chief objects for which the King's license was sought, and for which the grantees were ready to pay. Thus, the shoemakers of Oxford are granted all liberties and customs which they had in the time of Henry I., and that they have their Gild as they then had it. The weavers of York are granted not only the liberty they had in the time of Henry I., but even that no one was to make any cloth in the County of York without the consent of the weavers of York.† To the weavers of London the

King granted that no one should work in the said trade unless of their Gild. So Abbott Hugh, of Bury St. Edmunds, in allowing their Gild to the bakers of the town, grants also that no one shall make bread to sell who is not a brother of their Gild without their consent, and to William, the son of Ingeredus, and his heirs to be Alderman of the Gild. This was between 1213 and 1229. From these grants it is not difficult to conclude what were the main features of the English Craft Gild of seven and eight centuries ago. The "Gild" is a well understood institution of the times. It is a "Communa" in miniature, up to a certain point an *imperium in imperio*. The craftsmen were no longer in these cases isolated artizans. They had attained, at any rate, to a sufficient position of sturdy independence to bind themselves together. Their interests were worth protecting, and they had enough corporate confidence to aspire to a permanent association. The existence of officials implies a regular constitution, and probably ordinances as well as stated meetings, although no body of rules from this period has survived. The clear consciousness of the key of the position on the part of the crafts-



FRAGMENT OF BROCADE:
SICILIAN: XIII. CENTURY.

* Madox Exch., pp. 390-1.

† Gross, "G. M. I.," p. 114, note.

men appears from the first. They must, that is, have the whole of the local craft included in the Gild, otherwise their objects would be liable to be frustrated at every turn by "blacklegs," or by strange workmen coming into the town from outside. For this power they were willing to pay. It was the very essence of the Gild system, and, as soon appeared, a principle of vital moment in the policy of mediaeval town life. It is unfortunate that we have no documents showing the position of the religious gilds of this period, but there can be little doubt that every Craft Gild had a close connection with one of a religious character. Perhaps we ought rather to say that every Craft Gild had its religious side, and that it was largely owing to this element in its constitution that its bond of union was so strong. Common feasts at the "Morning-speeches," or general meetings, where prayers and ale mingled harmoniously together, were potent aids to the appreciation of brotherhood; hardly less efficacious was common devotion to the patron saint; stronger probably than all was the mutual obligation to follow the bier of a brother at death, or to watch round the "hearse" and provide the wax for the lights. The distinction between master and man in the same workshop was yet in embryo, the apprentice was in the position almost of an adopted son. They were banded together, not, as now, employers against employed, or *vice versa*, but as a craft against the world of consumers, or against the "foreigner," as he was called, that is, the interloper from the outside world; sometimes also against the jealous pretensions of the Merchant Gild or the rising Commune. In such gilds there was much that cherished the true spirit of honest work. The worker had leisure, generally he saw the thing he made grow under his own hand to completion; when it was sold, it was used in his own neighbourhood by men who knew the maker, and could give him the credit or the blame for his work. It is plain, when the inner working of the crafts is revealed to us later on, that although there was fraud, often clumsy and ludicrous enough, there was also a spirit of pride in good work cherished by the men who were the backbone of the craft, which was a corporate tradition, and so far stronger than an individual excellence.

It is difficult not to feel a certain reverence as we bring up into memory again these ancient brotherhoods of industry. Parliament was yet to come, even the free borough was little more than an idea. Here we see the genius of free association linked with the sentiment of religious brotherhood permeating the sphere of productive labour, and cherishing the habits of self-government and self-respect. In the hands of these craftsmen, as much as in those of the barons and ecclesiastics, was the making of the England of later days.

Some, at least, of the reverence which men pay to the grey stones which remain from those times is due also to the records of those social structures which sheltered the infancy of handicraft and Art.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FUNCTION OF ORNAMENT.

THE function of ornament is undoubtedly primarily to please, though the mode in which pleasure may be given may vary enormously. It may also be used for purposes of emphasis, attracting attention to certain points which the eye might otherwise pass over without recognising their importance; for purposes of contrast, as differentiating one surface from another otherwise similar; or for the purpose of binding together surfaces which are dissimilar into one connected whole; or, again, it may be used in a more or less symbolical sense, the *motifs* composing the ornament being drawn from symbols expressing religious or other ideas, either of the period when the ornament was composed, or such as have lost the poignancy of their signification through the lapse of ages; or such symbols may be interwoven in a design the major part of which may consist of suggestions taken from natural forms.

At the first blush one is inclined to think that any ornament which is mechanically repeated cannot be pleasing, because it is the work of a machine, either animate or inanimate, and can scarcely have given pleasure in the making, and this is a view held by a good many modern architects; but a little further consideration convinces one that, although in a general way, there may be truth in the contention that it is not always so. The enrichments of the Greek mouldings are no less beautiful because they were repeated with mechanical accuracy, though the constant repetition of blunted and vulgarised copies of them has so dulled our appreciation of their beauty that we no longer desire to see them; and used in certain proportions to the scale of the building on which they occur, they simply give a texture to certain parts, as useful and as little objectionable as the crossing of the threads in a fine piece of lace, which also is a mechanical means of producing difference in texture; or the change of direction in the stitches of a well-planned piece of embroidery. And this principle pushed to its logical conclusion would reject all printed ornament, whether of the nature of book decoration or illustration, whether printed upon stuffs or upon wall coverings, which is manifestly absurd in the face of the existence of the ancient Eastern printed stuffs and of many of the modern cretonnes, printed silks, and wall

papers, to say nothing of the achievements of the printing press in Renaissance times in the decoration of books. It would also reject woven pattern in almost all materials, which, again, would generally be recognised as absurd—for the variety of effect in weaving is produced by the crossing of the threads of the warp and weft in certain calculated mechanical proportions, repeated over and over again with mechanical accuracy.

But while protesting against the extravagance which rejects ornament repeated in a mechanical way altogether, we must not be supposed to assert that the ornament which palpitates with life and variety is not more interesting to the ordinary observer. The problems to be solved are quite different. In a repeating ornament the effect of its repetition is often more important than the design of the repeating unit, but in the other form it is only necessary to fill the space well with variety of detail and mass, which is on the whole a rather easier task for the designer, though in execution great variety may be obtained by insisting upon one portion and suppressing or weakening another, or by a rougher or a completer rendering according to the emphasis which is desired for one part or another. In such a case, for instance, as that of long lines of panelling in which the repetition of the same forms becomes wearisome to the eye, a slight emphasis given to certain portions, either by pilasters carved in low relief (which was usually the old way) or by slight touchings with colour, or by a little ornament on certain mouldings, or some slight flourishes of incision on the smooth surfaces, may render the whole interesting by attracting the gaze to certain points to which the remainder becomes subsidiary, without destroying flatness and unity of effect, while in other cases where it is desired to emphasise construction the addition of ornament running along the main lines is sufficient without the necessity of making use of the coarse expedients of the period of the Gothic revival with which one is familiar.

The use of ornament for the purpose of uniting surfaces which are dissimilar into one whole is perhaps specially the business of the decorator, who often finds that the architect or builder has left him with surfaces and details from which it is impossible to construct a congruous whole in any other way. In such a case a carefully considered scheme of colouring will go far to hide defects, and help to evolve harmony; but an ingenious and original use of ornament, bringing out certain proportions and forcing them upon the attention, centring and focussing the interest, and thus leading the eye to avoid the dangerous and unpleasing portions, may turn the least satisfactory skeleton into a beautifully clothed and well proportioned body.

But to do this with success, or, indeed, to successfully employ ornament at all, the greatest attention must be paid to proportion and spacing. To plaster ornament all over a surface of any sort is not to use ornament but to abuse it. It should be like the artificial flavouring of foods, not too obtrusive; like the jewels which decorate white necks and shapely arms, or sparkle amid dusky hair, restrained in quantity and weight; for if too profuse it suggests rather chains and overloading than decoration, and if too obtrusive, rather recalls the overstrong flavours of southern cookery than the high art of the Parisian *chef*. And it is the abuse of ornament which produced the corresponding reaction in favour of a simplicity and plainness which has become affected, and is now almost as nauseating as the overloading which it has replaced.

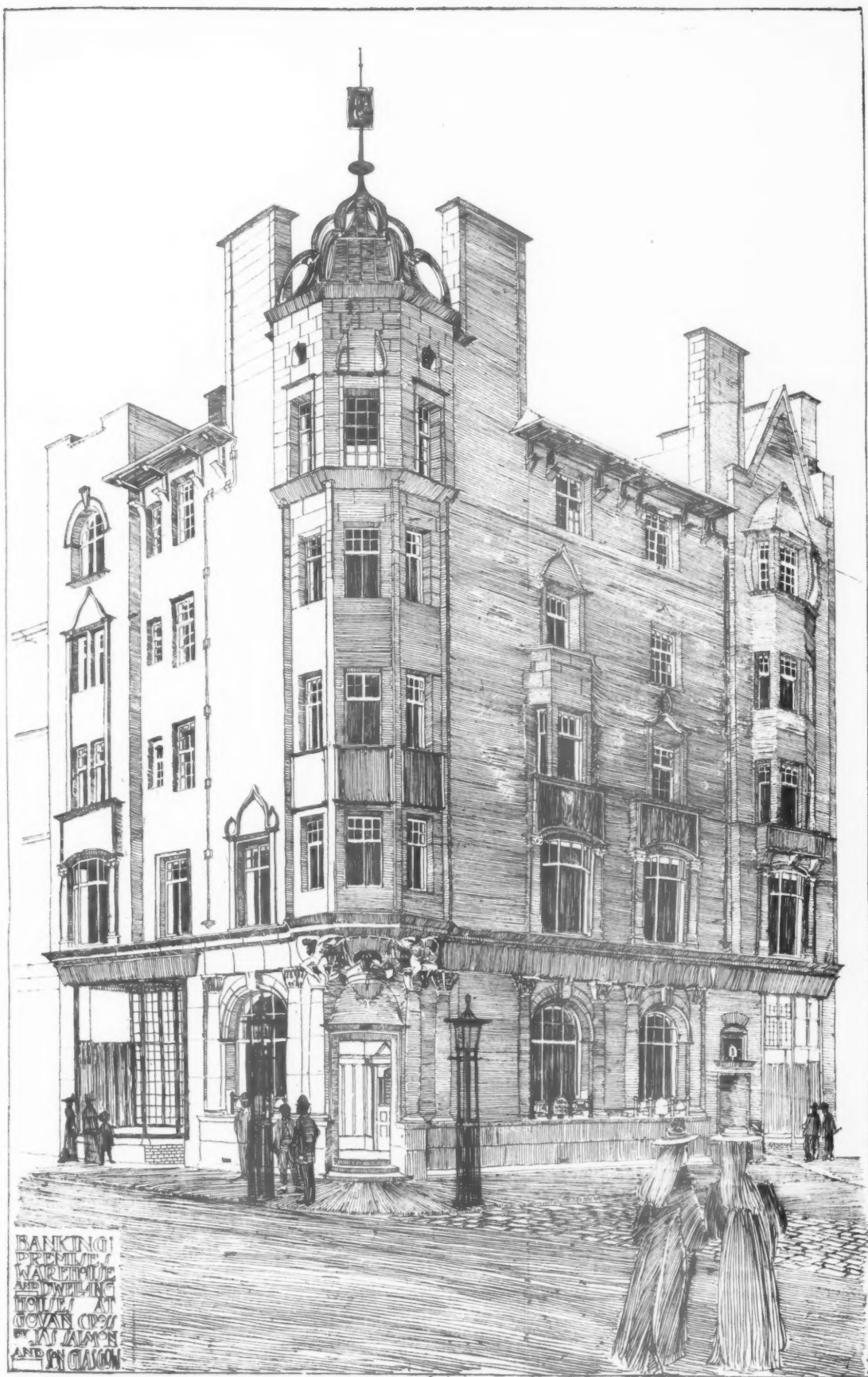
S. S. G.

CURRENT ARCHITECTURE.

THE perspective view published on the opposite page is of the new banking premises which have been erected at Govan Cross for the British Linen Company. The building comprises banking accommodation on the ground floor, warehouses and dwelling rooms occupying the four floors over. The materials used are Dumfriesshire red stone and Westmoreland green slates. The lower walls of the interior of the bank are panelled in Kauri pine, the upper part being of plaster, stencilled. The floor is paved with Pavonezza marble slabs of irregular sizes with Irish green border. The architects, Messrs. Jas. Salmon and Son, of Bothwell Street, Glasgow, who designed and superintended the erection of the building, inform us that the cost was £9,750.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IT is inevitable that an exhibition of historical chased and embossed steel and iron work, such as that at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, should depend mainly on armour for its specimens. It does in this case, though ably supported by a small and rich collection of keys, a few caskets, and some mediaeval locks and plates. One can see just such things in most of our museums, but it is pleasant to bring the specimens together from different collections and so get fresh contrasts. To the archaeologist this is a very special treat, to the artist and craftsman hardly less so, and though with the view of the former we are not much concerned, to the latter the infinity of method in the varying treatment and decoration of the metal is of the greatest value. As in most armour collections



MESSRS. JAS. SALMON AND SON,
ARCHITECTS, GLASGOW.

BRITISH LINEN COMPANY
NEW BRANCH BANK AT
GOVAN CROSS
PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR

JAS. SALMON AND SON, ARCHTS.
33 BOTTWELL ST. GLASGOW



there is rather a preponderance of the very much over-decorated kind, the fashion for which was set in the late Italian Renaissance period—shields covered with crowded figure compositions in high relief that surely must have been made to put in a glass case in a museum from the first, and pieces of armour so much elaborated that they could only have been worn on Sundays and bank-holidays. But in the plain helmet No. 36, French, fourteenth century; in another helmet on top of the same case, modelled on somewhat antique lines; in a very remarkable tilting helmet lent by the museum at Woolwich, and in the fine helmet of Sir Richard Pembridge, English, we have the very valuable object lesson of the means being subordinated to the end. The pains that were taken with the first-named specimen and the loving care and thought have had their reward in the production of an object of much beauty. It was likely enough forged out from a *lump* of iron into its present state of even thickness and perfect shape, and is as far removed from the bedizened casque of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, to be seen in another case, as well may be.

In the collection of keys here shown the archaeologist will find more pleasure. The workmanship is of the most remarkable description, but

to the artist it appears that in most cases the design passes all bounds of suitability. The later ones are of simpler form, but are so very much under French influence in the matter of design that one does not feel quite to agree with them, but maybe that is insular prejudice.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in the exhibition is a piece of armour, the back part of a gorget of Italian fifteenth century workmanship. It is rarely one sees anything so simply beautiful. One has often wondered where Burne Jones got his inspiration for the armour in his pictures, but the first glance at this puts the matter beyond doubt. There are, of course, many objects in this collection which are worthy of admiration and careful study, and it is difficult to say a little where so much might be said. The very excellent catalogue with its interesting preface is a lasting example of what such things should be, but the description of the different objects, while probably

satisfying the antiquarian, is a little amusing to the artist, and reminds one of the usual description of the pictures of the old masters: "There is an angel in the upper left hand corner, and on the lower right hand a rock."

* * * *

THE architect should be able to find in pure landscape a pleasure akin to that which the mathematician discovers in music, for both one and the other are fairly distracted sometimes, and nothing could be more resting and recreative than what may be abstracted from Nature. Peace offerings of art to the senses are the creations of landscape painters and makers of music, and by none more keenly appreciated than by those whose task work is in a manner artistic. So the remedy offered is homoeopathic, and, excepting in hopeless cases of weariness, is likely to prove effectual.

There is nothing so old as sun worship, and not even by Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stokes should we be tempted to devote a really fine afternoon to their works at the Fine Arts Society's Exhibition; but put the contrary case of a fall of rain, a comfortable, well-lighted gallery, and a selection of their best paintings in view, he would be but little removed from the beasts of the field who remained indifferent to their attractions.

The climate of Holland is like our own, and the country itself, because of its flatness so much, like some parts of our own, that one would feel hurt if any marked departure were made from the most natural way of depicting what we see there. The slow and sure animal life of the Dutch countryman is what Nature would have it to be—so much locomotion effected by means of canals while the wind that fills the great sails is turning a thousand mills—and is well described by the artist. "Black and white cattle, green meadows cut with canals, curious fishing craft in the Zuyder Zee, fine expanses of distance to level horizons—all these we find, and some more. Away from green lands reclaimed from the sea are great sandy, heathery tracts, which favour the growth of the pine." Whoever has studied and loved the old masters of Holland knows just what to look for here. Words cannot convey an idea of the quiet of it all, but the hand of the master can, and of any but a true artist I should not be inclined to write. Instance, the "omnibus-boat," and some of these little cattle-scapes.

The architect who turns from these paintings to the illustrations in water colours of passages from Ruskin's stories of Venice, which fill the adjoining room, may feel, perhaps, more at home, but certainly not more at ease. Mr. E. Wake Cook will be thought a most excellent draughtsman, not altogether wanting the feeling by virtue of which one distinguishes the mere picturesque aspects of buildings, or parts of buildings; but his paintings, whatever their merits, can hardly be ranked with pictures. At the best they are brilliant and accurate as the most radiant coloured prints, but lacking only too much, and Mr. Wake Cook for the present, at least, should omit from his pictures such figures and faces as we are shown.

* * * *

IF only we had the space, then everything that savours of art should have its share of attention, for there are architects nowadays who practice more arts at once than Benvenuto Cellini himself; in witness whereof are the objects of "Bigotry and Virtue," at Mr. Fordham's in Maddox Street, and in Mr. Ashbee's Brook Street dépôt. It may be remarked that what we see here is only for those who can afford to give, perhaps, fifteen pounds for some heads, and that art at this rate is not for the common people, nor even for those who produce it, but a thing must be made before it is shown, and if any part of the public desires to have examples of beautiful work, the producer must be provided with at least the *net* cost of it, for it must not be supposed because prices are high that the profits are more than they should be. What passes for taste in the largest and lowest class—the one just above Adam and Eve—is merely the lust of display,

and most pathetic are its manifestations. There is no exaggeration in saying that its members would be better without about nine-tenths of the rubbish they buy to furnish their houses withal, or to attract the opposite sex. "I would have a bit of the firmament about everything dear to me," and would rather be condemned to dwell within four bare walls than have their pictures and things to live with. "A lady once gave me a mat," says Thoreau, "but considering 'twould have to be dusted, and having no room in the place, I declined it." "It is better to avoid the beginnings of evil," he says. It may cost something at first to learn what art is, but nothing is so cheap in the end as the cultivated instinct which tells one what not to have in the house. I do not mind things *looking* like gold, and only hate them because there appear to be no limits, excepting superficies what Nature has set to the body itself, to the vain-glorious display of such goods as are usually worn. "There is much we can do without, but if you must have it let it be good," I have heard Mr. Morris say, and his tastes, as we know, were by no means exclusive. The moral of this little note is that all but the very poorest can afford, since they waste the same amount every day, to buy something here.

* * * *

THE paintings of Albert Goodwin, which exhibit in a remarkable degree the influence of Turner and Ruskin in this generation, have been known and admired for ten years at least, whilst those of his brother Harry are comparatively new to the public. His works exhibit sometimes, as in paintings of architecture, where ignorance would be intolerable, the very perfection of draughtsmanship, and sometimes an appreciation of the sublime in nature, suggested in the only way it can be, by the broadest possible treatment. Between these extremes lies the whole domain of art, and it is the greatest mistake to oppose one school of art to another. For the pupil there may be many, for the master but one; while as for the critic, his pleasures are as all too few as it is, and they would be lessened by half if he ever allowed himself to be blinded by the devotees of any particular circle or clique. The visitors to this exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's have shown their wisdom by buying the best. What I think the best, and there is really much that is good (instance No. 14, "A forsaken pathway, Verona"), though little that could be compared to advantage with the said brother's work.

* * * *

HALF-AN-HOUR may be pleasantly spent at the Continental Gallery which contains the originals of the various books which Mr. Hugh Thomson has illustrated. But of the rhythm in this master's line enough has been said, and his name at this date

suggests it. It may be said very fairly that we only see here what Caldecott would have done with more of his fun in reserve and with a more telling effect. When Thomson and Caldecott part, the former is drawn, it would seem, into the less respectable company of the noisier modern comedians.

* * * *

LET no lover of architecture who cares also for etching neglect the present opportunity of seeing what D. Y. Cameron has in this gallery. What Mgr. Mèryon did for Paris is well known; what Mr. Cameron can do may be learnt here.

* * * *

Two delightful reproductions of the Van Dyck portraits of Charles II.'s family and the Villiers children are, perhaps, the gems in "*La Revue de l'Art*" for March, but the number has much that is interesting besides the pleasant notice of the exhibition of which the portraits lately formed part. M. Marcel contributes an article on the extant works—unhappily few—of Lucas de Montigny, now acknowledged to be the sculptor of one of the Louvre busts of Mirabeau, which, until recently, was attributed to Houdon. Four of Montigny's busts only are now known, and of these one was found in 1893 adorning a nurseryman's garden. M. Fournier-Sarlovèze begins a sketch of Lampi, the portrait-painter, now half forgotten, but whose life, in the exercise of his art, was spent in a species of triumphal progress from palace to palace. The examples of Lampi's work given are numerous and excellent. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Amiens was curiously rich in sculptors, who were born, and passed most of their lives, under the shadow of her cathedral. The most distinguished of them, Blasset, Cressent, Dupins, Carpentier and their works, have supplied the materials for another article well worth reading. Among the shorter but not least interesting papers is M. Destrée's account of a fragment of a reredos which was found in a peasant's cottage a few years ago and of which a photograph is given. The fragment still preserves the original colouring almost intact, and dates probably from about the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century. It is a group representing the three angels who appeared to Abraham, and probably formed part of a reredos dedicated to the Holy Trinity, of whom the angels were held to be a type by the fathers of the primitive church. The fact that the subject does not appear in any other Flemish or Brabantine reredos gives the fragment a peculiar interest apart from its striking merit as a work of art.

* * * *

NUMBER One of "*International Art Notes*" starts its career as the organ of the Paris Club now holding its first exhibition in Grafton Street.

According to the introductory sketch of its origin, it has, however, "even greater possibilities"; among them will be, we trust, the power of writing intelligible English, now somewhat conspicuously lacking in one at least of the contributors. The "*Art Notes*" (which seem to promise success to the Editor's design of making the publication a newspaper rather than a magazine) are sent from five centres, London, Paris, Canada, America, and Scotland, and are supplemented by a couple of articles on Norway and Rye, and a useful calendar of Sending-in Days. The illustrations are excellently chosen for contrast with each other, and are all interesting, though one or two pastel reproductions are slightly fuzzy.

POMPEII: ITS LIFE AND ART.

IT is always a matter for satisfaction that archaeology should be popularised by those who alone are competent to do it, namely, specialists. It would be a tedious business to enumerate the crude theories, antiquated errors, and inaccurate classical allusions which characterise only too many English and foreign works in one branch of archaeology alone, and do considerable harm to the cause of learning. We are, therefore, duly grateful to Professor Mau for placing at the disposal of a wider circle than a small band of scholars his extensive and well-digested knowledge of Pompeii and its remains.

It would appear from the preface that this work has not as yet made its appearance in its original form, *i.e.*, in the German language, but that a keen American scholar has seized the opportunity of bringing it more rapidly before the notice of his fellow countrymen and ourselves by an English edition. To Mr. Kelsey, therefore, we also beg to tender heartiest thanks for his share in the work.

The volume is a truly handsome one, within and without, and fully maintains the high standard of execution and production set for many years past by the firm of Macmillan. The illustrations are mainly from process blocks (of these there are over 260); but there are besides ten beautiful phototype plates, and half-a-dozen plans outside the text. A large number of the text illustrations are due to the liberality of the German Archaeological Institute at Rome; others have been introduced by Mr. Kelsey from his own collection.

Professor Mau has made a special study of Pompeii for twenty-five years, which, in itself, is a guarantee for the accuracy and extent of his knowledge. His work on the "*History of Wall Painting in Pompeii*" is well known to scholars—is, in fact, the standard work on the subject. He has also written many reports and papers for

archaeological journals, which have provided much material for embodiment in this work.

The subject is treated under seven main heads: (1) Introductory; (2) Public Places and Buildings; (3) Houses; (4) Trades and Occupations; (5) Tombs; (6) Art; and (7) Inscriptions. The introduction contains an interesting account of the ancient city and its fate, of its rediscovery, and of the systematic excavations carried on from 1738 down to the present time, and hardly likely, it is supposed, to be brought to an end before the end of the twentieth century, such is the care that is now taken to register scientifically and preserve every object.

Nearly all the small objects, together with a large number of the wall paintings, have long been collected in the famous museum at Naples, and were originally published in a work entitled "*Museo Borbonico*." At present little is left *in situ*, beyond architectural remains. We note, however, with satisfaction that the remarkable paintings recently discovered in the house of the Vettii have not been torn from the walls, for we fully agree with the author in his reprobation of this practice (page 29). Ancient paintings served a different purpose from modern pictures; they were not complete in themselves, but formed part of the whole scheme of decoration of a house, like Burne-Jones' "*Briar Rose*," or William Morris' tapestries, and can only be detached with disadvantage to themselves and to their surroundings.

An extremely interesting painting on page 17 apparently represents the judgment of Solomon, and may be regarded as evidence for the existence of a Jewish colony at Pompeii; but there are not, and, indeed, could hardly be, any traces of Christianity there. Several graffito inscriptions also bear testimony to the existence of Jews; the name Martha occurs among them.

Among the more recent discoveries at Pompeii, by far the most interesting is the house of the Vettii, brought to light in 1894-5. Externally, to judge by the restoration given (page 315), it was mean and unprepossessing in appearance; and, in fact, its importance is derived almost entirely from its internal decorations. The peristyle was very elaborately adorned, and both here, in the *atrium*, and in the adjoining rooms the walls are covered with a series of painted subjects, in what is known as the Fourth or Intricate style of decoration. (The three earlier styles are known respectively as the Incrustation—*i.e.*, marble veneer—Architectural, and Ornate, the two latter terms referring to the character of the painted designs.)

It is difficult to particularise among so many paintings worthy of mention; the best from an archaeological point of view are perhaps the series in the room marked *g* on the plan (page 316), with

friezes of Cupids engaged in various avocations and handicrafts. Among the latter, Cupids are represented as oil-makers, fullers, and (according to Prof. Mau) goldsmiths. The last-named scene, however, Mr. Talfourd Ely, with other scholars, have interpreted as a representation of the process of coining. If they are right, as in the writer's opinion they are, it is of special interest, being almost unique in ancient art. It seems a pity that this theory has not, at any rate, been alluded to by Prof. Mau, seeing that it has received considerable support.

The room *n*, probably a dining-room, has a large picture on each of its three walls representing a scene from mythology: in one the infant Heracles strangles the snakes, in another Dirce is bound to the bull by Amphion (a favourite subject in late Greek art), and in the third Pentheus is about to be torn in pieces by Maenads. These three remarkable pictures—of which we think illustrations should have been given—rank with the finest hitherto known at Pompeii, such as the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Equally fine is a picture of the punishment of Ixion, in the other dining-room (*p*).

We have not alluded specially to any of the other Pompeian remains, which are now for the most part well known, and require no comment; but all are adequately described, and, where necessary, illustrated by Prof. Mau, who deserves all praise for his full and lucid compilation.

It only remains to note a few matters for criticism. On page 161 a statue is given as "*Hermes (?) wrongly restored as Doryphorus*," no indication being given of the extent of the restoration. As a matter of fact there is none, and archaeologists have universally regarded the statue as a copy of the Doryphoros of Polycleitos; nor is there anything particularly characteristic of Hermes either in the attitude or in any details. There seems to be a slight inconsistency throughout in the use of Greek and Roman names for Greek deities. Thus we have Zeus and Hermes, but Bacchus and Mercury; Artemis on page 88, but Venus on page 87. Finally, a more suitable illustration might have been found for the cover than the singularly ugly bust which appears on the front of it.

H. B. W.

Pompeii: Its Life and Art. By August Mau. Translated into English by Francis W. Kelsey. London and New York. 1899. Macmillan and Co.

CRIVELLI: BY G. MCNEIL RUSHFORTH.

So few facts are positively known concerning Crivelli that the story of his life might almost be written on the model of the famous chapter on snakes in Iceland. His signature, which connects

him in one of two ways with Venice, the clue provided by the form of his pictures to the schools which influenced him, and a few dates, are nearly all the materials, apart from his work itself, at his biographer's disposal. Mr. Rushforth has made excellent use of these meagre details, and his criticisms are interesting and helpful. His chief aim is to show that, in spite of the settled style early attained, and, roughly speaking, never departed from, which makes Crivelli's work so easy to recognise, he did in fact progress on certain lines, and the pictures of one period can be distinguished from those of another by all but the superficial observer. Ease in rendering expression, greater elaboration and splendour of detail distinguish his advance to maturity, while in many of his works a very marked tendency to realism is curiously combined with his more obvious formal conventionality. The little volume is made attractive by numerous admirable reproductions, including some from the work of Crivelli's two pupils, of whom some account is given.

E. M. M.

Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture: Crivelli. By G. McNeil Rushforth. London: Geo. Bell and Sons.

HOME AND GARDEN: BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

"For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

ALTHOUGH at the moment of writing winter still keeps enfeebled grasp upon those Surrey hills and woods which form so lovely an environment to the authoress's own "home and garden," her seasonable book, so entitled, awakens anew echoes of that ever gladsome spring-time song, and we have consciousness that the drifts of snowdrops, the sunny aconites, the tentative buds, and daffodil shafts are truly but harbingers of those later, fuller glories ready in Nature's "box where sweets compacted lie," of whose delightsomeness Miss Jekyll writes so appreciatively and so affectionately.

Whether it be that such books as Miss Jekyll's, as "Elizabeth's," as Mrs. Earle's, and others correlated in feeling and substance, have themselves created the revival, or be it that the revival has called for the interpreting literature, it is apparent that there has recently been something of a Renaissance of interest in all pertaining to Demeter's kingdom, and her daughter of sunshine and flowers, Proserpina, is more than ever loved and sought after.

This latest book by one of her true votaries is written with love and knowledge, therefore con-

vincingly and helpfully. Its opening chapter deals with the building of the home. Its perusal suggests that Miss Jekyll, at any rate, has triumphantly confuted a certain adage concerning the relative folly and wisdom of those who build houses, and those who dwell therein; but then we find that she and her architect, and the builder, were of one accord, and so the pleasant home rose harmoniously to the satisfaction of owner and architect alike. Such a timbered gallery as described the reviewer recalls, a feature of an ancient house significant at once of its designer's liberal mindedness, and of indwelling, beneficent hospitality.

To analyse each varied chapter were impossible here. The volume, capitally and intelligently illustrated, is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., in workmanlike guise of good type and binding, pleasantly companionable to all who care to wander in spirit with its authoress, as informing, kindly guide through the April wood into the visionary, perfumed wall-flower garden, to study with her the strange structural efforts of forest trees, the instructive aspects of lowly cottage dwellings architecturally indigenous to the country, so at home here, so exactly right, as are the solid good old bridges crossing the stream, most delicately traceried by Nature's master hand. The hints on the management of cut flowers will prove fascinating to all who know what it is to enjoy, and therefore may desire to confer, that happy thrill of pure pleasure which the sight of beautifully arranged flowers, or the receiving of blossoms carefully and understandingly sent fresh, sweet and dewy as if straightway forthcome from wood or garden, never fail to give.

In Miss Jekyll's garden it might be claimed that every flower does, in fact, "enjoy the air it breathes." Shall we not acquiescently note the gentle plea of the preface? It may be that one day we shall again share in the gains of that desired fuller measure of peace and privacy.

L. A.

Home and Garden. By Gertrude Jekyll. Illustrated. London. 1900. Longmans, Green and Co. 10s. 6d.

VILLA ON THE RIVIERA COMPETITION.

IN reply to many enquiries, and to further assist competitors in this competition, the surveyor has been instructed to prepare a plan of the site and take the levels. These will be forwarded as soon as ready to all who have communicated with the Editor, and may be had on application. It has been decided to extend the time for sending in drawings to June 30th.

ARCHITECTURE AND CRAFTS

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

1900.

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ARCHITECTURE AND CRAFTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1900.

THE walls of the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy are again covered with gilt frames containing drawings of various kinds, purporting to represent architectural work in progress or recently completed. One is inclined to ask how far, if at all, does this collection express the current of progressive thought in modern architecture? At a first cursory glance the impression conveyed is a negative one. All sorts and sizes of buildings are represented; here are the designs for the huge palaces which are being erected to house some of the great departments of State; there are buildings for municipalities—town halls, public libraries, baths, etc.—also large blocks of business premises for companies which control great commercial interests, new schools, churches, private mansions, smaller residences, humble cottages. The flavour is mostly that of the past, it is all so familiar to us. Pseudo-palladianism appears to be the keynote of most of the larger buildings; we know it all so well, this copy-book work. Do we not all turn over the pages daily. Mediaevalism of sorts is rampant in the ecclesiastical work, and even forms a thin veneer to some of the larger civil buildings. The shade of last century, or the century before, hovers over the domestic section; it is all just a trifle dull, is it not, this harking back at every turn. Only in the smaller houses and the cottages do we find any real straightforwardness, any real living interest, and this is due in a large measure, no doubt, to necessity, for wherever a margin appears to have been allowed in goes the bit of unnecessary carving, the impropportionate frieze, the glaring colouring, the note of general unhomeliness.

And, if one only considers for a moment, one realises in this varied collection what chances have been missed of getting a little "forrader" of really grappling with the problems, of bravely tackling the subjects. In buildings intended for the heart of a great city is it not time that we learnt to understand the wisdom of keeping the lines simpler, of avoiding the unnecessary breaking up of surface, the indiscriminate use of ornamentation, the multiplication of unsatisfactory detail? In our comparatively narrow streets, in which the majority of these buildings will be placed, the composition will never appear as it has been designed on paper in the architect's office, and a great deal of the work superimposed which is not necessary to the con-

struction will be absolutely lost to the eye, and, therefore, practically thrown away. When are we to have the really fine public building of straightforward and dignified composition, built structurally with honest materials, and with appropriate decoration, placed where it will tell to the best advantage in the general scheme? In the humbler domestic work there are indications here and there of an attempt to solve the problem. The cost of building has so much increased of recent years that a man now gets so much less for his money than he did a few years ago. Probably only a limited amount of money is available, and therefore the non-essentials have to be left out. The result is a tendency to a straightforward simplicity, materials are more studied and considered from the point of view of efficiency, economy, and suitability; local characteristics and traditions, where such still remain, are fallen in with. The exigencies and difficulties of the site are tackled, and the outcome is very often a building which looks as if it had grown on the spot and not been imported, which is homelike, economical, and suitable. When this healthy influence is brought to bear on the general inception of all work as a matter of principle, when students are taught to study their materials and not their copy-books, when architects are reared on actual buildings in progress and not before the desk in stuffy offices, when a more human interest is taken in work generally, then we may perhaps hope to see the walls even of the Academy set round with examples of an architecture based on simplicity of line, dignity of proportion and composition, and the right knowledge and application of material.

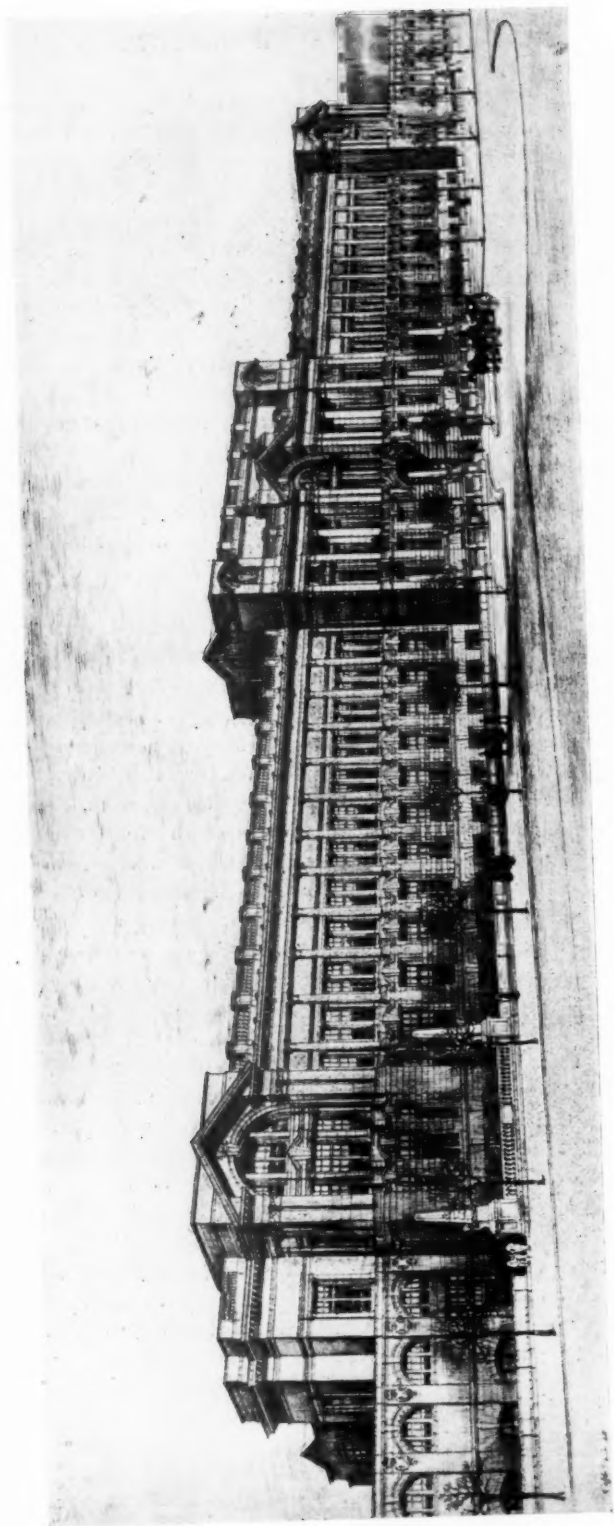
Coming to a more detailed consideration of the drawings, the works of the Academicians will naturally attract first attention. Mr. Aitchison, Mr. Bodley, and Mr. Alfred Waterhouse are unrepresented, and Mr. Jackson has only one small drawing of some new buildings at Cambridge University, an afterthought apparently to his original intention of not exhibiting. Mr. Aston Webb exhibits a large frame showing elevation, perspective, and plans for the new buildings for the Royal College of Science, a dignified and well-balanced work of which we give the perspective view.

The new associate, Mr. John Belcher, has several prominent drawings, three being devoted to his building for the Eastern Telegraph Company in Finsbury Pavement, a characteristic piece of work,

its purpose indicated by the details and by the large sphere which crowns the central feature. Mr. Belcher also shows the Château Mauricien, Wimeux, and the interior of the Moot Hall, Colchester. Mr. R. Norman Shaw, in conjunction with Messrs. Willink and Thicknesse, has a large drawing of Parr's Bank, Liverpool, on the east wall, which has been hung too high for proper inspection. The building is very simple in design. The base is of grey granite, the upper part shows white with narrow green bands, but the drawing does not indicate what materials are used. Among the other exhibitors, Mr. John Brydon exhibits a large wash drawing, by Mr. C. W. English, of the circular court to his new Government Offices in Parliament Square. It is to be regretted that neither Mr. Brydon nor Mr. William Young exhibit their drawings for the two blocks of Government Offices. The latter has only a model for the inner hall of a country mansion, which is of no particular interest. Mr. T. E. Collcutt shows a classical piece of work in his design for Lloyd's Register Building. Mr. E. W. Mountford is only represented this year by his designs for part of the new Sheffield Infirmary and the Town Hall, Hitchin, the latter in conjunction with Mr. Geoffrey Lucas. Both are interesting pieces of work. Mr. Mervyn E. Macartney has five exhibits, all of much interest, the best, if one can be selected, being a competitive design for a public building, probably the most powerful piece of draughtsmanship in the room. Mr. A. N. Prentice exhibits a fine water-colour drawing of The Retreat, Lakenhead—a quaint old-world house befitting its name. The two drawings by Messrs. Ernest George and Yeates are the first two in the room, and both exceptionally pleasing, one, of Holwell Hall, Herts, is a house in the Georgian style; the other shows the oak screen and staircase in the hall, Edgworth Manor, Cirencester. Mr. H. T. Hare exhibits his design for Wolverhampton Free Library. Mr. Gerald C. Horsley shows some additions to Balcombe Place, Sussex, including a fine music room, which should be seen. Mr. E. S. Prior's new Medical Schools, Cambridge, form a particularly severe and restrained building, in harmony, however, with its purpose. Mr. Edgar Wood exhibits a beautiful water-colour drawing of a house at Edgerton, Huddersfield. Mr. A. T. Bolton has drawings of St. Stephen's new National Schools at Paddington, and Mr. T. H. Mawson

several drawings of his formal garden designs. Mr. W. H. Atkin Berry and Mr. Jas. Ransome exhibit neat designs for domestic work, which we illustrate. Messrs. Mallows and Grocock have a drawing for the Science and Art Schools, Leamington, and, in conjunction with Mr. Russell, exhibit a design for the Plumstead Municipal Buildings, the second premiated design for the same buildings being shown by Messrs. Hall, Cooper and Davis. Messrs. Harrison and Ward have made an excellent design for the 11 ft. frontage of No. 53, Maddox Street, W.; they also exhibit a quiet-looking house at Warlingham, Surrey. Mr. Temple Moore's designs for a church at Sledmere Park, Yorks., show a very elaborate interior. Mr. R. W. Schultz has a picturesque and beautiful drawing showing the restoration of an old Scottish keep, Wester Kames Tower, and one of a house, "Inholmes," Whitney, which we illustrate. Other drawings are those by Messrs. Dare Bryan, M. S. Hack, Briggs and Wolstenholme, M. H. Baillie Scott, and Cheston and Perkin. Mr. C. H. M. Mileham has a quiet design for ecclesiastical work at Plumstead, but his church is somewhat masked by the other buildings.

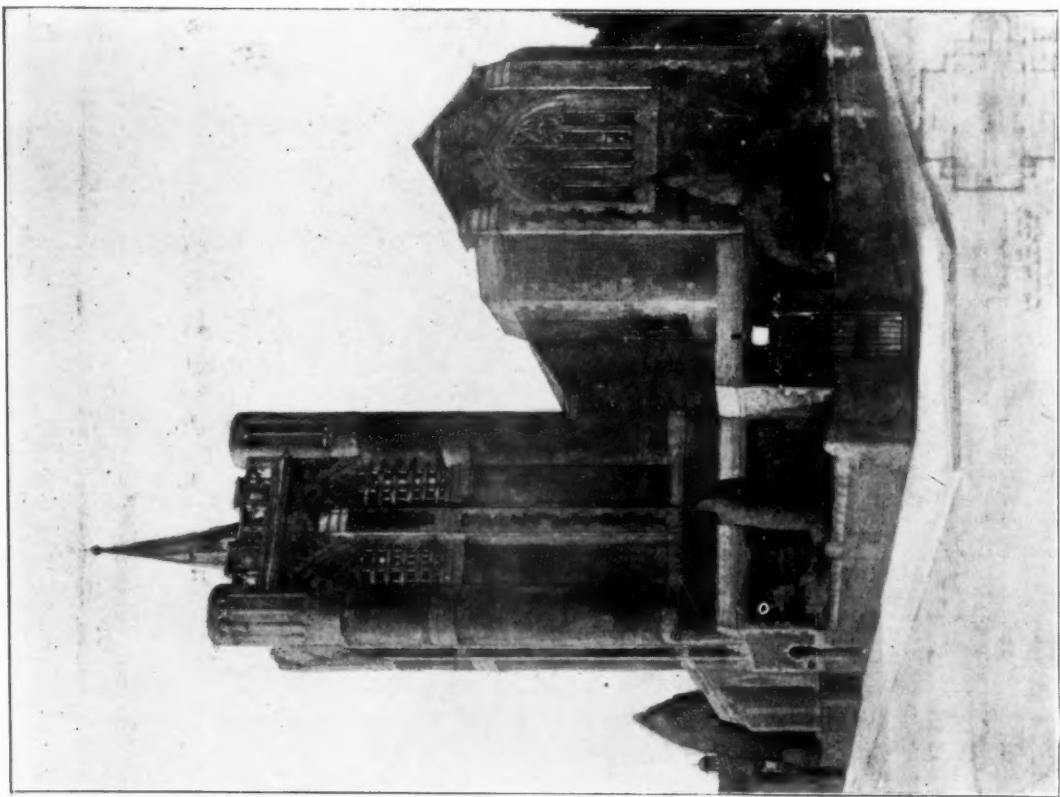
Craft work, as distinguished from sculpture, is this year conspicuous by its absence. Mr. Alexander Fisher has one work in silver and enamel, "The Birth of Aphrodite," with its principal side turned to the wall, and one portrait in enamel, the few enamels exhibited being placed, for some reason, in the water-colour room. Miss Florence H. Steele has three exhibits, the principal being an alms-dish. Beyond these there is nothing to see, if one excepts a rather clumsy looking brooch in bronze. Nor is the sculpture of much architectural interest. In the Lecture room Mr. Alfred Gilbert's fine baptismal font will certainly attract attention. Mr. Alfred Drury has two good busts, both of which we illustrate. A model of an altar frontal, representing "The Last Supper," is entirely spoilt by a coat of gold paint. The tomb of the late Lord Leighton, by Mr. Thomas Brock, if commonplace, is at all events dignified, a criticism which applies to the other memorial sculpture. Countess F. Gleichen's bronze memorial to the late Sir Henry Ponsonby deserved a better position. In conclusion a word of praise should be accorded Mr. Gilbert Bayes's metal relief panel, "Jason Ploughing the Acre of Mars."



(1866.) ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE,
IMPERIAL INSTITUTE ROAD,
SOUTH KENSINGTON: ASTON
WEBB, A.R.A.



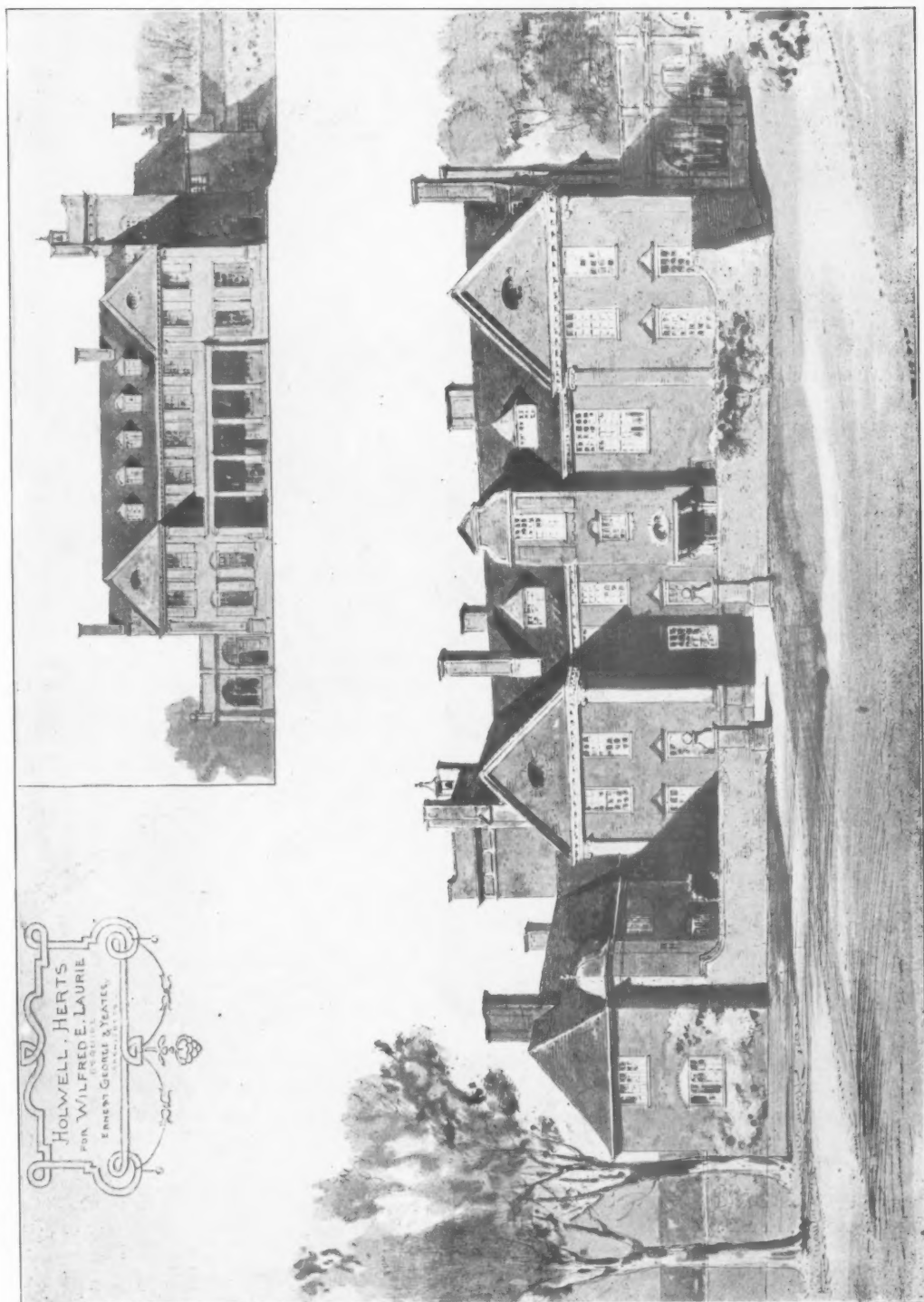
(1817.) INTERIOR OF MOOT HALL,
COLCHESTER TOWN HALL:
JOHN BELCHER, A.R.A.



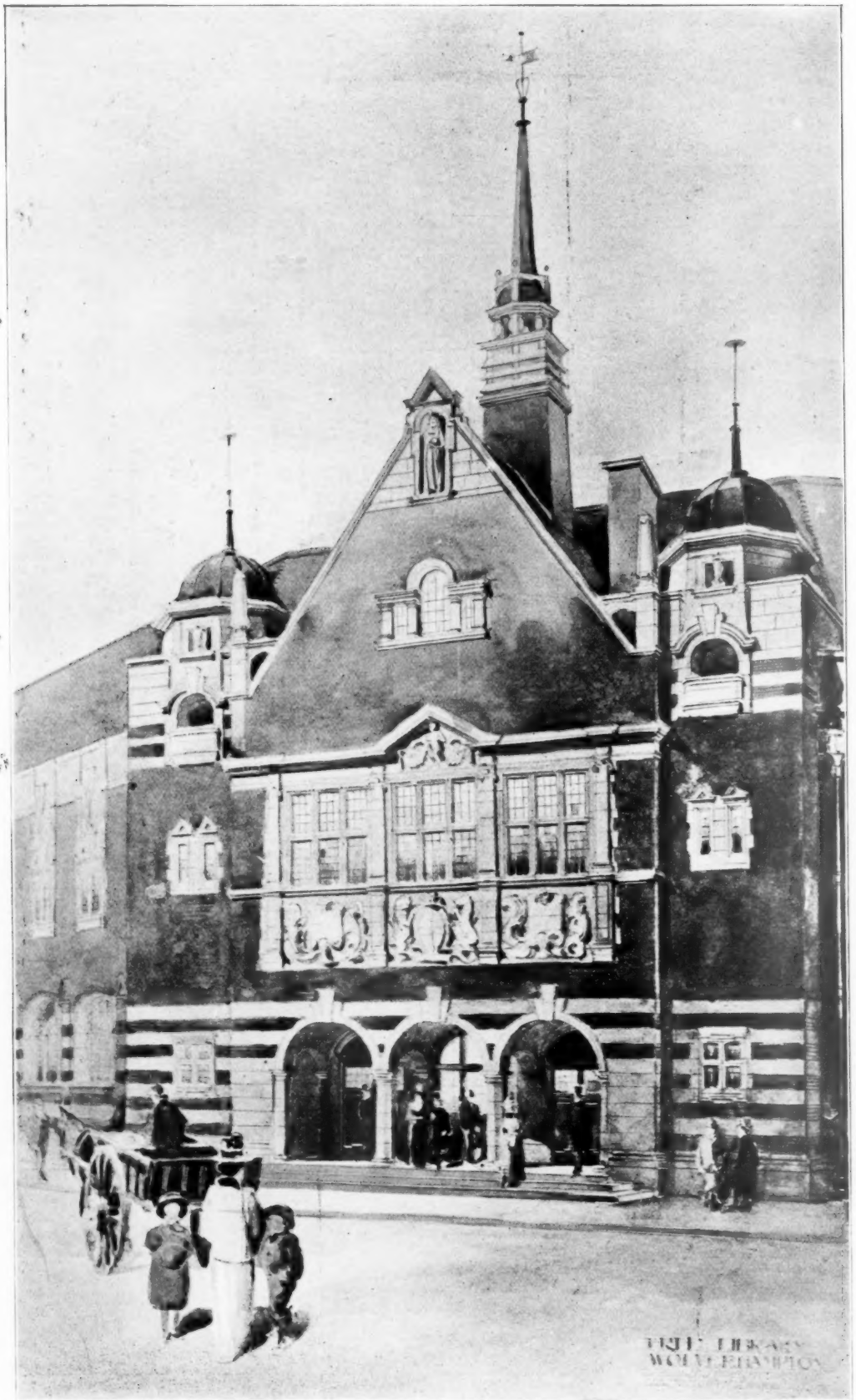
(1765.) DESIGN FOR A CHURCH
AT EXETER. HUBERT C. CORLETTE.



(1871.) ENTRANCE FRONT,
LONDON ROAD,
NEWARK. BREWILL AND BAILY.



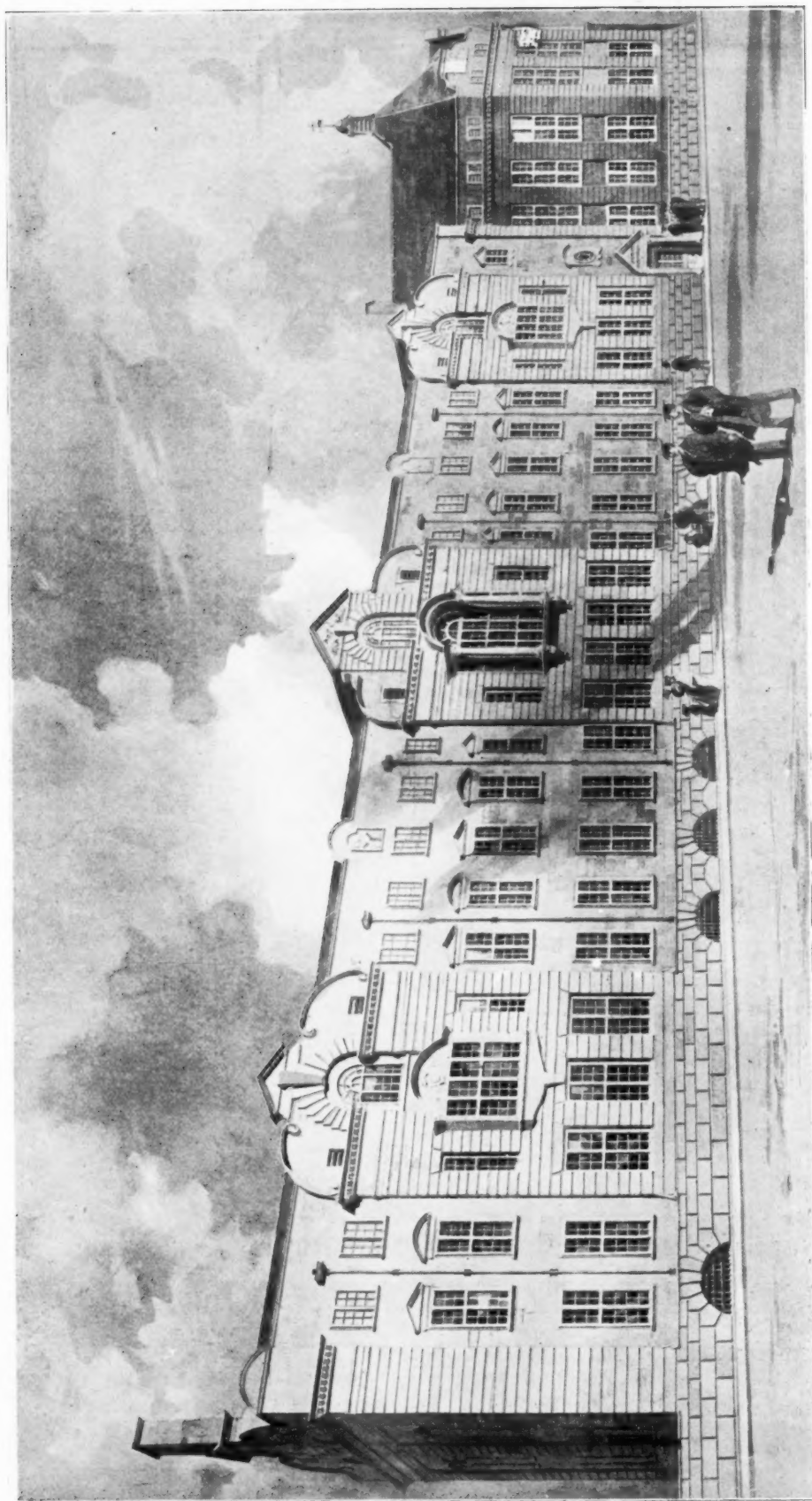
(1680.) HOLWELL, HERTS : EXTERIOR.
ERNEST GEORGE AND YEATES.



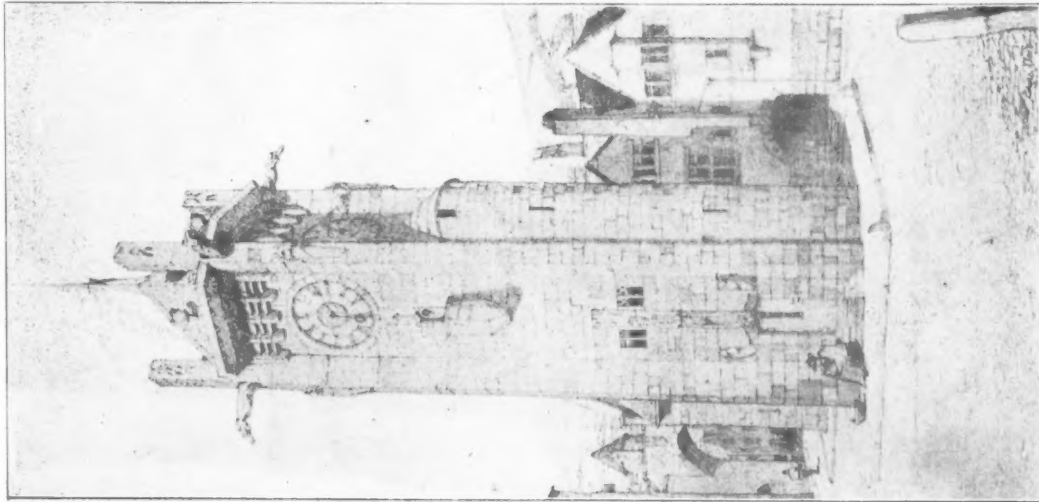
(1810.) FREE LIBRARY, WOLVERHAMPTON:
HENRY T. HARE.



(1766.) LLOYD'S REGISTRY: CORNER OF
BUILDING: T. E. COLLCUTT.

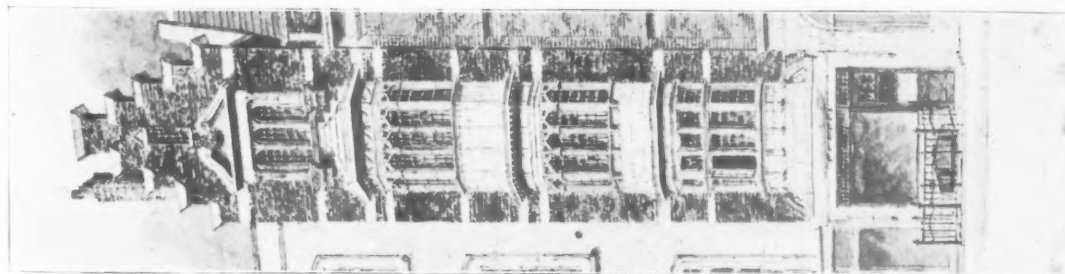


(168.) THE MEDICAL SCHOOLS, CAMBRIDGE:
EDWARD S. PRIOR.



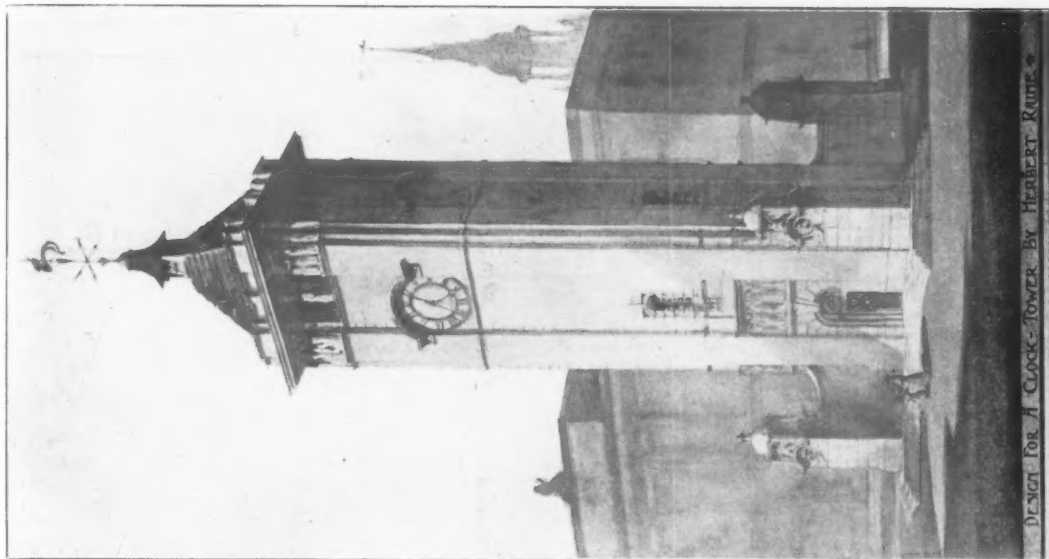
(1752.) PROPOSED CLOCK
TOWER, YORKSHIRE

EDGAR WOOD



(1747.) 53, MADDOX
STREET, W

HARRISON AND
WARD.



(1831.) DESIGN FOR A
CLOCK TOWER.

HERBERT RAINE.



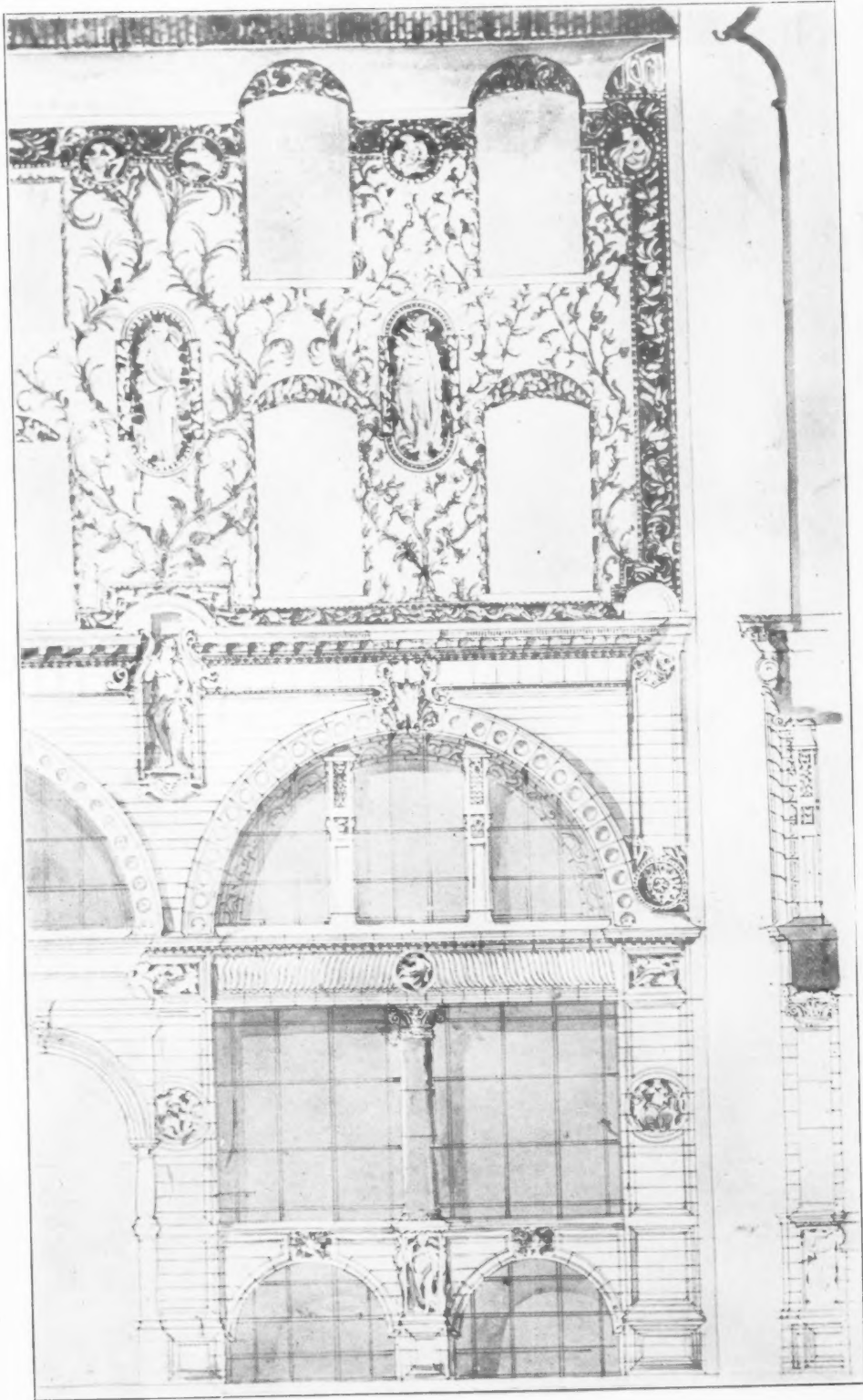
(1790.) FRITHWOOD HOUSE,
NORTHWOOD.

MERVYN E. MACARTNEY.



(1811.) CHÂTEAU MAURICIEN,
WIMEREUX.

JOHN BELCHER, A.R.A.



(1832.) STUDY FOR A STREET FRONT
IN GLASS AND MOSAIC.

BERESFORD PITE.



(1848.) HOUSE NEAR HYTHE.

JAMES A. MINTY.

(1763.) ROXETH CHURCH SCHOOLS,
HARROW.

ARNOLD MITCHELL.



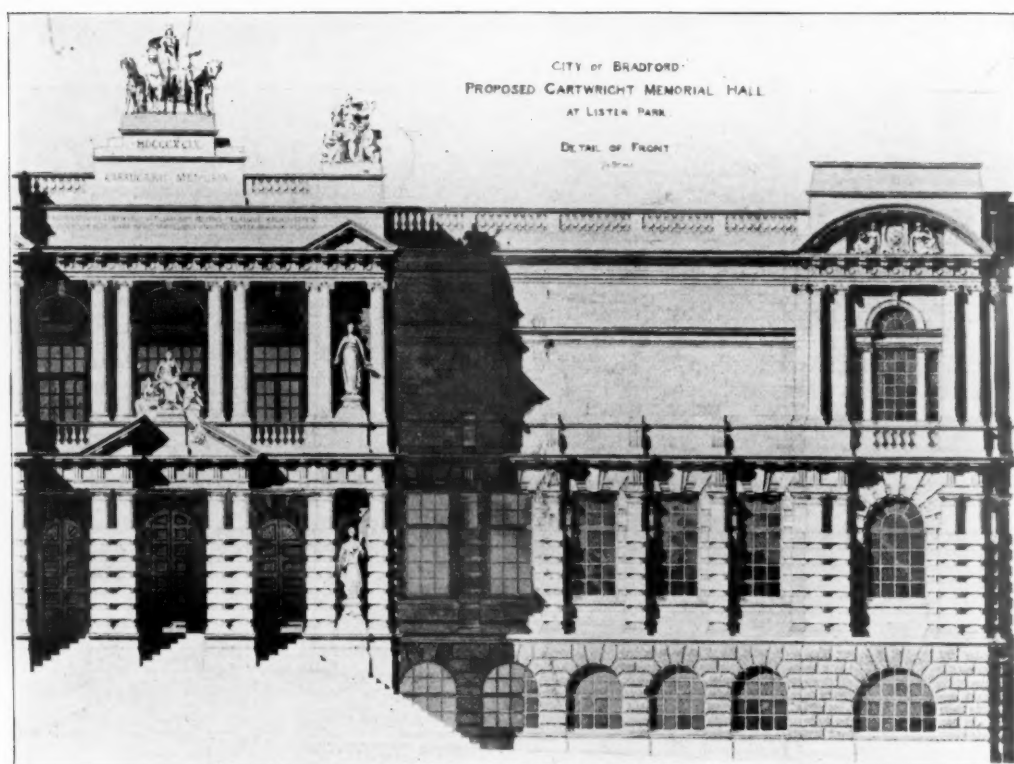
(1796.) ICKLETON GRANGE.

CHARLES A. NICHOLSON.



(1756.) HOUSE AT COBHAM :
THE HALL.

M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT.



(1816.) DESIGN FOR CARTWRIGHT
MEMORIAL HALL, BRADFORD.

H. CHESTON AND
J. C. PERKIN.



(1892.) NEW TOWN HALL,
HITCHIN, HERTS.

E. W. MOUNTFORD AND
GEOFFRY LUCAS.



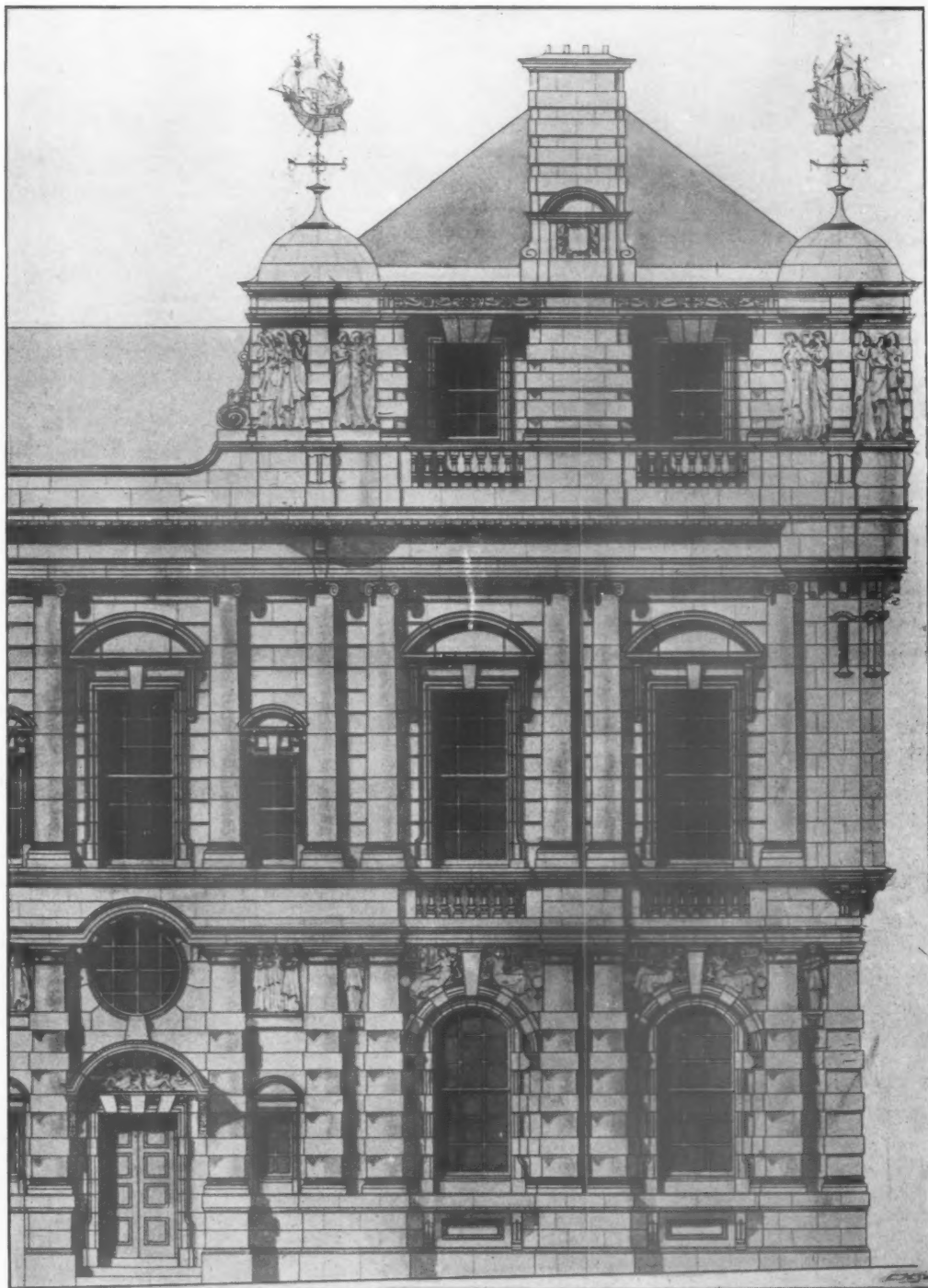
(1742.) TOWN HALL, CLITHEROE: BRIGGS
AND WOLSTENHOLME.



(1715.) HOUSE AT LEICESTER.

JAMES RANSOME.

(1721.) HOUSE AT WARLINGHAM,
SURREY.HARRISON AND
WARD.

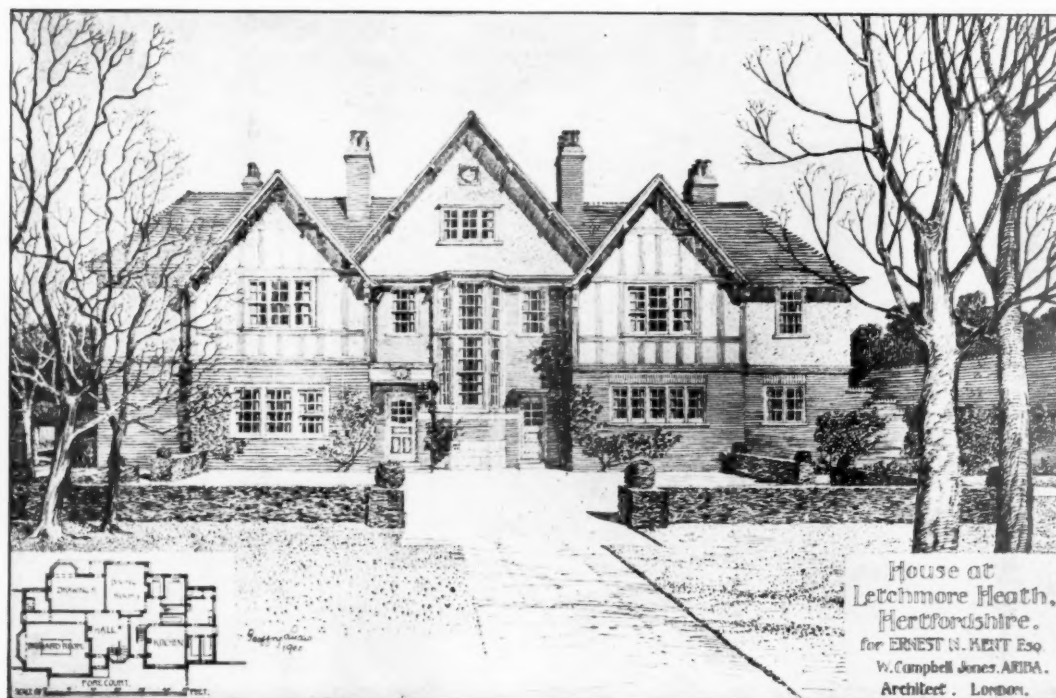


(1781.) BUILDING FOR LLOYD'S REGISTRY
OF SHIPPING, LLOYD'S AVENUE.
THOMAS E. COLLCUTT.



(1704.) INHOLMES, HARTLEY
WINTNEY, HANTS.

ROBERT WEIR SCHULTZ.

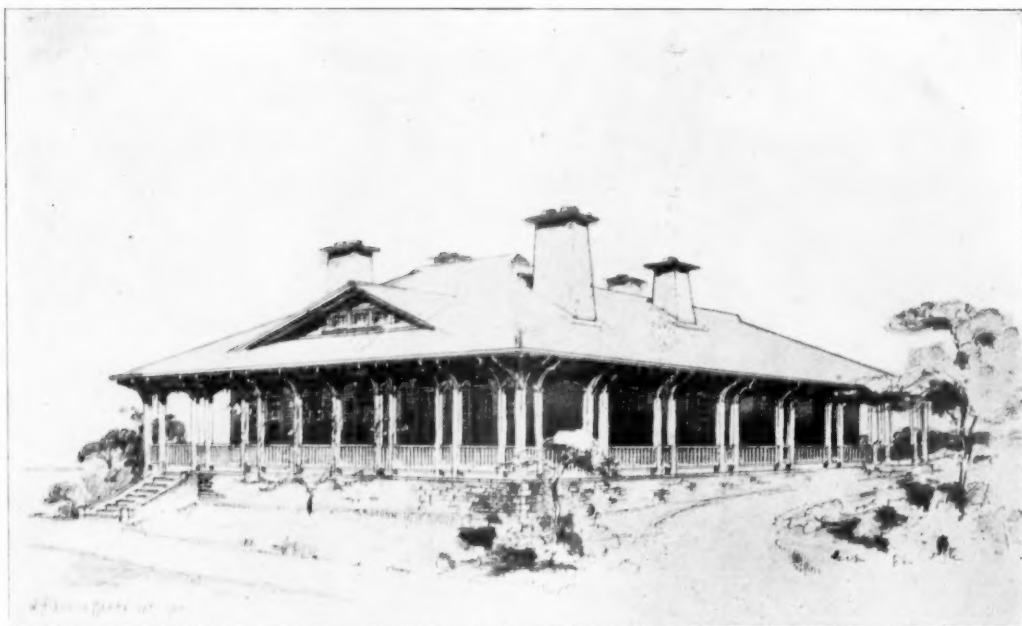


(1835.) HOUSE AT LETCHMORE
HEATH, HERTFORDSHIRE.

W. CAMPBELL JONES.

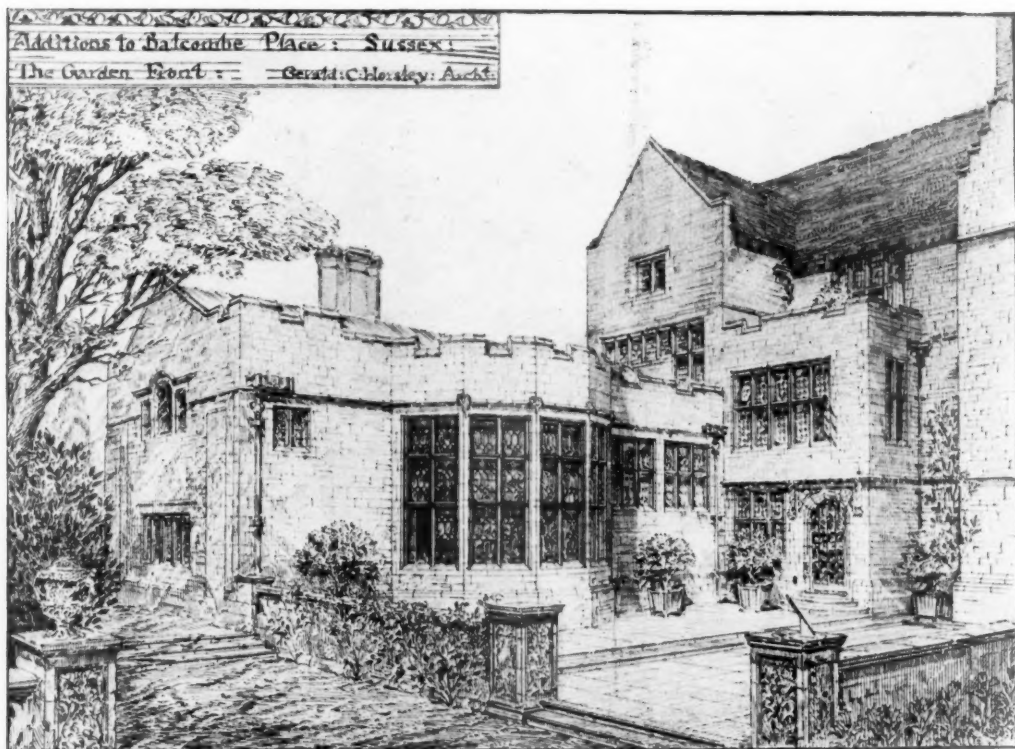


(1700.) THE RETREAT, LAKENHEAD,
SUFFOLK : ENTRANCE FRONT.
ANDREW N. PRENTICE.



(1830.) BUNGALOW, ADELAIDE,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

W. H. ATKIN BERRY.

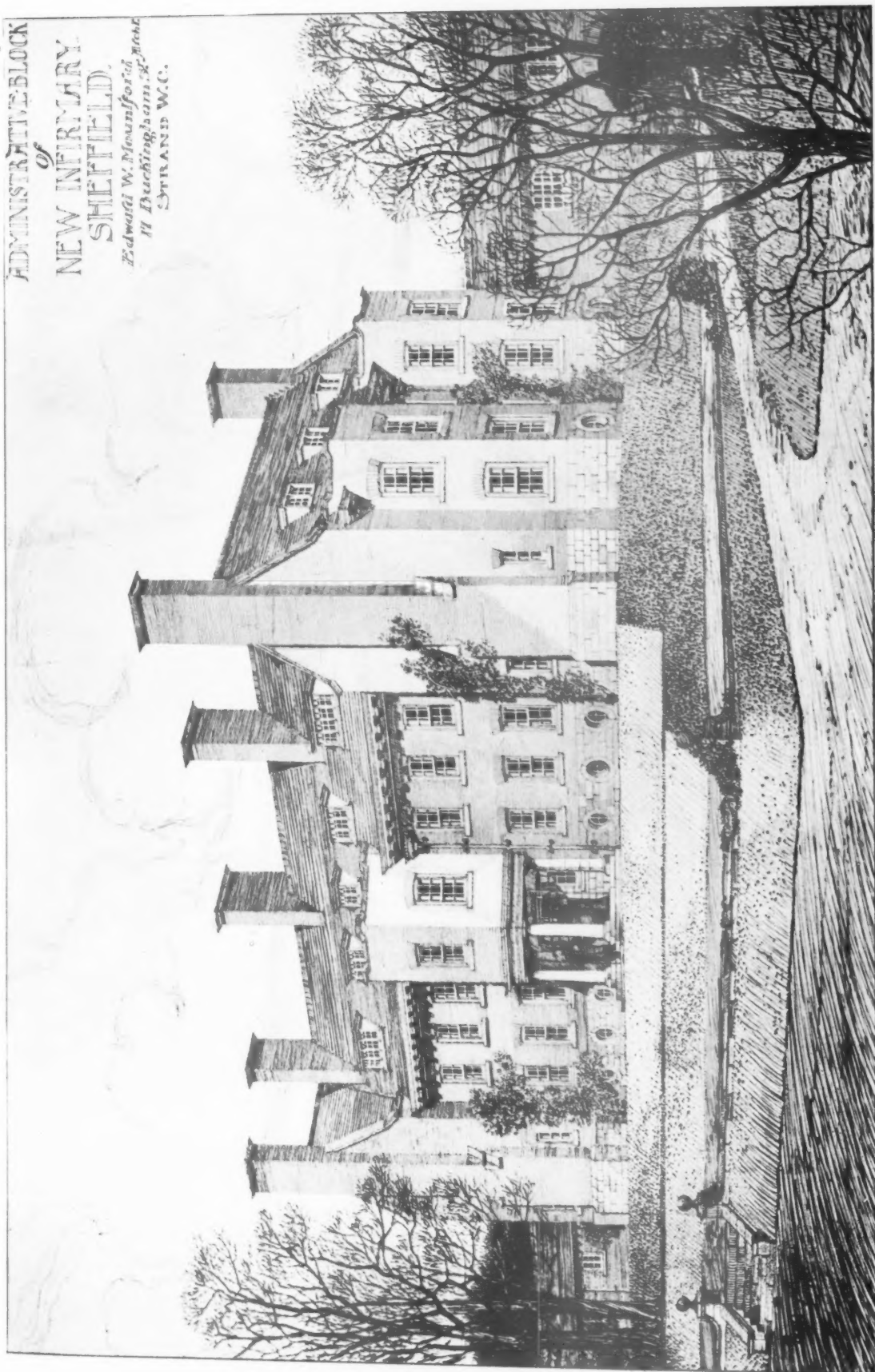


(1856.) ADDITIONS TO BALCOMBE
PLACE, SUSSEX.

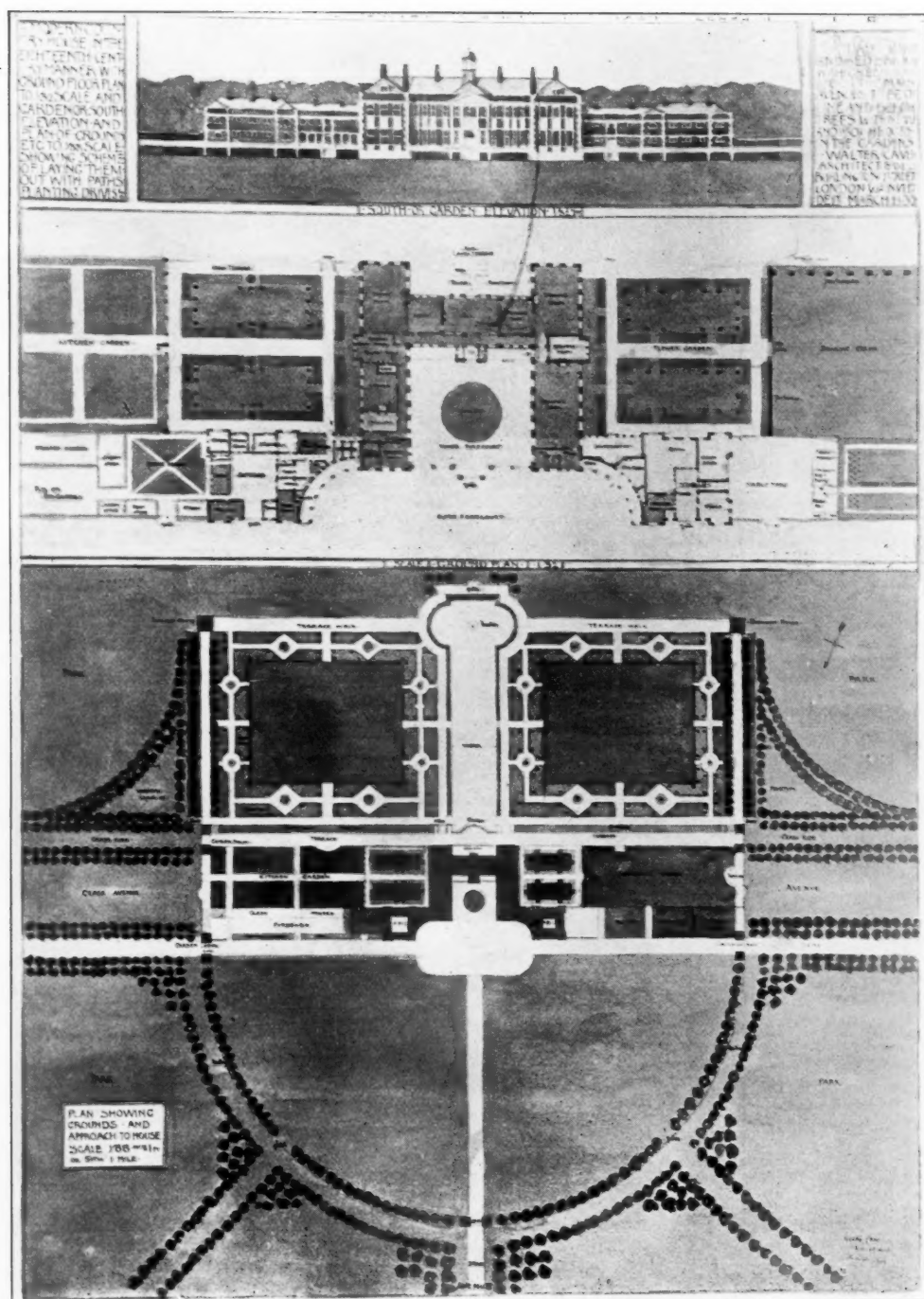
GERALD C. HORSLEY.

ADMINISTRATIVE BLOCK
of
 NEW INFIRMARY
 SHEFFIELD.

*Edward W. Mountford, Architect
 11 Bechingham St.
 STRAND W.C.*

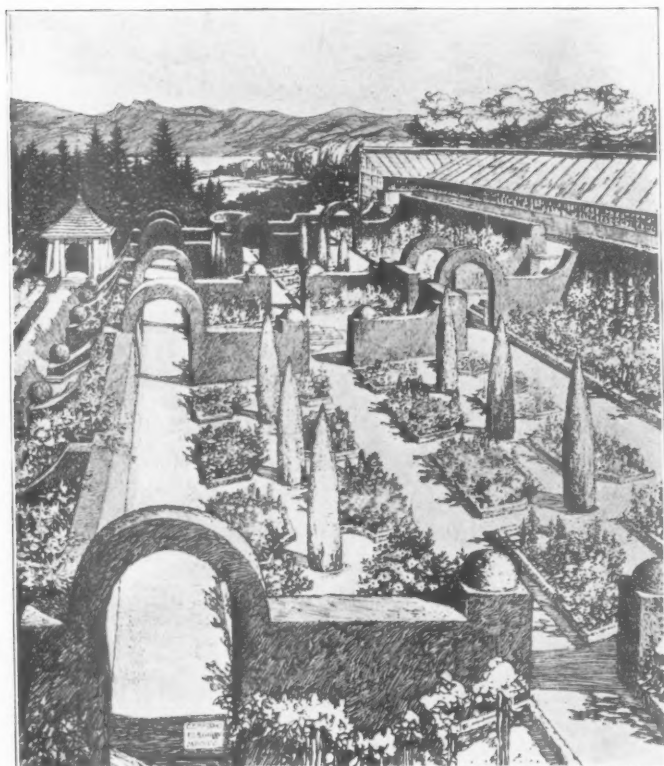


(1891.) PART OF NEW INFIRMARY, SHEFFIELD :
 EDWARD W. MOUNTFORD.



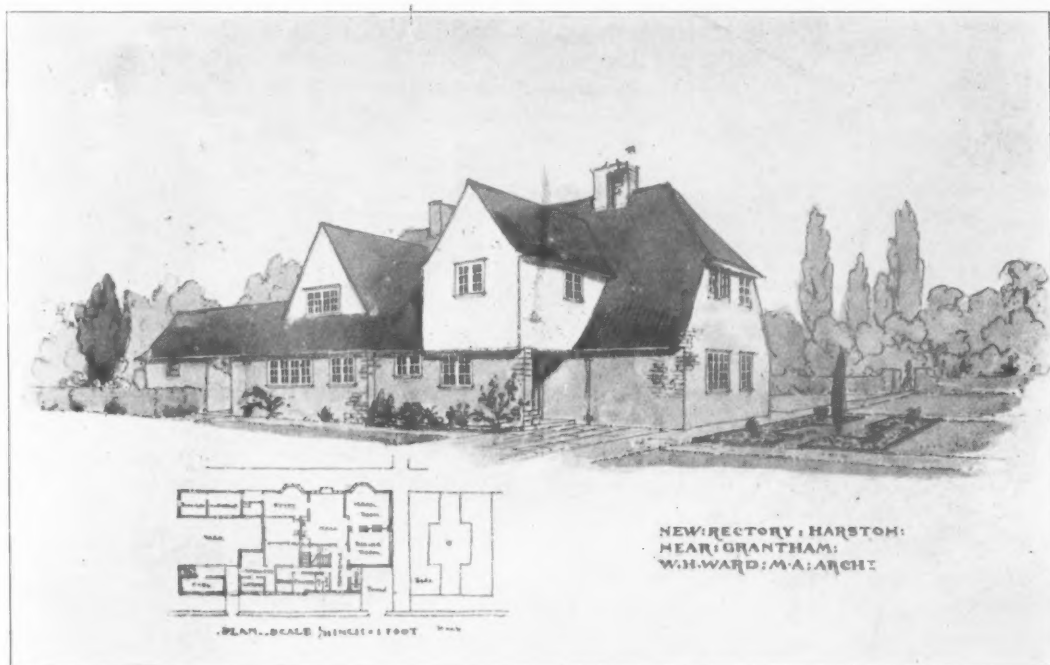
(1843.) A MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE IN
THE XVIIITH CENTURY MANNER.

WALTER CAVE.



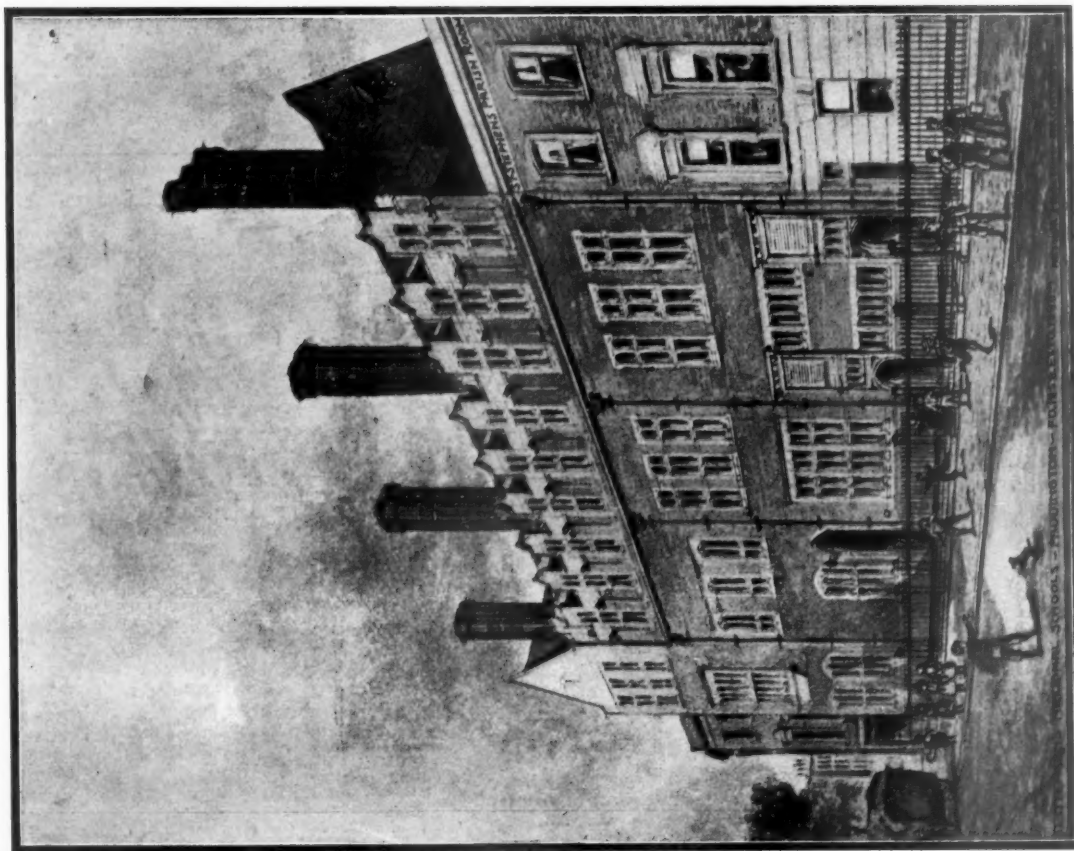
(1737.) DESIGN FOR HILLSIDE
GARDEN, WINDERMERE.

THOMAS H. MAWSON.



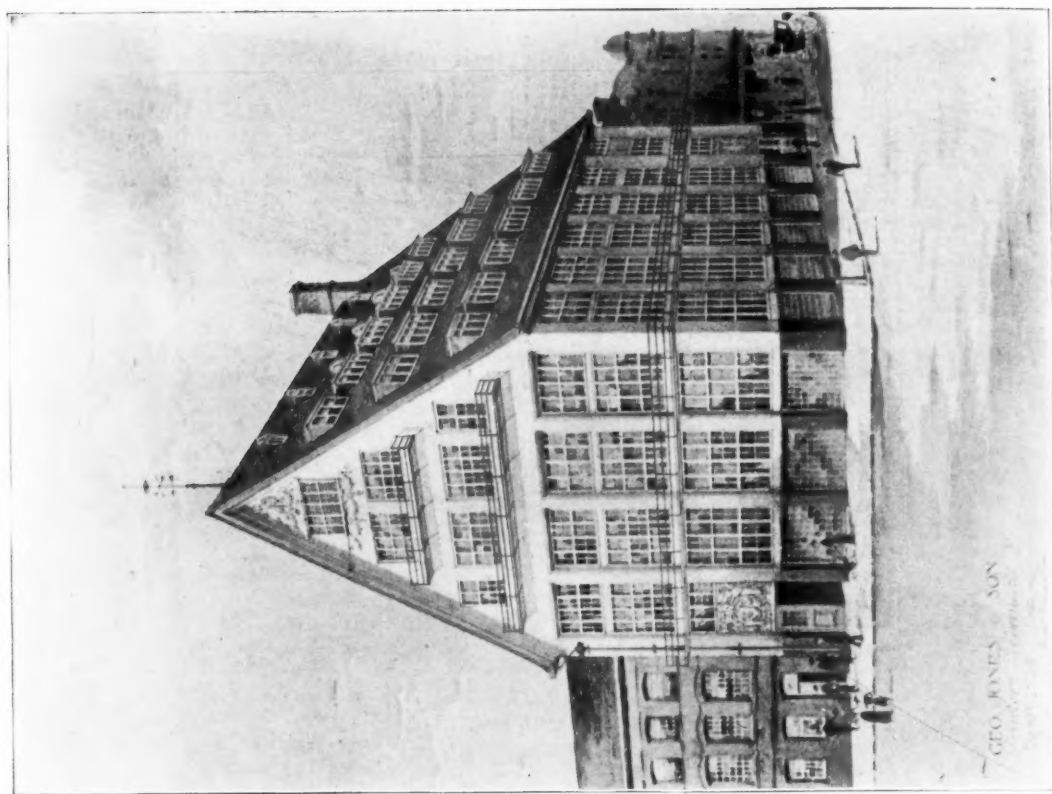
(1903.) NEW RECTORY, HARSTON,
NEAR GRANTHAM.

W. H. WARD.



(1727.) ST. STEPHEN'S NATIONAL
SCHOOLS, PADDINGTON.

ARTHUR T.
BOLTON.



(1782.) PRINTING PREMISES, CORN-
WALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

BATEMAN AND
BATEMAN.

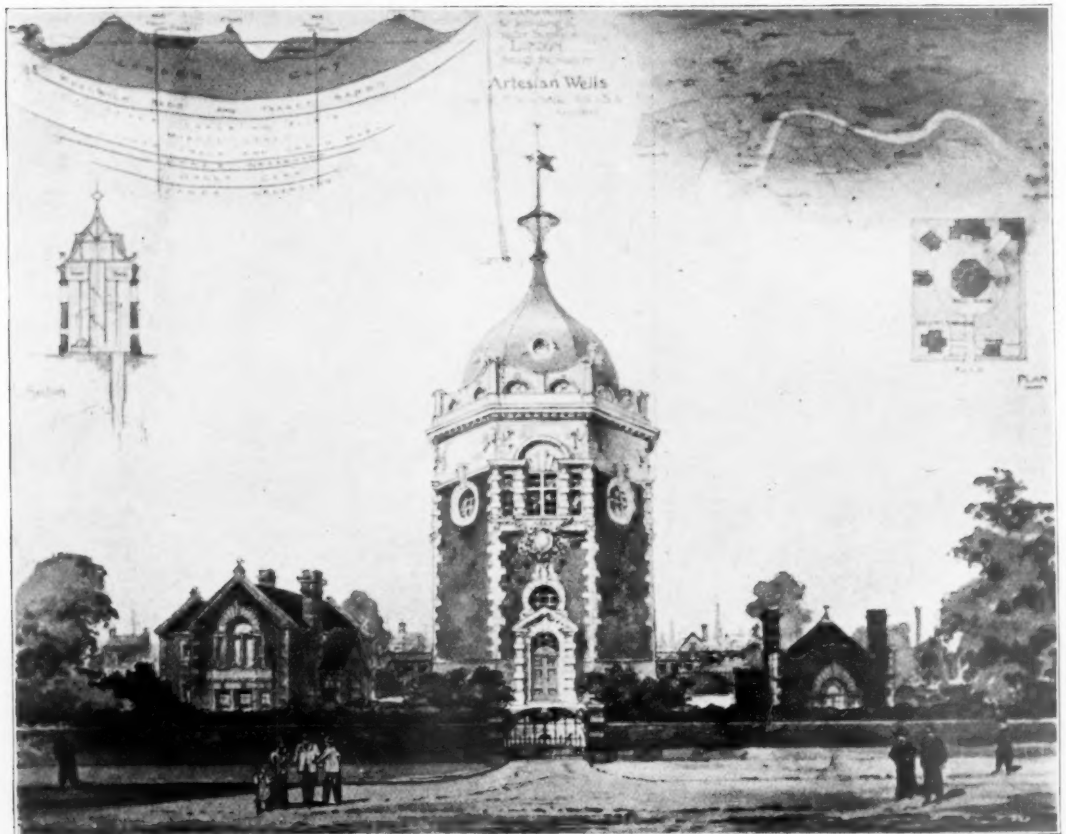


(1733.) THE GRANGE, TOTTERIDGE:
CHARLES A. NICHOLSON.



(1800.) HOUSE AT CLEY, NORFOLK.

E. GUY DAWBER AND WHITWELL.

(1699.) A SCHEME FOR THE SUPPLY
OF WATER FOR LONDON.

ROBERT P. WHELLOCK.



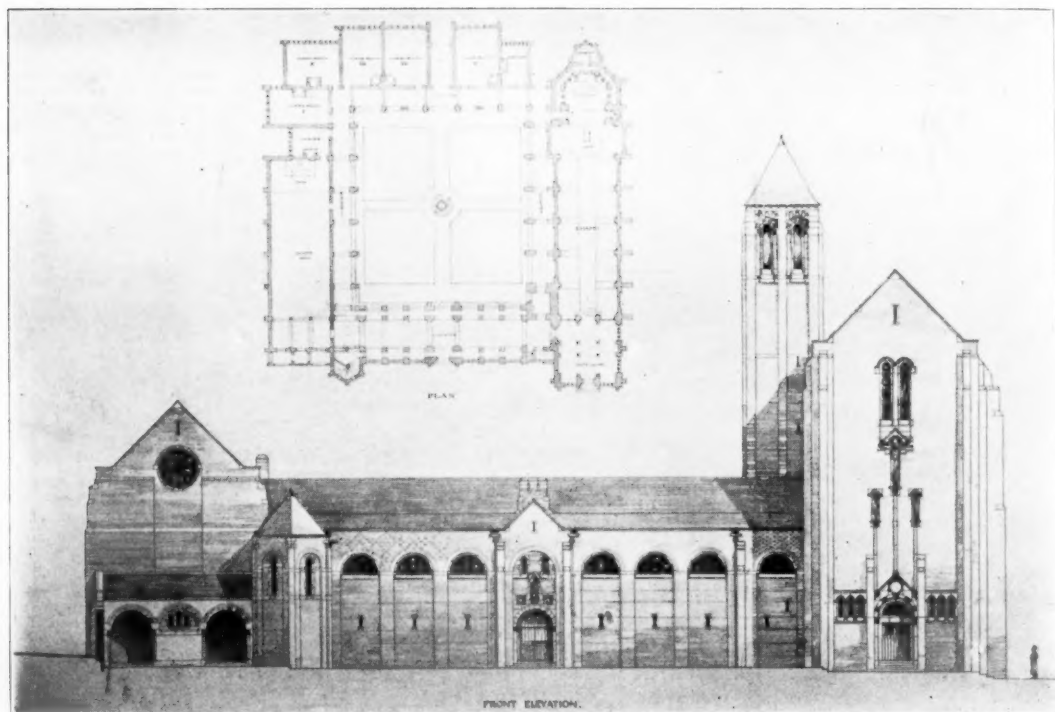
(1778.) NEW CHURCH, SLEDMERE PARK, YORKSHIRE.

TEMPLE MOORE.



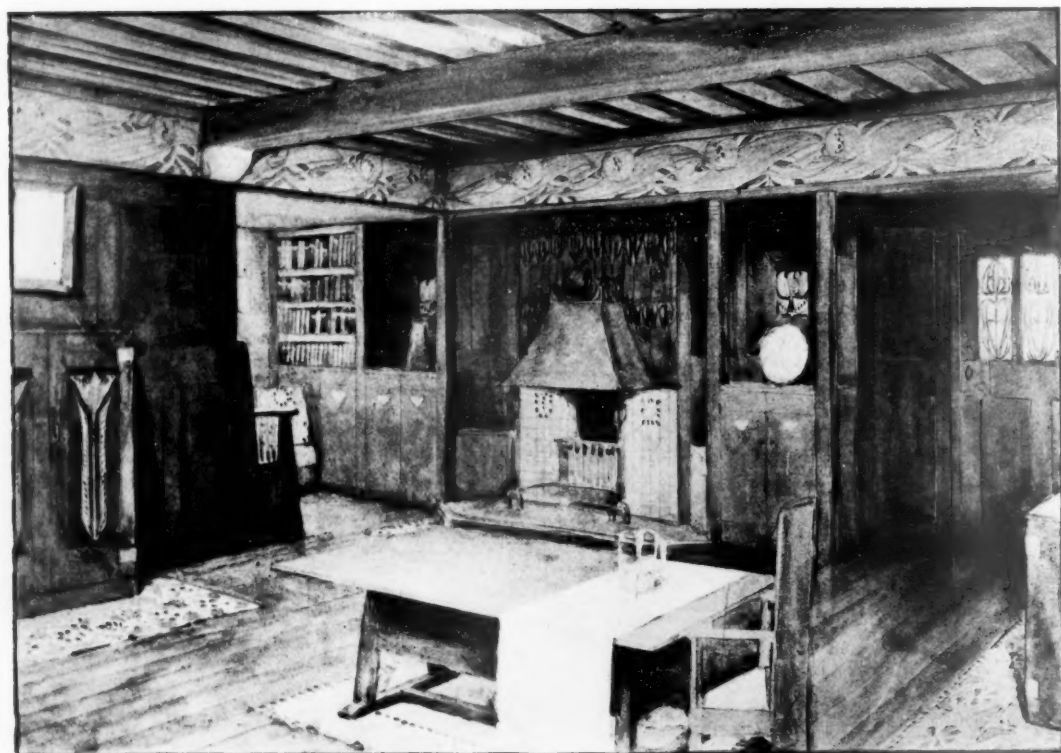
(1710.) NEW CHURCH, SLEDMERE PARK, YORKSHIRE: INTERIOR.

TEMPLE MOORE.



(1803.) DESIGN FOR PUBLIC
SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

JOHN S. LEE.



(1870.) HOUSE AT CROWBOROUGH,
SUSSEX: THE DINING ROOM.

M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT.



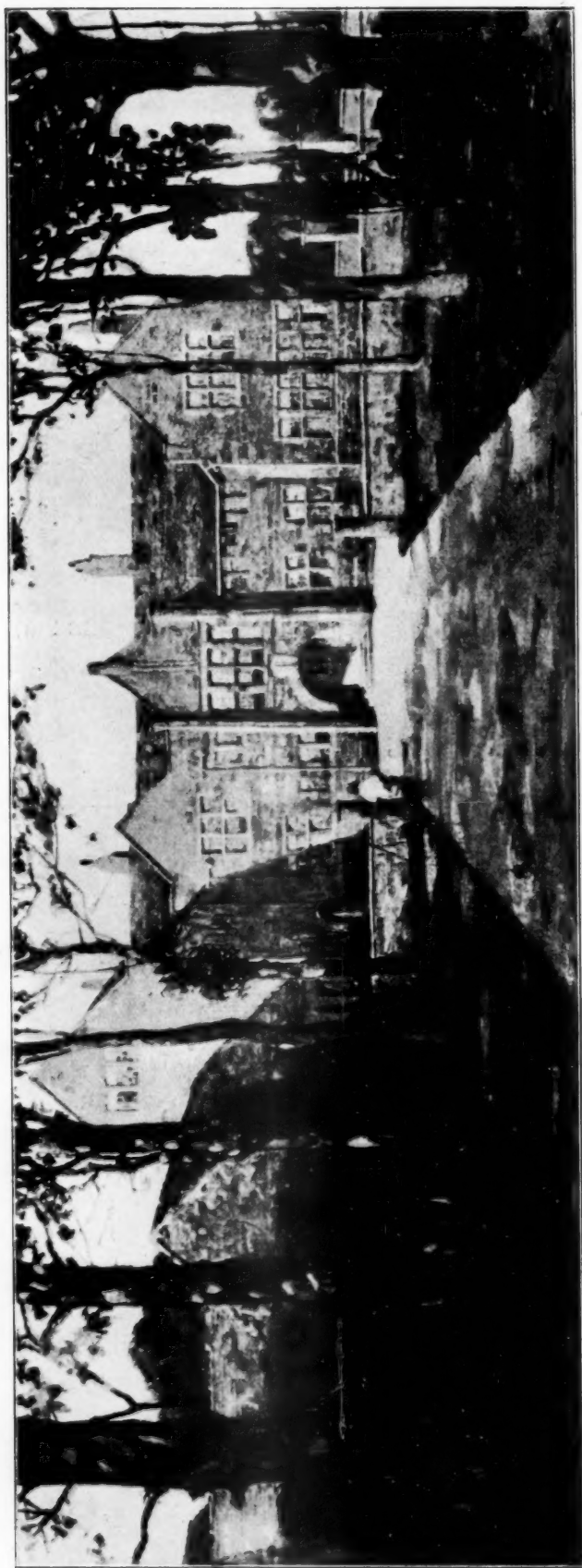
(1769.) DESIGN FOR CHURCH AND
VICARAGE, BARNSELY.

HUBERT C. CORLETTE.



(1900.) GARDEN FRONT OF HOUSE IN
ROSECROFT AVENUE, HAMPSTEAD.

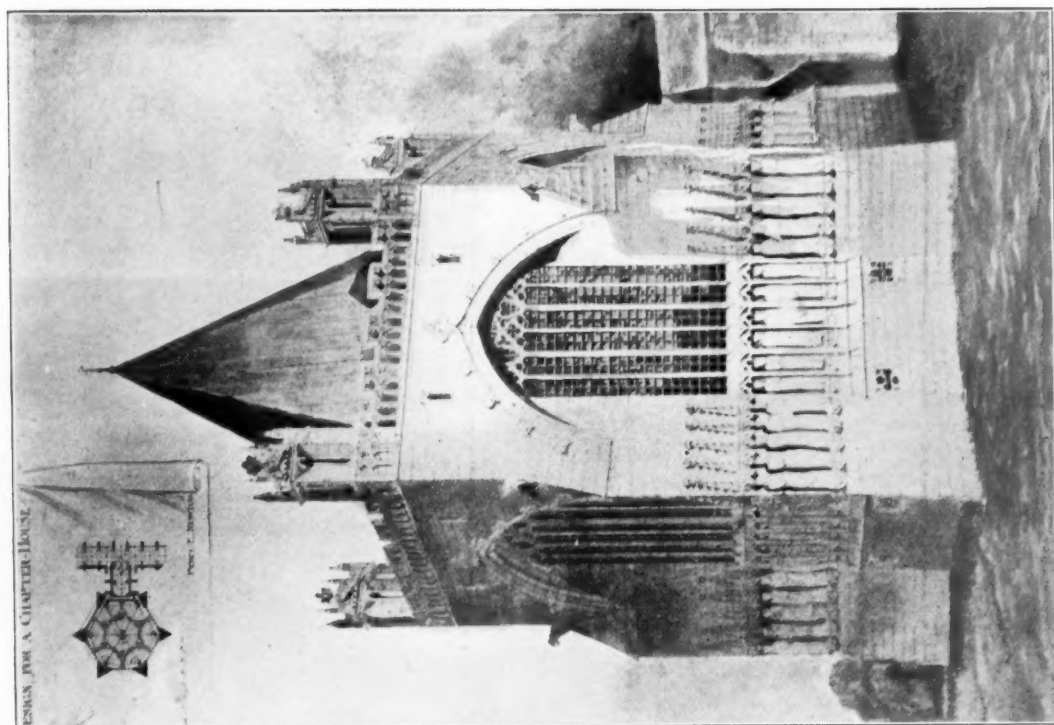
C. H. B. QUENNEL.



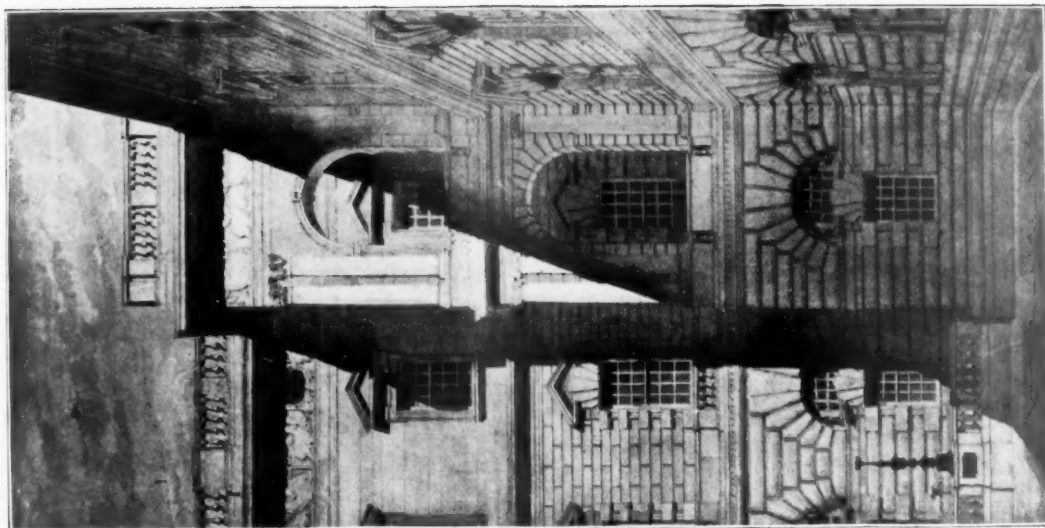
(1774). HOUSE, EDGERTON, HUDDERSFIELD:
EDGAR WOOD.



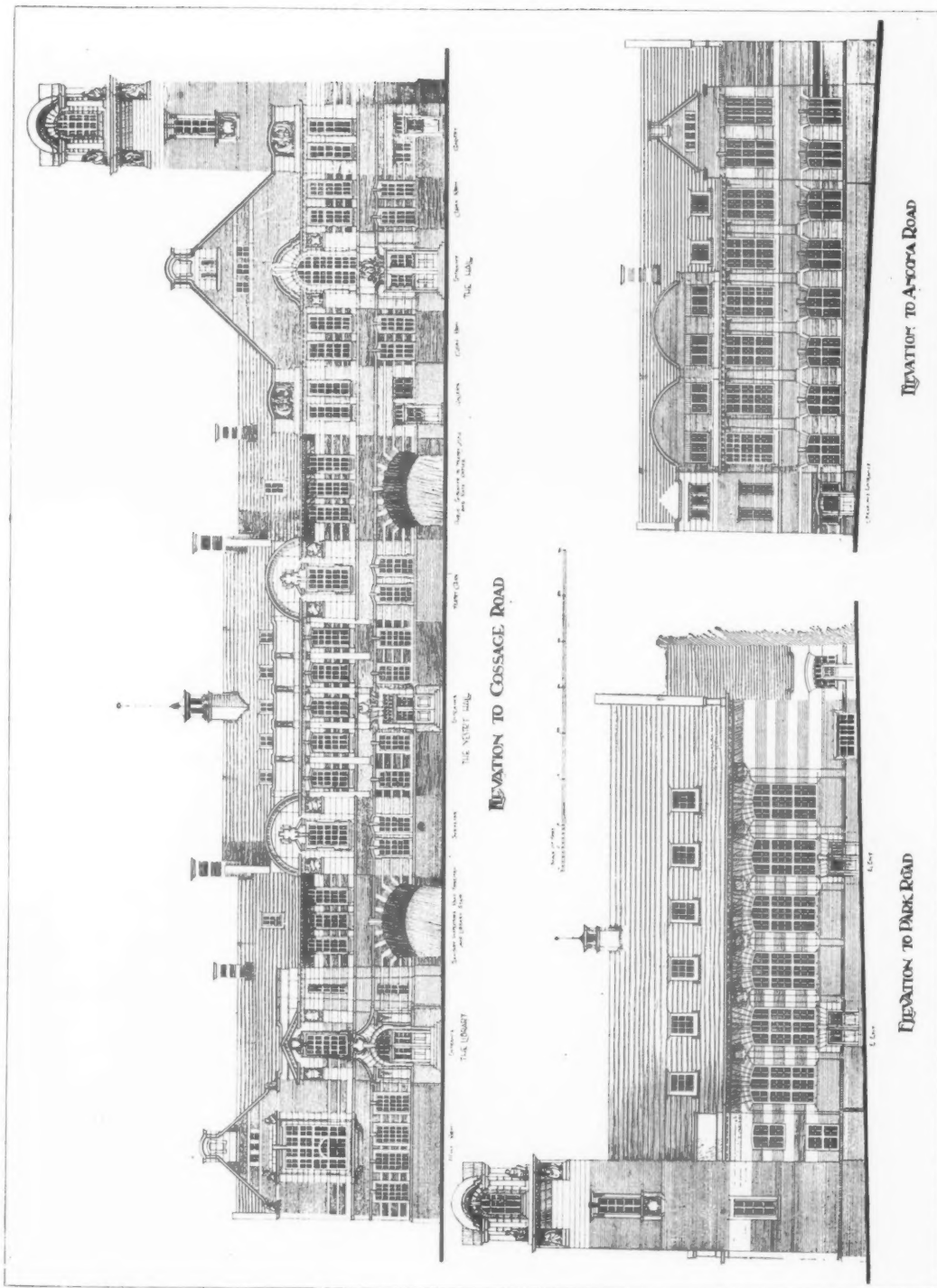
(1749.) CHANCEL FITTINGS: CHESTER.
CHARLES A. NICHOLSON.



(1754.) DESIGN FOR A
CHAPTER HOUSE
PERCY E. NEWTON.



(1798.) COMPETITIVE DESIGN
FOR A PUBLIC BUILDING.
MERVYN E.
MACARTNEY.

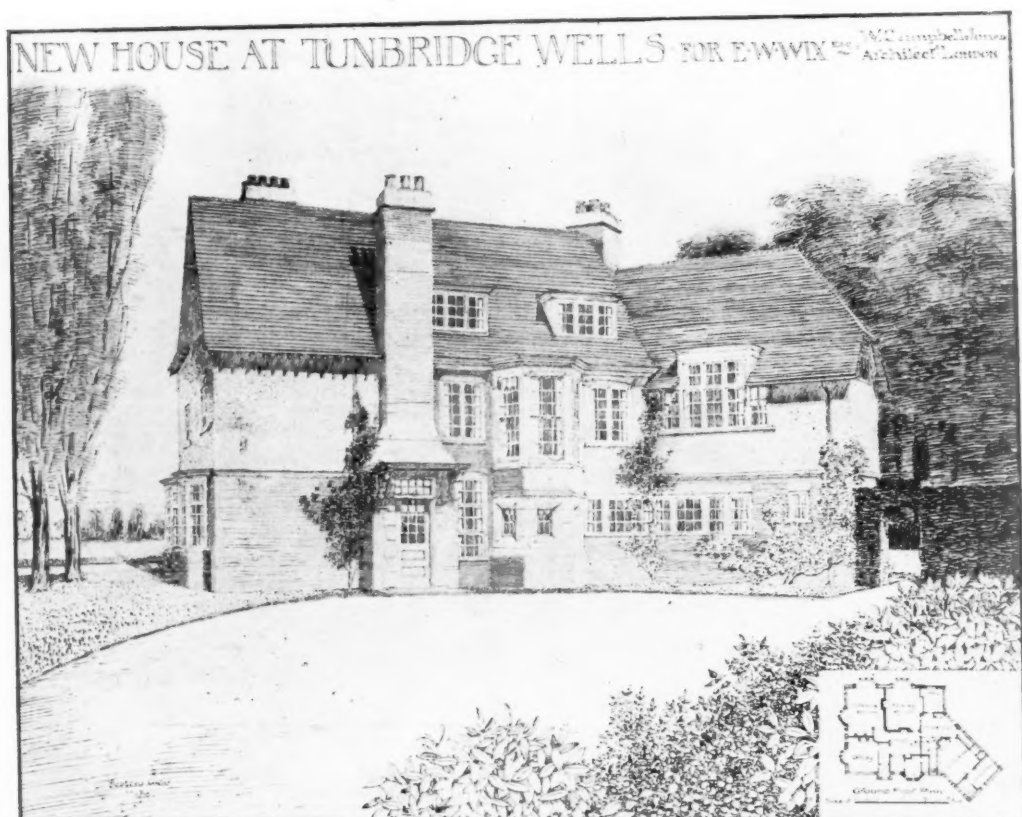


(1732.) PLUMSTEAD MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS AND PUBLIC LIBRARY: SECOND PREMATED DESIGN: HALL, COOPER AND DAVIS.



(1845.) PIPER'S HILL, BYFLEET,
SURREY.

NIVEN AND WIGGLESWORTH.



(1836.) NEW HOUSE, TUNBRIDGE
WELLS.

W. CAMPBELL JONES.



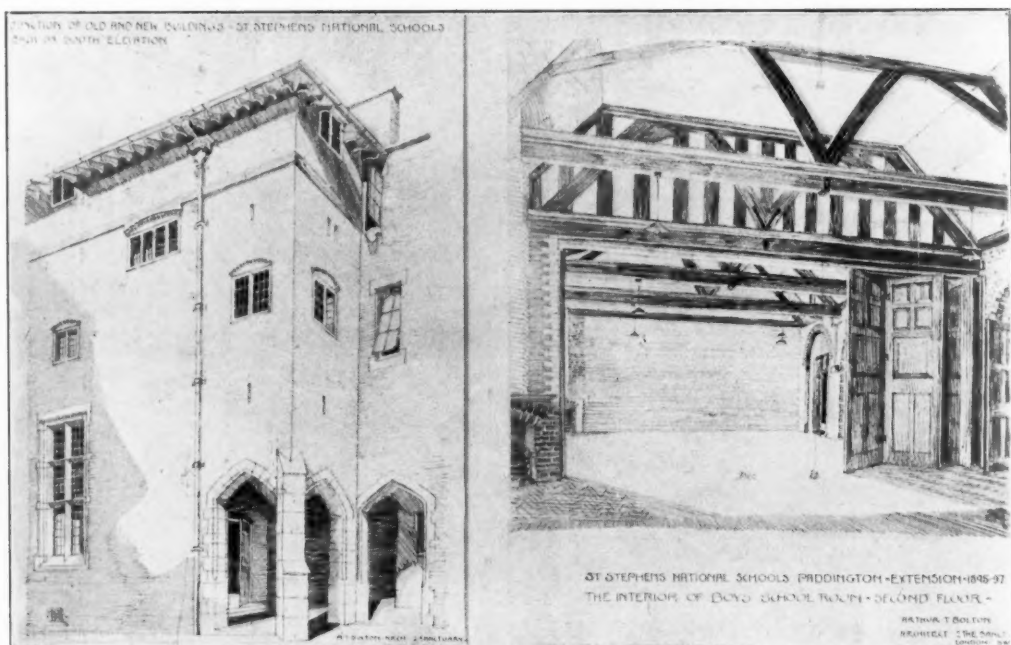
(1812.) NEW CHURCH OF ST. MARK,
PLUMSTEAD, WITH INSTITUTE,
PARISH HALL, AND PARSONAGE.

CHARLES H. M. MILEHAM.



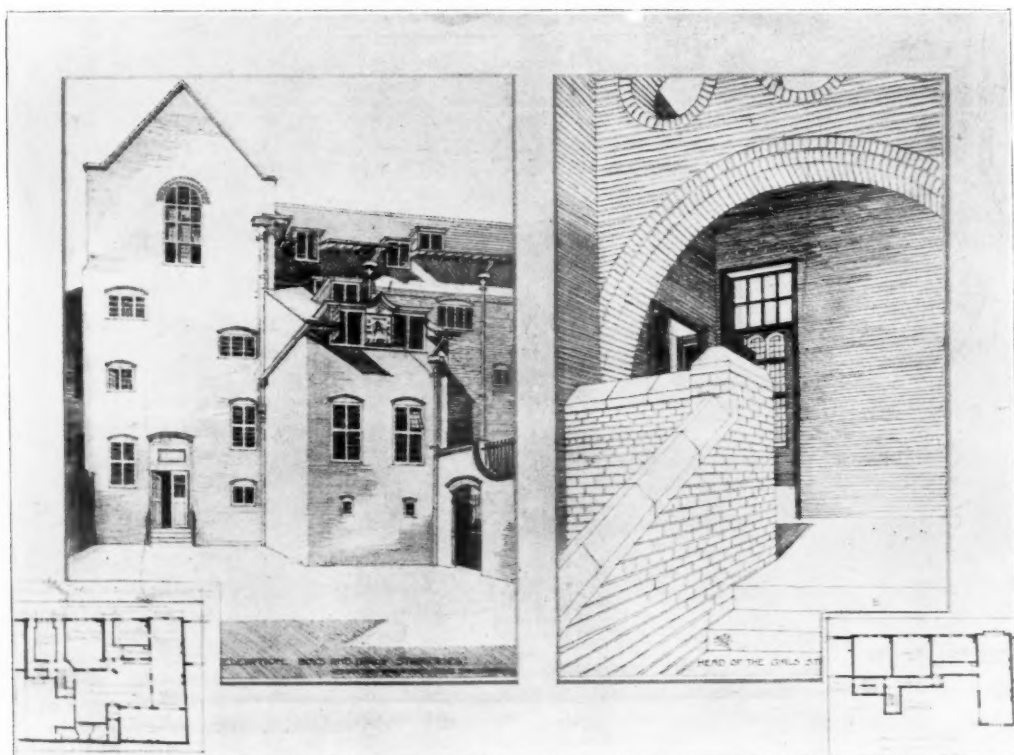
(1783.) SAND HILL CLOSE,
HITCHIN.

GEOFFREY LUCAS.



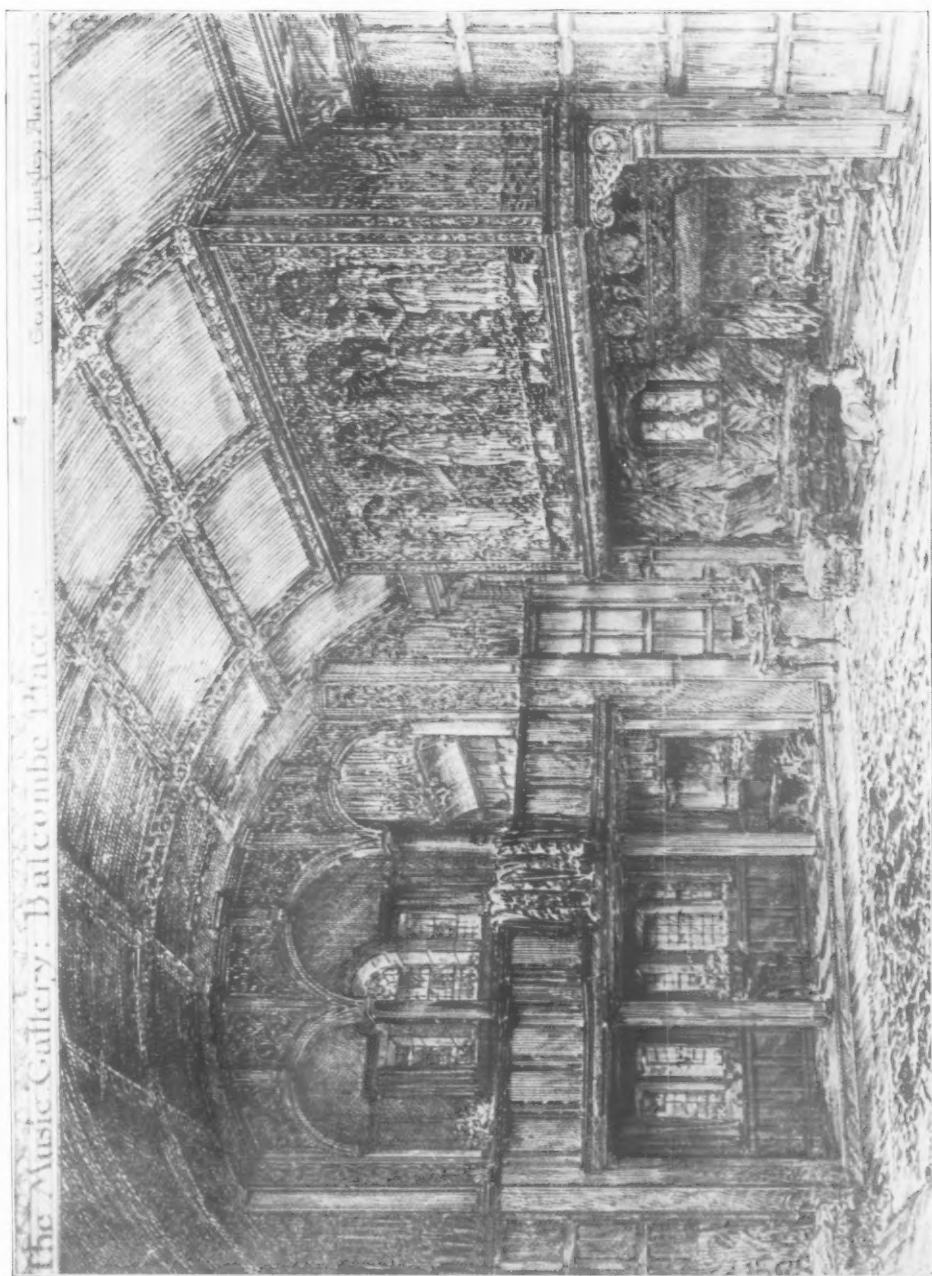
(1893.) ST. STEPHEN'S NATIONAL SCHOOLS, PADDINGTON.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

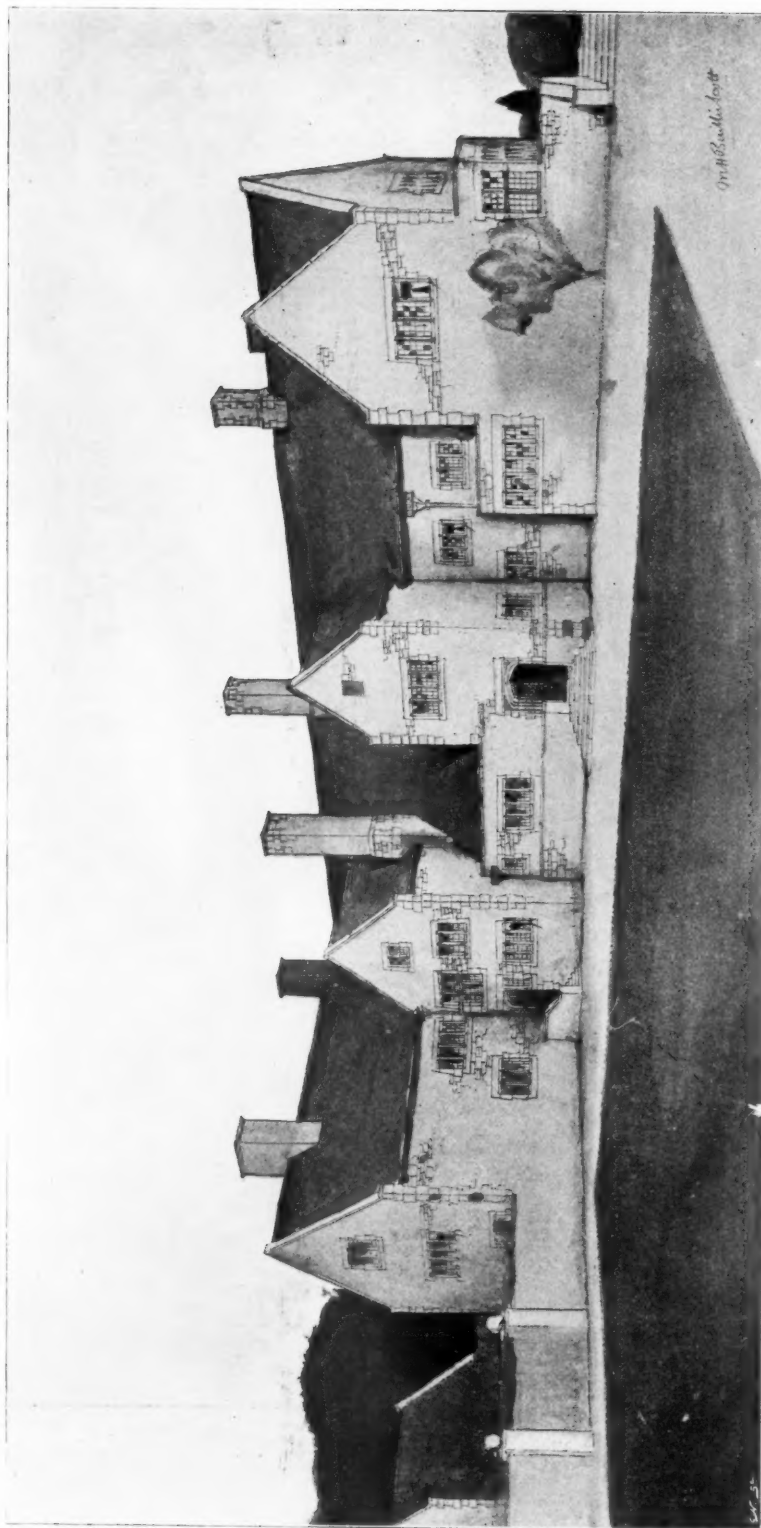


(1829.) ST. STEPHEN'S NATIONAL SCHOOLS, PADDINGTON.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.



(1860.) THE MUSIC GALLERY, BALCOMBE
PLACE, SUSSEX: GERALD C.
HORSLEY.

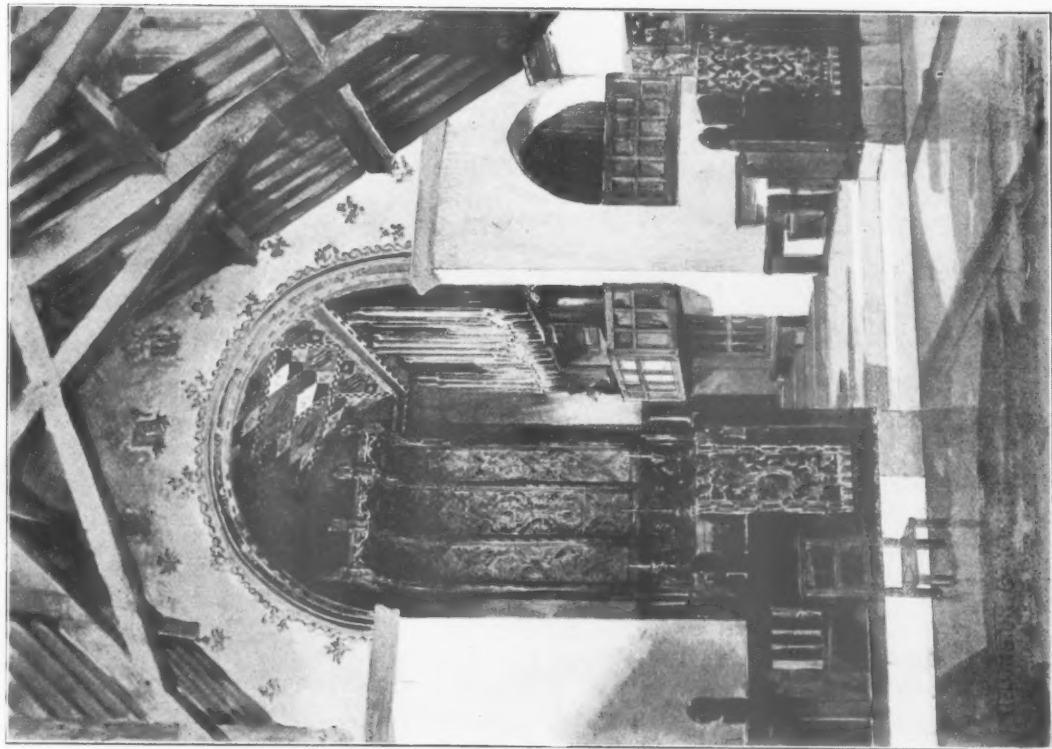


(1804.) HOUSE AT WINDERMERE:
ENTRANCE FRONT: M. H.
BAILLIE SCOTT.



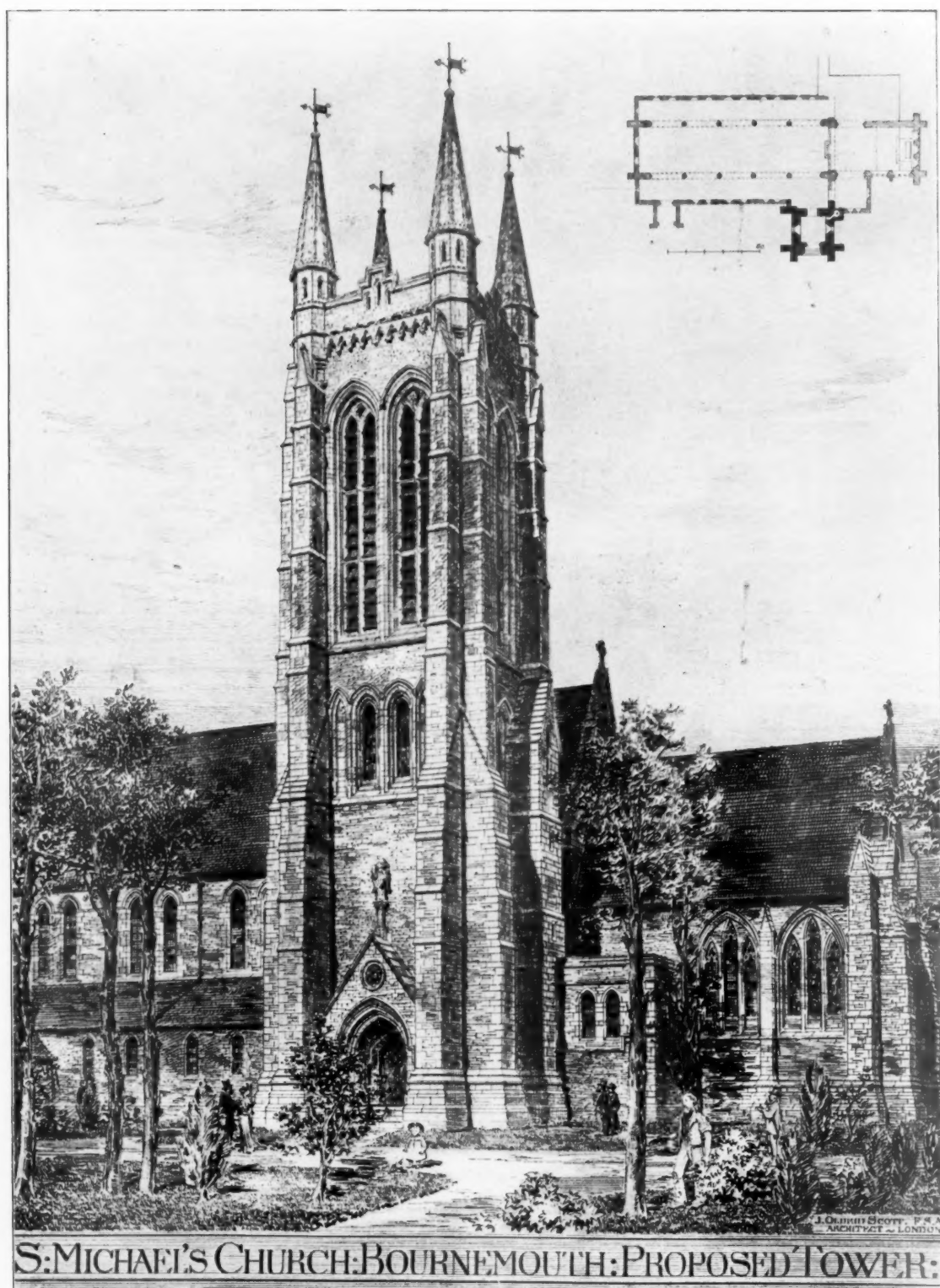
(1833.) COMPETITIVE DESIGN
FOR A CHURCH AT
SPARKBROOK, BIR-
MINGHAM.

MERVYN E.
MACARTNEY.



(1743.) DESIGN FOR REFITTING
MISSION CHURCH,
WALWORTH.

CHARLES A.
NICHOLSON.



(1834.) NEW TOWER, ST. MICHAEL'S,
BOURNEMOUTH: J. OLDRID
SCOTT.



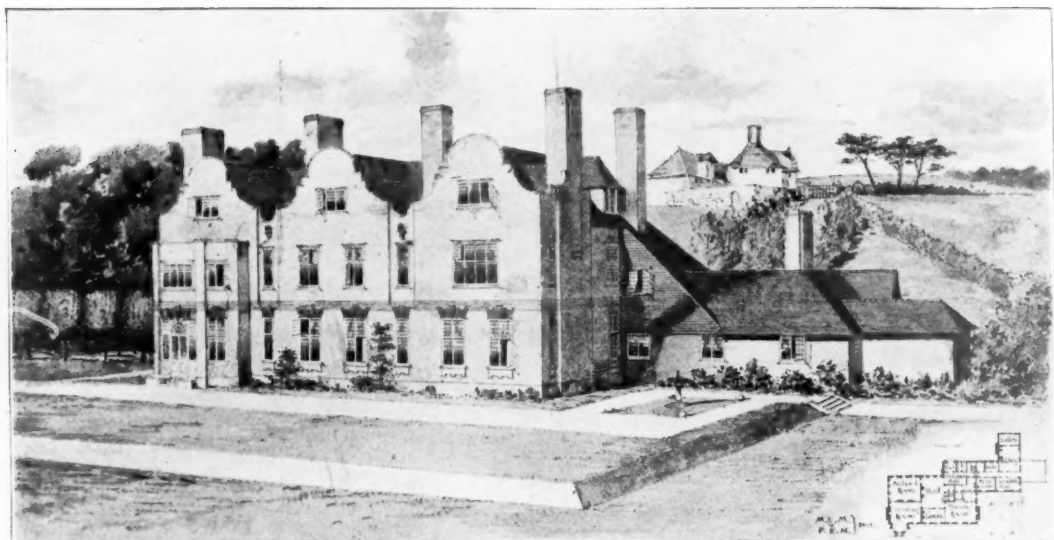
(1730.) COMPETITIVE DESIGN FOR
CHURCH AT BARNSELEY.

CHARLES A. NICHOLSON.



(1725.) HOUSE, WEYMOUTH PARK,
WALTON-ON-THAMES.

NIVEN AND WIGGLESWORTH.



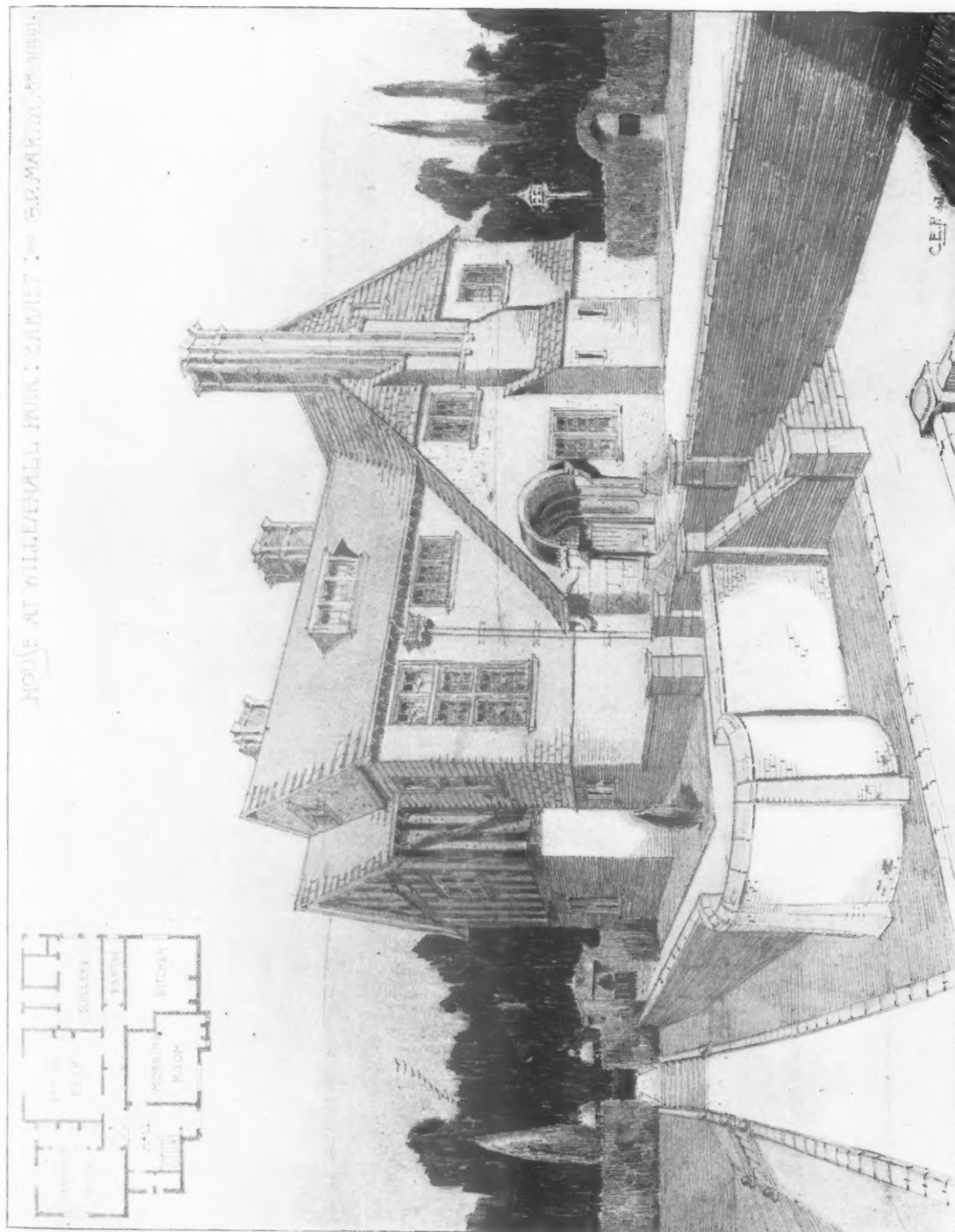
(1797.) WILDER'S, CHALFONT
ST. PETERS, BUCKS.

MERVYN E. MACARTNEY.

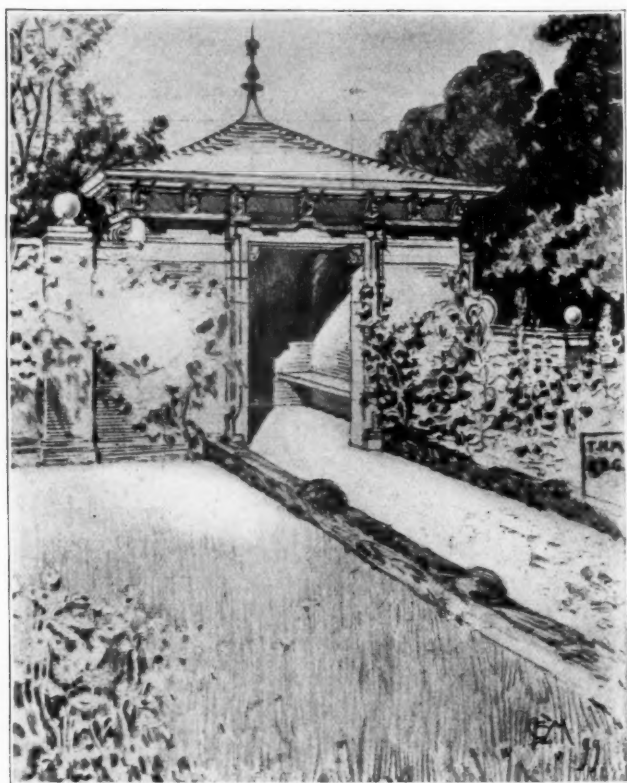


(1755.) THE LIBRARY, WESTBROOK
HALL.

CHARLES A. NICHOLSON.

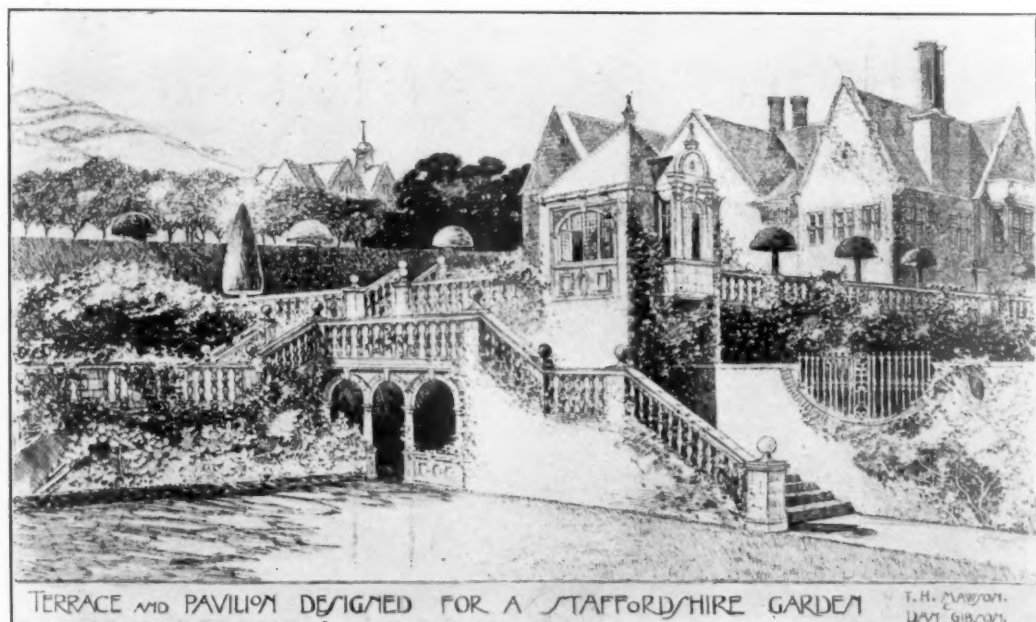


(1726.) HOUSE AT WILLENHALL PARK,
BARNET. G. D. MARTIN.



(1852.) SUMMER HOUSE AT END
OF GARDEN WALK.

THOMAS H. MAWSON.

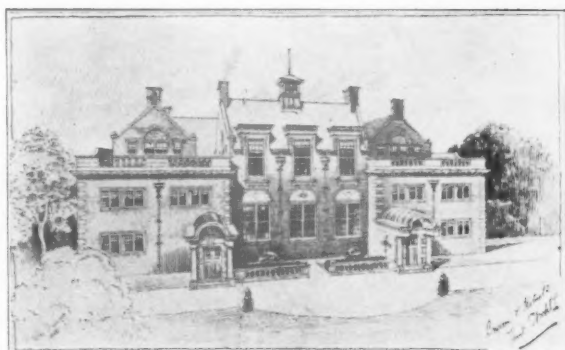


(1736.) TERRACE AND PAVILION
FOR A STAFFORDSHIRE
GARDEN.

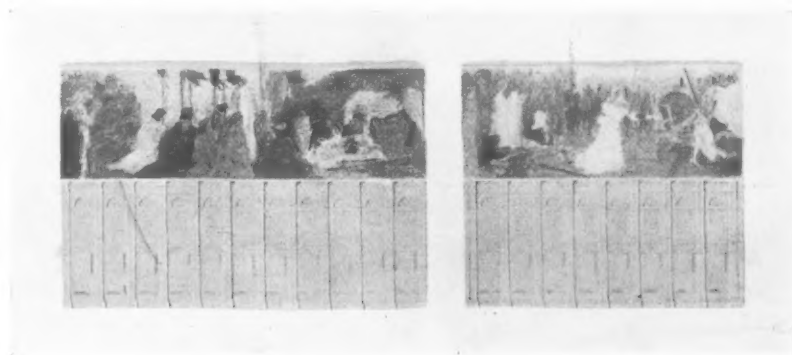
T. H. MAWSON AND
D. GIBSON.



(1705.) BOYS' SCHOOL AND MASTER'S RESIDENCE, EXETER.



BRYAN AND ROBERTS.



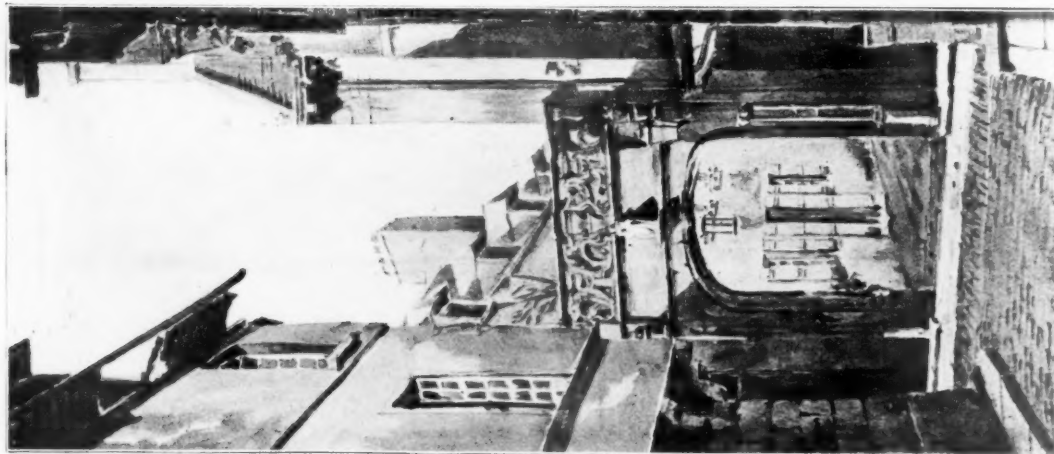
(1784.) DESIGN FOR DINING-ROOM DECORATION.

C. J. C. PAWLEY.

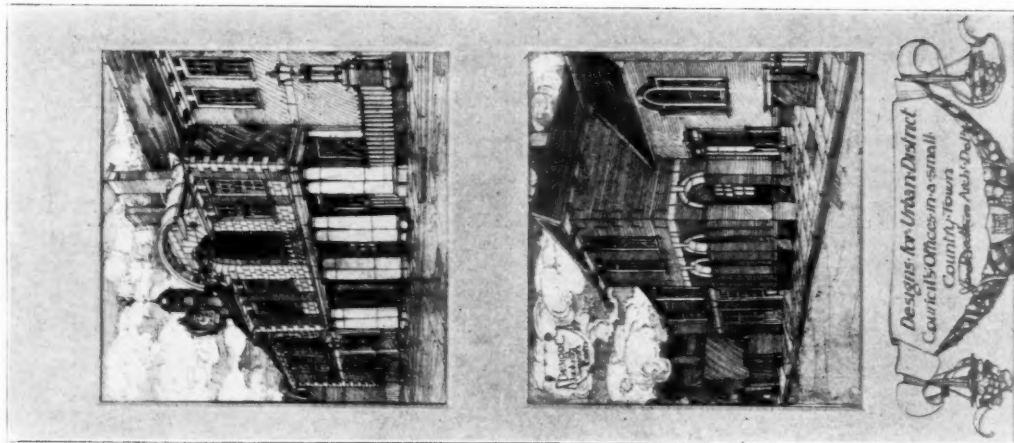


(1694.) COUNTRY HOUSE, ALMONDSBURY, GLOUCESTER.

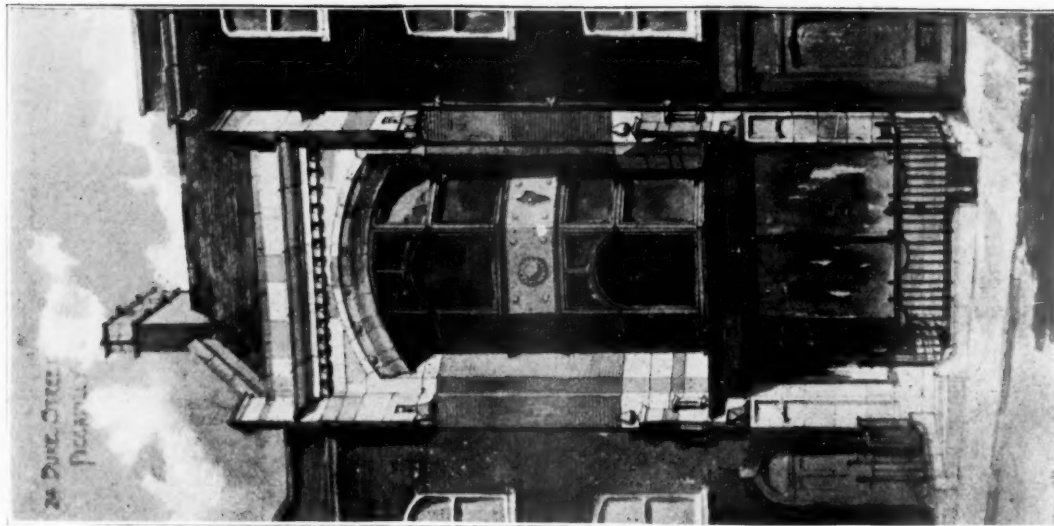
HENRY D. BRYAN.



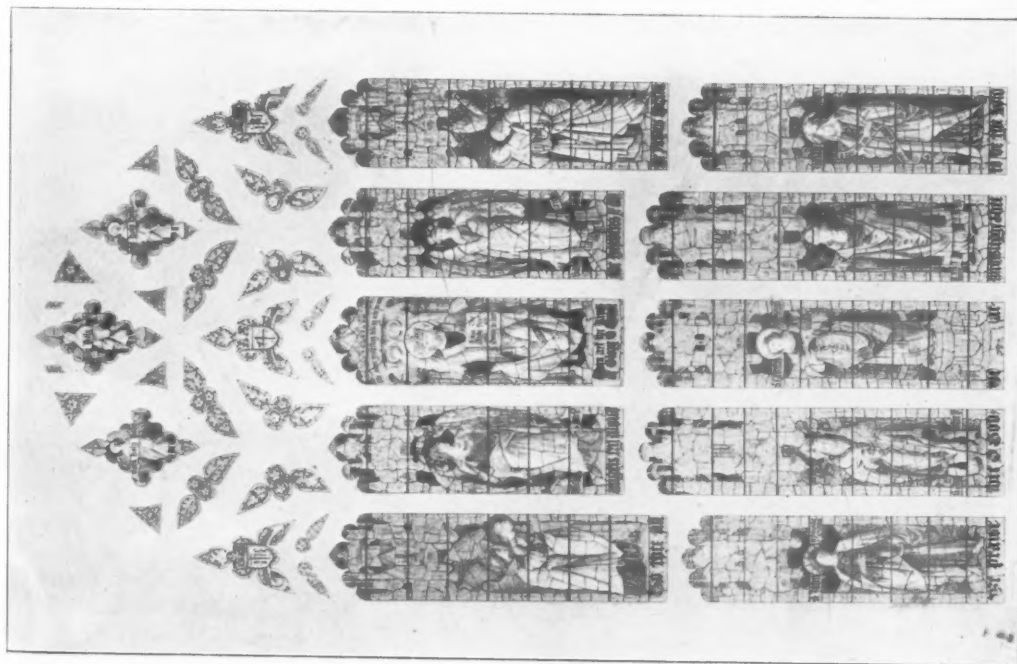
(1094.) STREET IN H. G. IBBERSON.
DINAN.



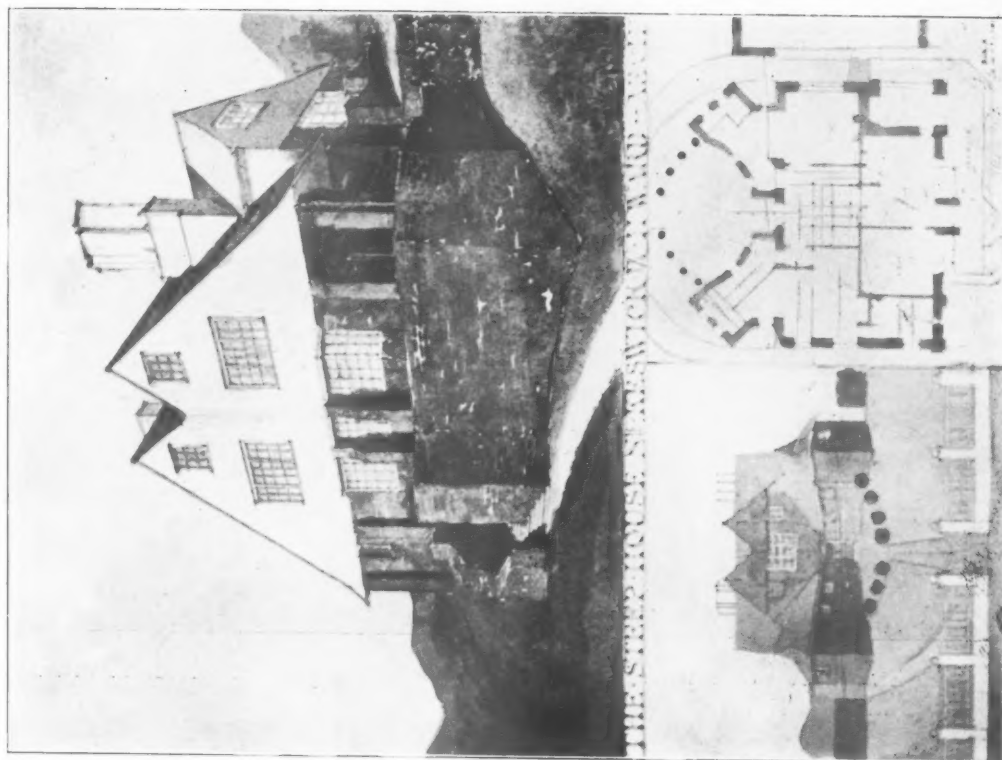
(1760.) HAROLD FALKNER.



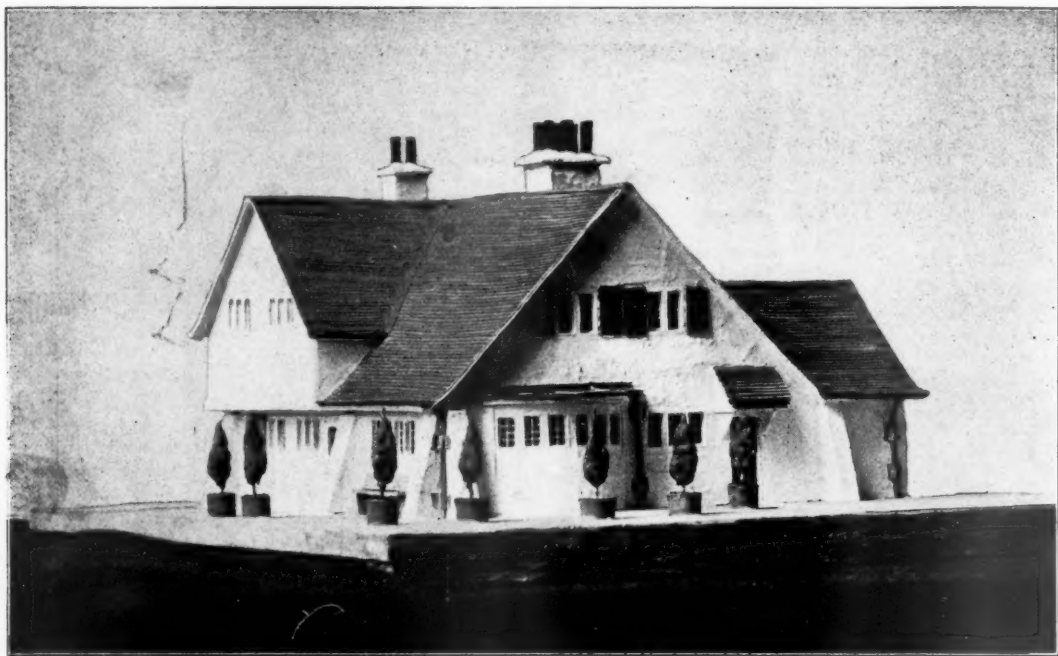
(1093.) 24, DUKE STREET,
PICCADILLY. GEORGE A.
LANSDOWN.



(1841.) EAST WINDOW, ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH, MORECAMBE.
SHRIGLEY AND HUNT.

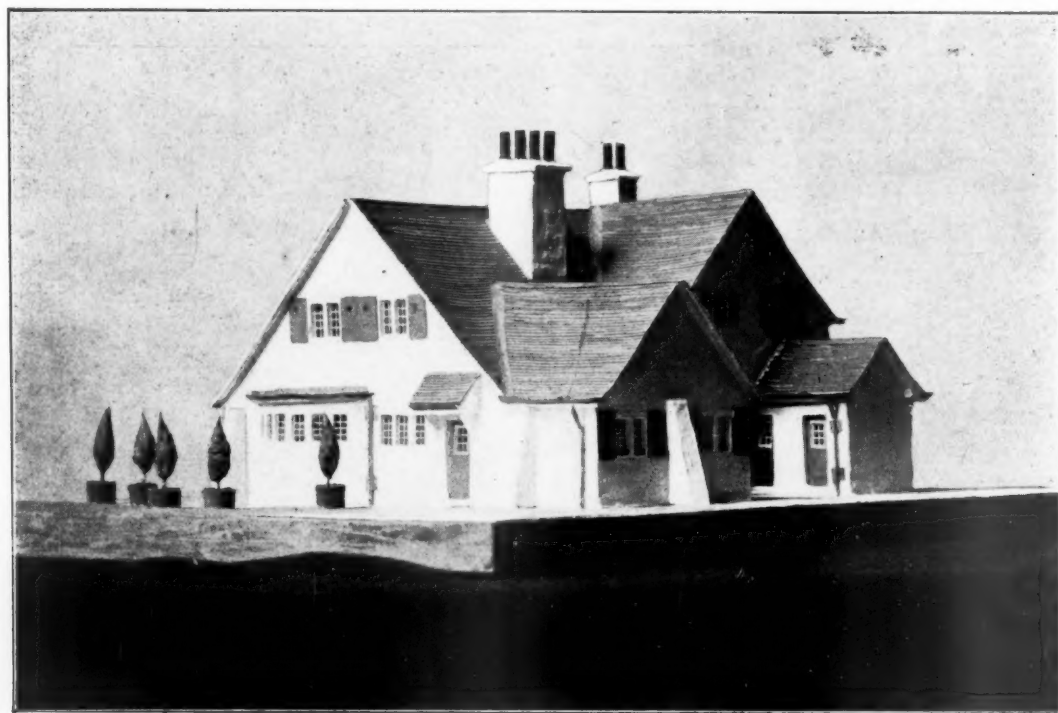


(1770.) THE STEEP HOUSE, NEAR KESWICK.
W. H. WARD.



(1910.) MODEL OF A COTTAGE:
GARDEN FRONT.

LIONEL F. CRANE.



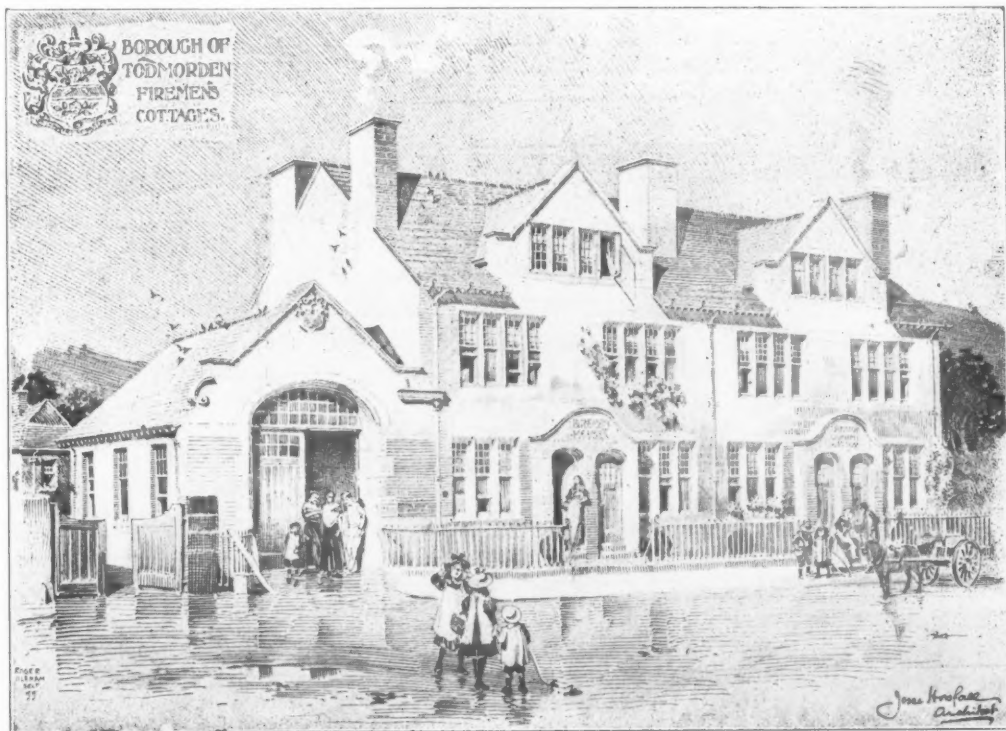
(1910.) MODEL OF A COTTAGE:
FRONT ENTRANCE.

LIONEL F. CRANE.



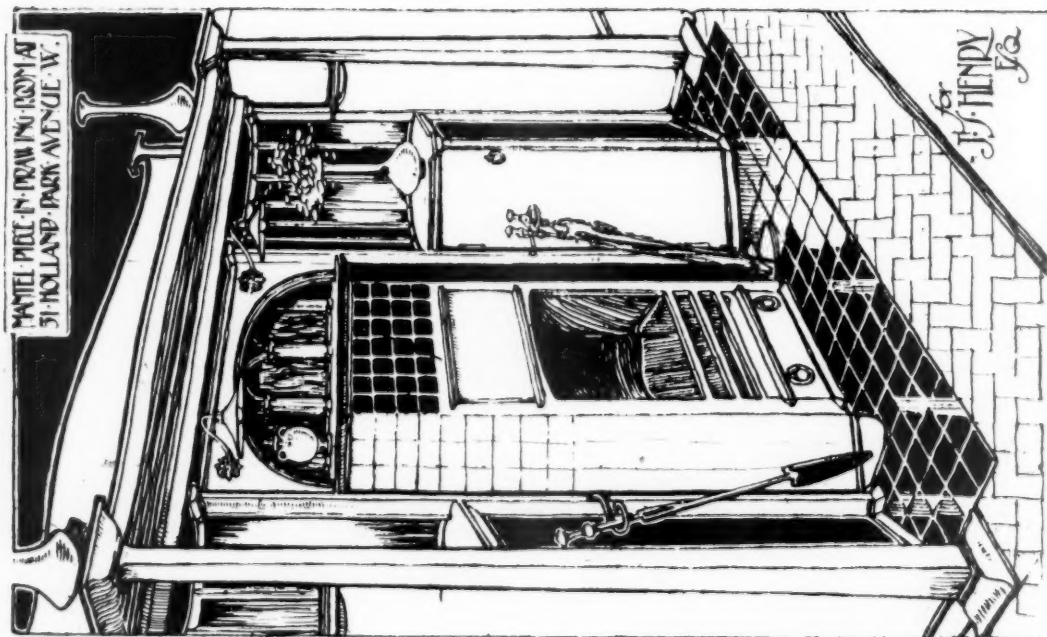
(1846.) MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS AND FREE LIBRARY, PLUMSTEAD.

RUSSELL, MALLOES,
AND GROCK.



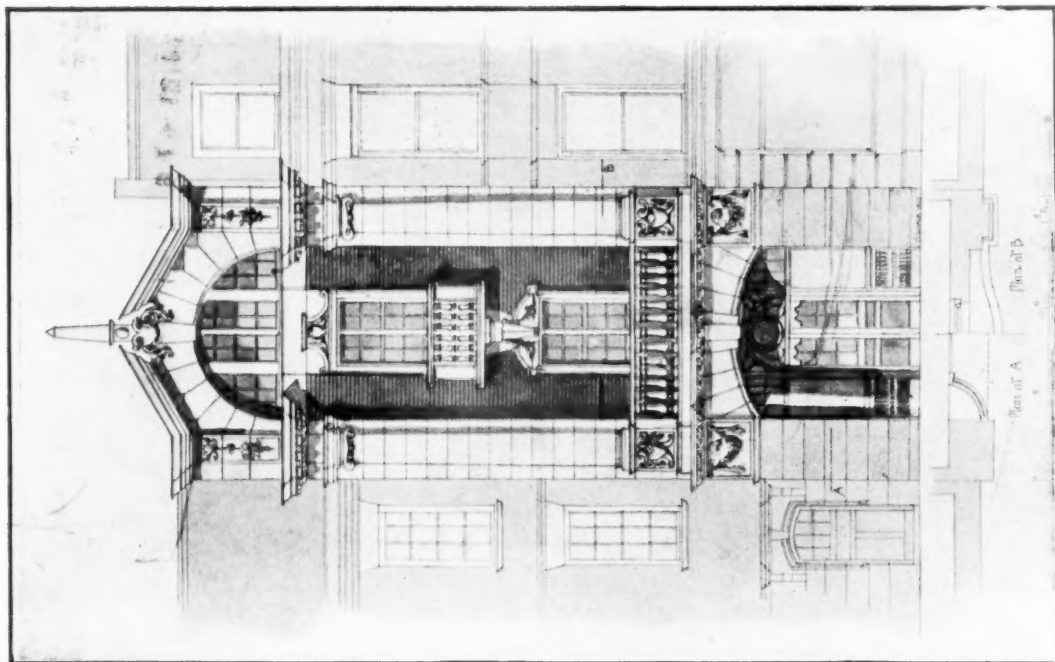
(1706.) FIREMEN'S COTTAGES,
TODMORDEN.

JESSE HORSFALL.



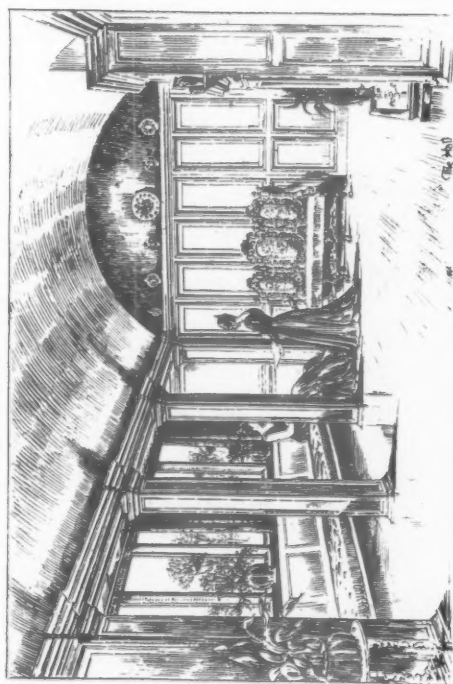
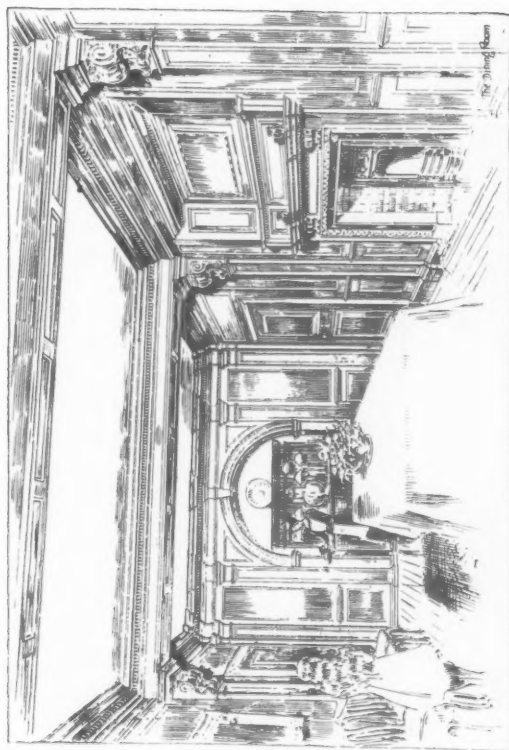
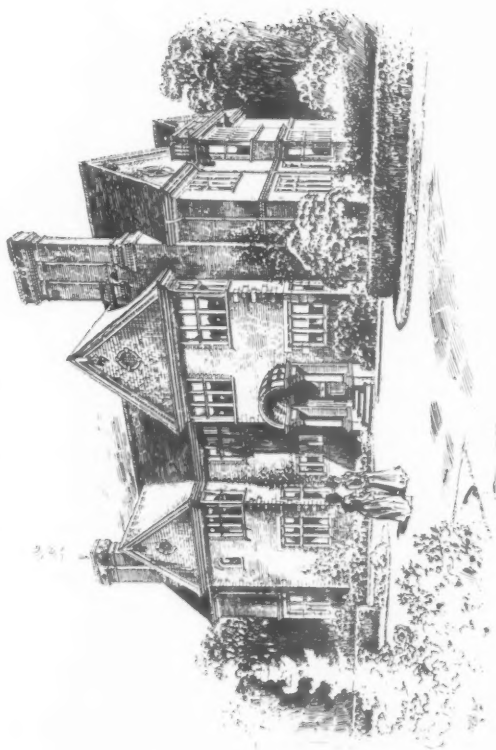
(1757.) DRAWING-ROOM
MANTELPIECE.

G. M. ELLWOOD.

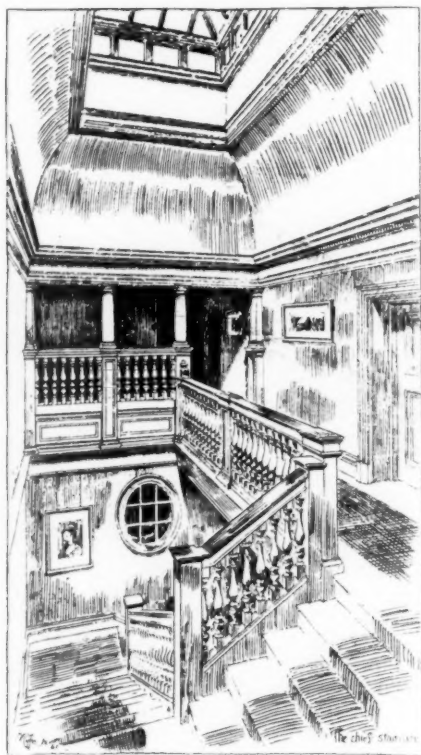


(1701.) FRONT FOR RESTAURANT.

M. S. HACK.



(1809.) HOMESIDE, WIMBLEDON
COMMON : E. J. MAY.



(1809.) HOMESIDE, WIMBLEDON
COMMON.

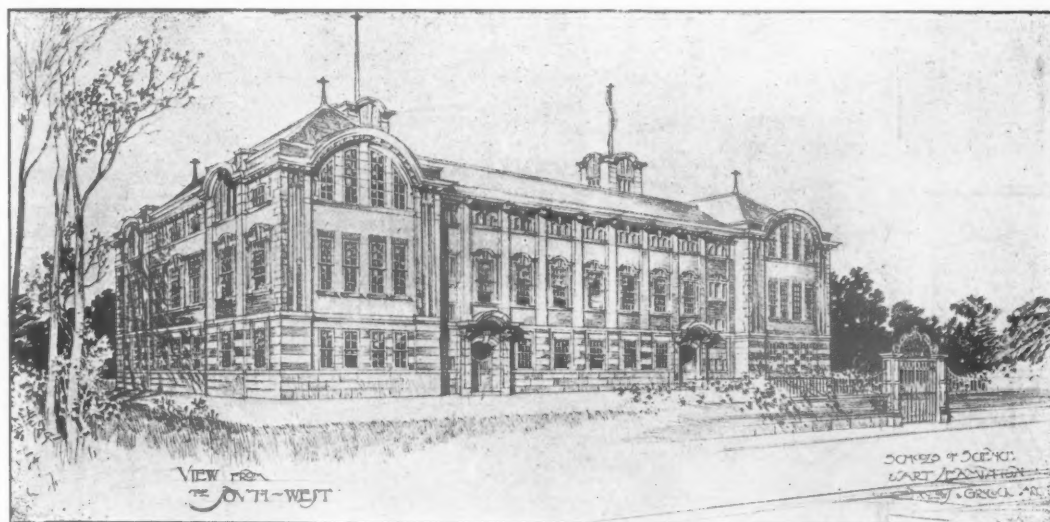


E. J. MAY.



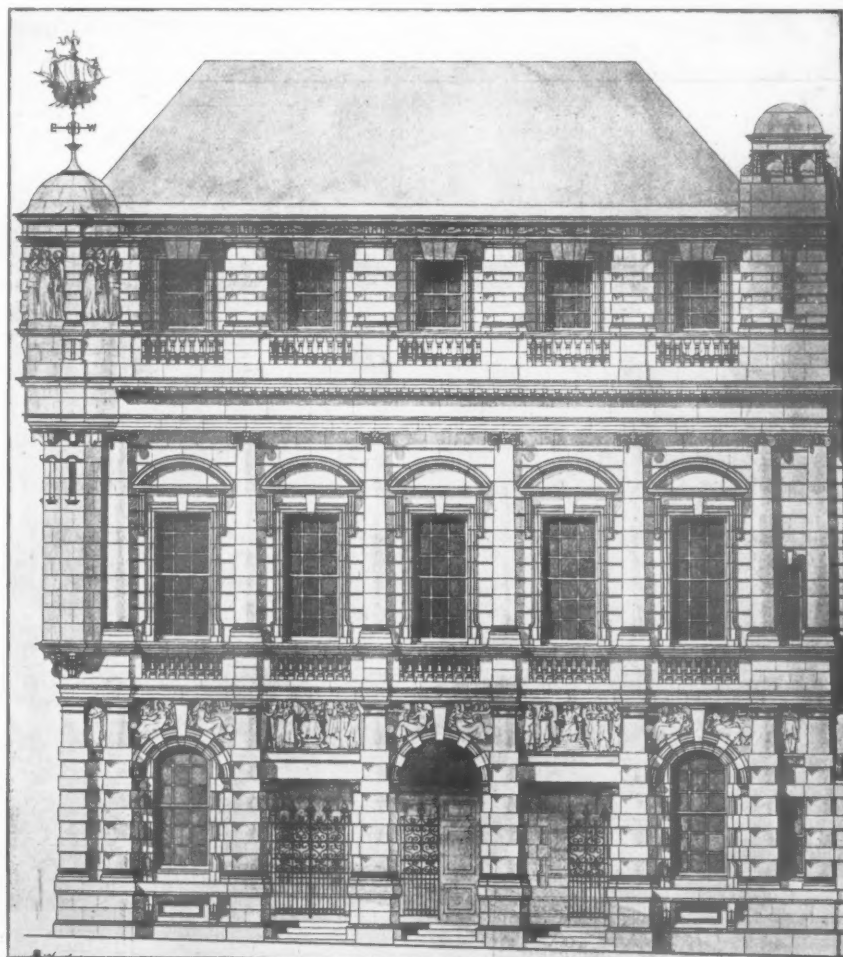
(1685.) PROPOSED HOUSE,
THAMES DITTON.

W. H. ATKIN, BERRY.



(1764.) SCIENCE AND ART SCHOOLS,
LEAMINGTON.

C. E. MALLOWS AND
GROCOCK.



(1780.) LLOYD'S REGISTER OF SHIPPING,
FENCHURCH STREET.

THOMAS E. COLLCUTT.



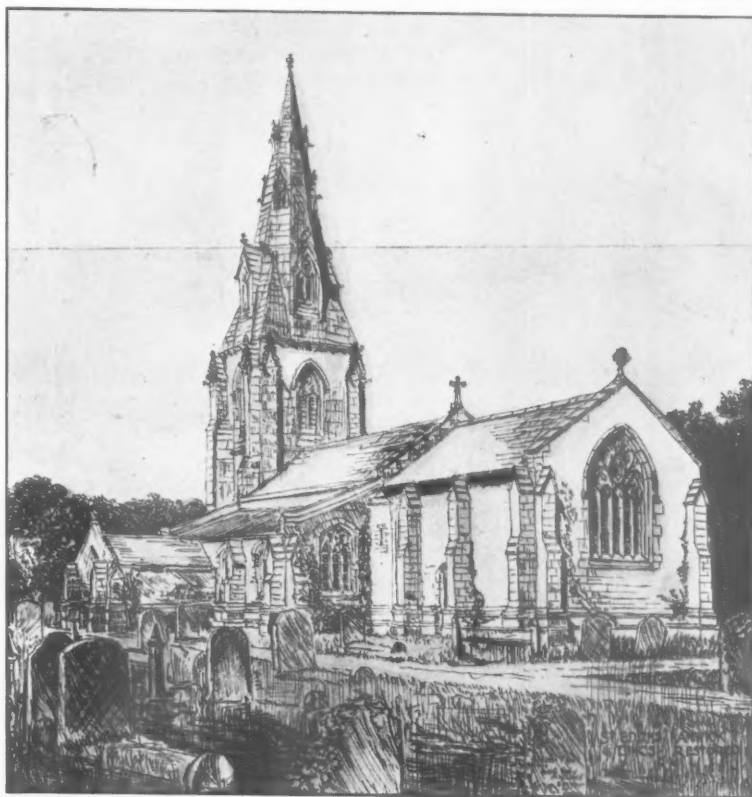
(1702.) PAIR OF COTTAGES, SHILLING-
FORD, BERKS.

W. H. ATKIN BERRY.



(1907.) STRANGER'S CORNER,
FARNHAM, SURREY.

HAROLD FALKNER.



(1822.) ST. EDITH'S CHURCH, ANWICK, Lincs.

BREWILL AND BAILY.



(1905.) DESIGN FOR A FIREPLACE.

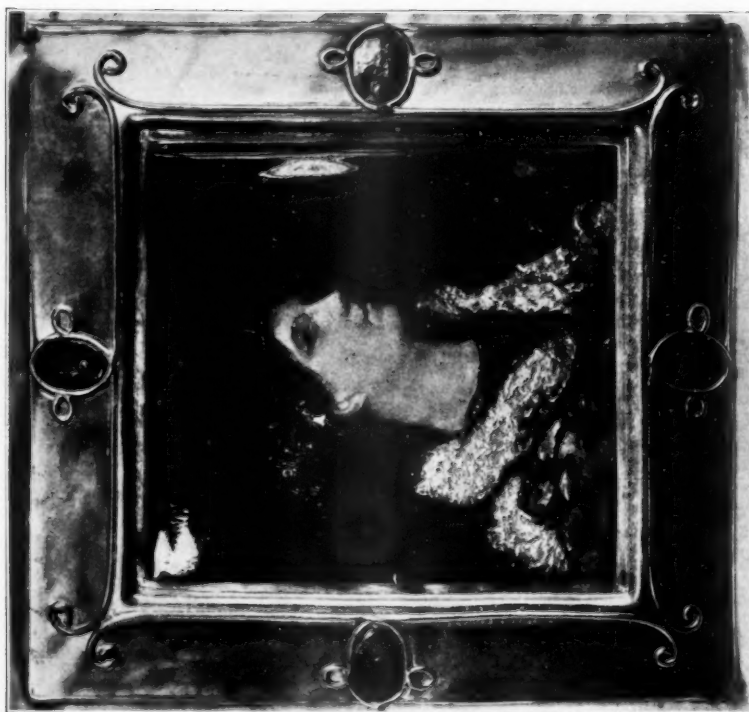
HERBERT RAINE.



(2018) THE PROPHETESS OF FATE:
BUST—BRONZE: ALFRED
DRURY, A.R.A.



(2024.) THE LITTLE DUCHESS:
RELIEF—MARBLE: ALFRED
DRURY, A.R.A.



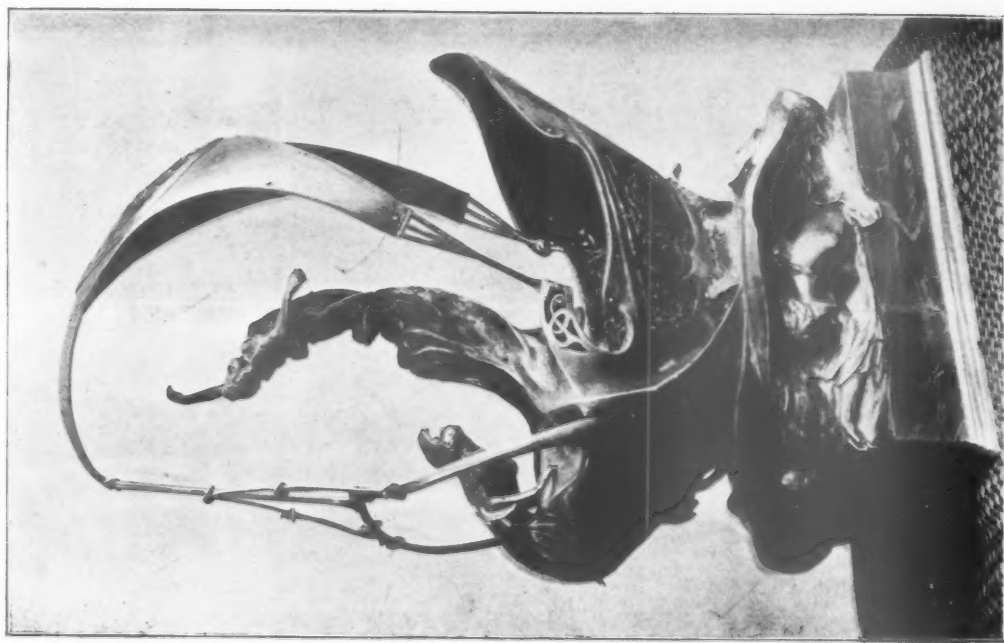
(1359.) MISS JULIA
BUCKLEY.

ALEXANDER FISHER.



(1989.) MEMORIAL TO THE
LATE GENERAL SIR
HENRY PONSONBY :
RELIEF—BRONZE.

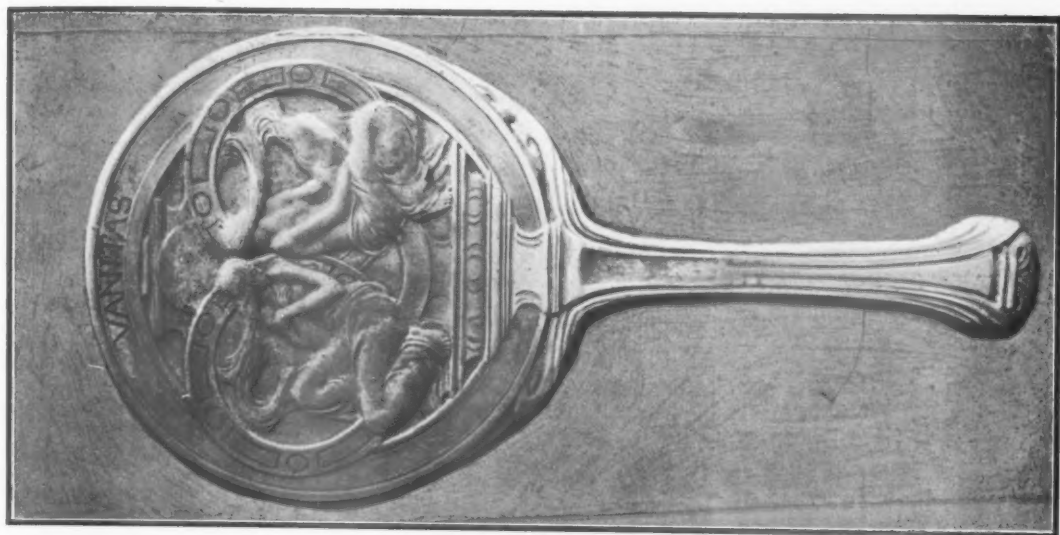
COUNTESS F.
GLEICHEN.



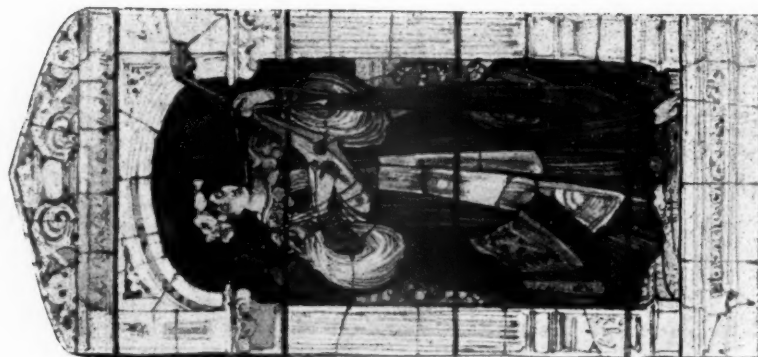
(2033.) BIRTH OF APHRODITE : IN SILVER AND TRANSLUCENT ENAMELS. ALEXANDER FISHER.



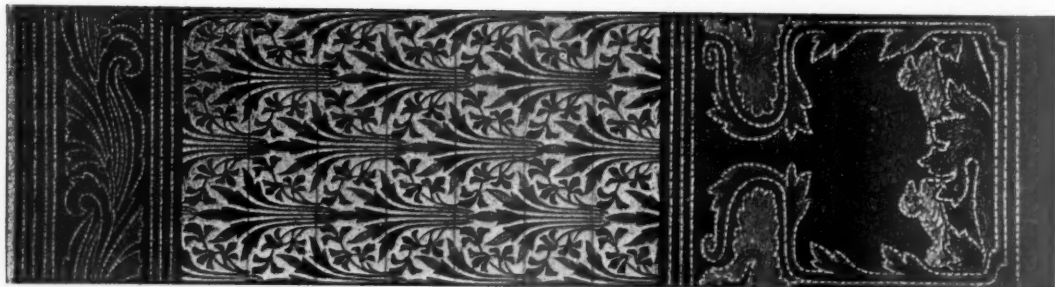
(1995.) DECORATIVE PANEL. FLORENCE H. STEELE.



(1952.) HAND MIRROR : SILVER. FLORENCE H. STEELE.



(1759.) WINDOW IN INGLE NOOK,
SARITA, NETHERSOLE
GARDENS, FINCHLEY ROAD,
ARTHUR A. ORR.



(1859.) BATH ROOM IN TILES AND
MOSAIC, EXECUTED BY MAW
AND CO., LTD. CHARLES H.
TEMPLE.

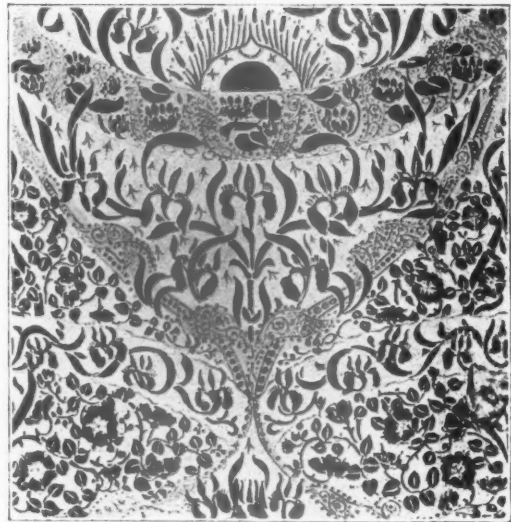
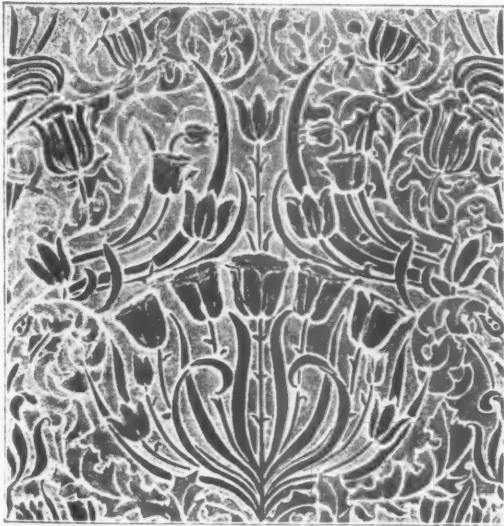


(1759.) WINDOW IN INGLE NOOK,
SARITA, NETHERSOLE
GARDENS, FINCHLEY ROAD,
ARTHUR A. ORR.



(2008.) ALMS DISH.

FLORENCE H. STEELE.



(1775.) STUDIES FOR WALL PAPERS FOR
MESSRS. CHARLES KNOWLES & CO.

RUPERT C. AUSTIN.



(1751.) DESIGN FOR STAINED
GLASS WINDOW: MOSES
AT THE BURNING BUSH:
WILLIAM AIKMAN.

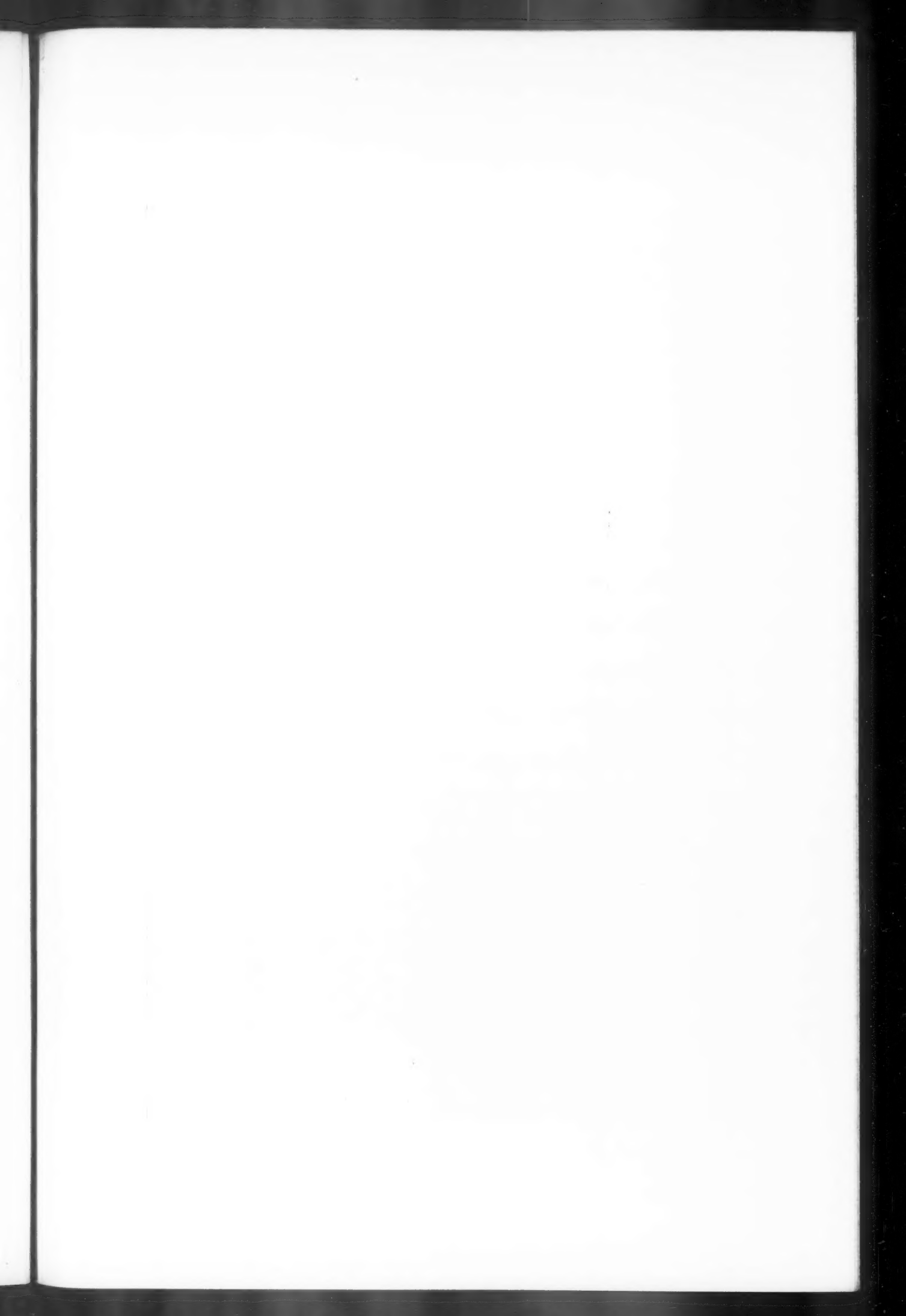


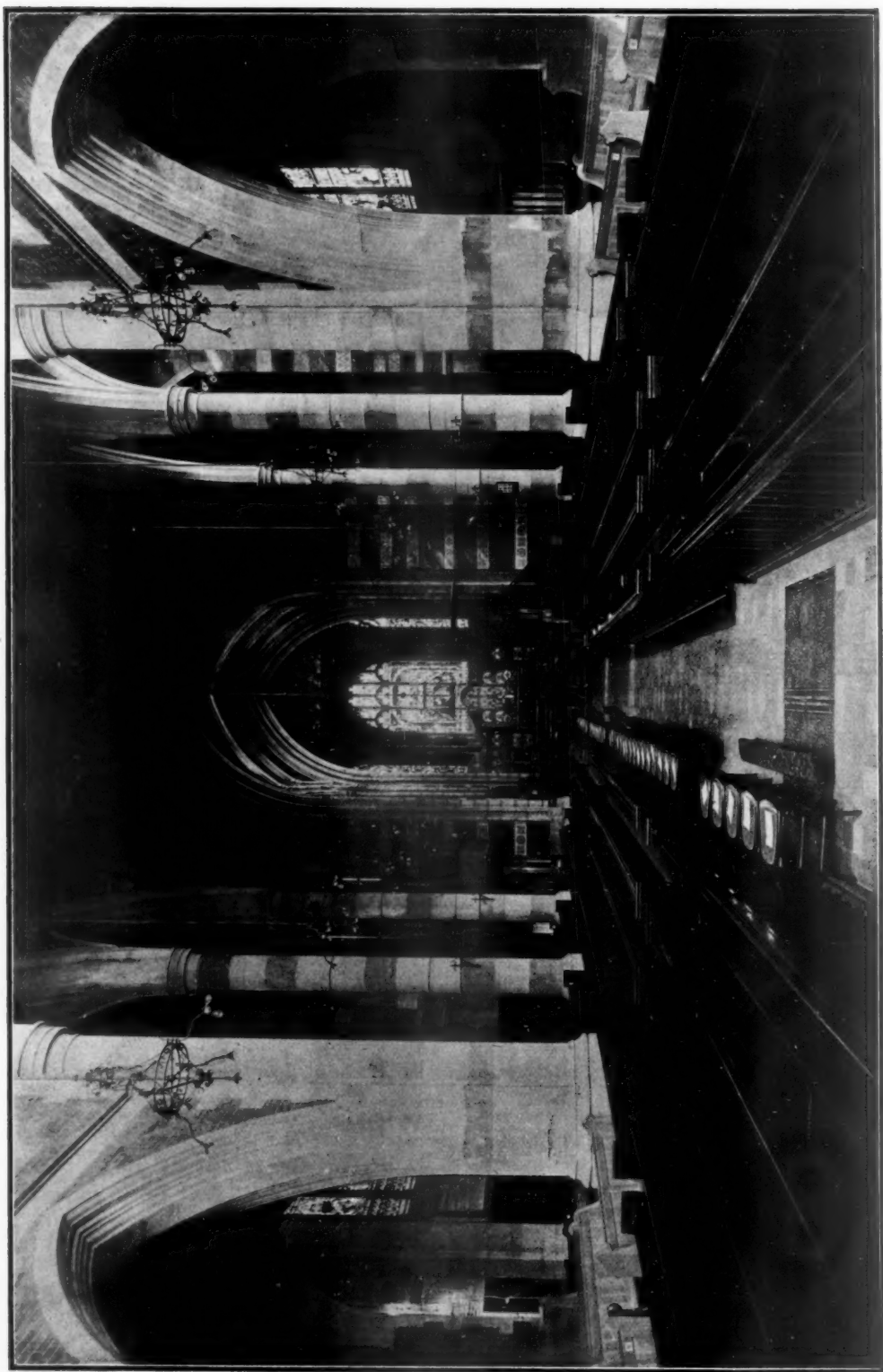
FRANK L. EMANUEL 1898



BOOKSELLERS' ROW, LOOKING EAST.

DRAWN BY F. L. EMANUEL.





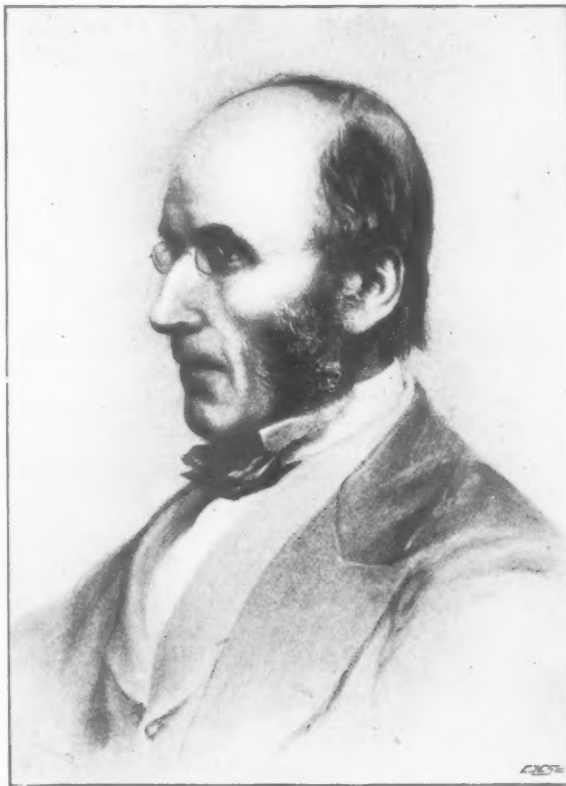
RUGBY SCHOOL CHAPEL: THE INTERIOR:
WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD, ARCHITECT.

WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD : BY
 HALSEY RICARDO : PART
 ONE.

CONVICTION, and the strength that comes from conviction, could hardly find themselves better expressed—so far as bricks and mortar form the medium—than in the examples of Mr. Butterfield's work. It is this quality—not his use of Gothic forms—that links him with the mediaeval builders, and a flavour of English insularity, imperturbable and superior, helps to cement the bond between him and our ancestors in the past. The world at large, observing that Mr. Butterfield used a pointed arch in building, labelled him a Gothic architect with the same easy classification that would have labelled him a classic one had he confined himself to a circular one. So far as an individualist in his work can be, Mr. Butterfield was of that race, and it is interesting to trace in his buildings what part they own of that creative spirit, and how it is to that influence his buildings owe their worth and interest. For interesting they are beyond most other contemporary work. The bulk of what is being done to-day has its momentary vogue and then passes away—not like "*les neiges d'autun*"—into deliquium, but, what is worse, to add to the general heap of litter which the nineteenth century has compiled. But Mr. Butterfield's work—some of it done fifty years ago—stands higher now in intelligent appreciation than it did when it first disclosed itself to the puzzled dilettanti who were concerned with its erection. And the elements of its durability start from the high ideal and passionate sincerity that transfuse and inform his buildings. The conviction that architecture was a thing of every-day use and for every-day wear, that its

business was to clothe the needs of to-day and express ourselves and our ambitions, was a possession to him, and he based himself on good building first, and frank acceptance of the requirements of our time, out of which to evolve and distil an ideal which should contain the essences of the matter clarified and purged from the baser side of our life. He brought to bear on this process a mind exceptionally well stored, a strong memory, an unusually critical faculty of observation, and a severe sense of restraint in form. He knew his materials. As far as a man may go,

who does not actually hew the stone, lay the bricks, and shape the timbers, he had his hand on the work. He was, one might say, if not actually on the scaffolding, at least on its verge. He knew his material—all that in times gone by it could do and had done, and he gave to each its appointed work. In his buildings there are no accidents of construction, no growth that came during erection, there is nothing permitted but what has been foreseen, and this strong, masterful determination gives his work a rigidity, an inability to minister to any but the exalted moods, that makes it unsympathetic to so many. Of the unexpected powers and qualities of materials he saw only the dangers,



THE LATE WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD: FROM
 THE PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF
 LORD COLERIDGE.

not the charms; in his masterfulness down to the smallest detail he was the whole world asunder from the Gothic builders whom he was supposed to be following. They moved in co-operation, treating all but the main issues as flexible and plastic—he stood absolute and alone. He was of their kin in his earnestness, in his freedom from self-consciousness, in his direct use of his materials, and his respect for their properties. One stone was not as another stone—he recognised Nature's palette and the artificial colours that man has added to her list, and

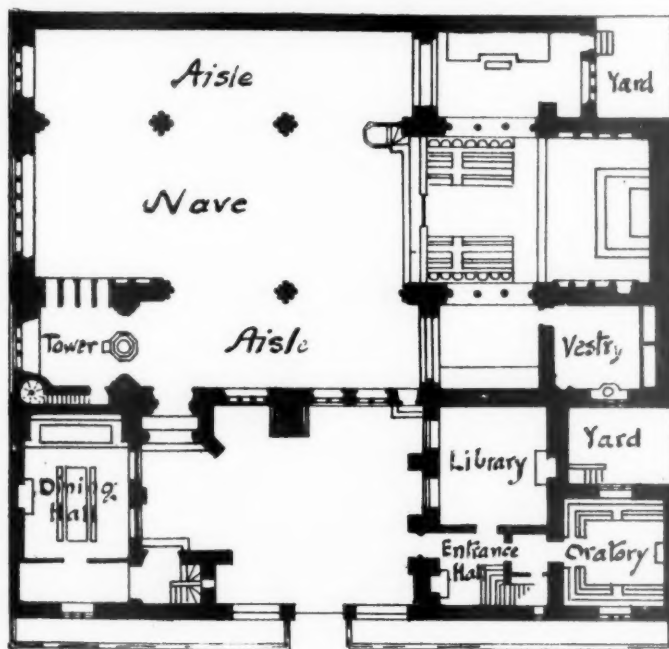


ALL SAINTS', MARGARET STREET, W.

he set himself schemes of colour pitched in their key. This sympathetic handling of his materials brings this result—his buildings look at their ease and happy. They are not torn up shrieking like the mandrake and forced into their place, clamped down by sheer weight and mortar. There is a give and take amongst them, especially in the matter of colour. The yellow brick borrows something of his neighbour's crimson, and flushes a tender coral or recalls the almond blossom in spring. The red takes counsel with Time and his henchman, the weather, and softens into purples and russets, with a high light of scarlet still gleaming here and there, the black headers show an iridescence of blue lustre, and in their grave way check the riot of colour. True, the palette is somewhat intractable—the ledger account amongst the rival colours opens shyly, and the borrowing starts with a prudent stiffness. But there are examples

enough extant of old work to enable us to feel assured that by and by there will be happy fusion, and in patient security we can sit and watch the different stages of this colour-usury.

Keble in itself enables one to observe the ripening and mellowing of these colour schemes. The old part is already acquiring some harmony, the colours have begun to soften and run into each other, new flushings and shadings have toned and tempered the original distinctness of the patterning, on the chapel there is still some of the fresh rawness and distraction of the chequering, but already they have begun to subside, whilst some of the new buildings, by explaining and exhibiting the inevitable violences at the start, give one the comfort of comparison as well as the security. Whilst on this question of colour, I should like here to make a distinction between Mr. Butterfield's use of natural colours, such as bricks, marbles, and the many varieties of stones, and his use of artificial colours, such as glass, mosaic, and pigments. All his schemes are full of character, reveal great thought and attention, and a very distinct knowledge

SKETCH PLAN OF ALL SAINTS',
MARGARET STREET, W.

of what he wanted and the effect he meant to get. Everywhere the trace of his hand is clearly shown, but it was an individual treatment, this of glass, mosaic, and colours, and out of key with the general feeling of our time.

The colour sense, like the sense of music, is one with which a man is, or is not, dowered. It cannot be acquired. It can be educated, developed by careful attempts, and, what is most generally requisite, sobered by maturer practice. In most cases the architect has to reach his effects, not by his own trials, but through the hands of others, and this interposition of the human medium between the man and his object hampers the problem sorely. With the brush in hand one can tell where to modify, where to develop, where to change—constructing one's mosaic, cube in hand, one runs through the gamut of possibilities, regardless of the cartoon, which was never more than the original thesis on which the colour-picture was to be built.

The delicate vibrations of colour are not to be forecast; the tremulous sympathy of tint to tint cannot be specified and estimated for. You may command the chameleon's hue by embowering it with leafage of a chosen colour—you cannot get so good an obedience from the brush. You may prescribe your sequence and your juxtaposition, but will you get your melody and the harmony that enshrines it? Mr. Butterfield's whole nature stood out against this view. Masterful here as elsewhere, he set himself to devise and elaborate schemes of decoration, and to compel them to realise themselves. He knew what had been done in the old time. He had observed and minutely noted what was left of original decoration both in England and abroad, and, misreading their origin, in his mind's eye he saw his buildings so handled. The design had the sanction of precedent, the reproduction was able and substantially faithful; and as to the chorus of dissent that greeted each fresh disclosure, that was due to the sophistication of our senses, the feature of our time. It was a thing that could be disregarded, as of the time

only, and he could trust Time's whirligig to bring his own revenges—disregarded safely and confidently, for was there not the same disapprobation expressed over his schemes of wall decoration in brick and stone? The knowledge that he was right—from his point of view—upheld and stiffened him. The scholarly treatment of St. Cross was unrecognised as to its scholarship, drowned in the conflicting individual judgments, based, so he judged, not on any known principle or any known examples of the ignorantly admired past, but on caprice and taste, about which there was no serious provocation for dispute or justification.

This same *functional* sense of things shows itself in his planning and his construction. His buildings are meant for use. He builds a fireplace, and his flue does not need a zinc chimney-can to assist it to draw. A church with him is not primarily a national monument, but a thing



ALL SAINTS', MARGARET STREET : INTERIOR.



ST. ALBAN'S, HIGH HOLBORN.

to be used—a building to worship in. In his typical church the chancel is as wide as the nave, and unencumbered by any tall grille or screen, so that all the congregation may see clearly the ministrations. The entrances are put at the west end, and generally a narthex is formed so that early and late comers may enter and retire without disturbing the rest of the worshippers. The doors fold back into their appointed recesses to allow the fullest entrance and egress—the seating is exactly calculated—the position of the gas-lights and piping form an integral part of the design, no detail of ritual is unprovided for. It is this loyalty to existing fact, this sincerity of purpose, that distinguishes every part of his buildings, and separates them, by their manliness, their straightforwardness, their quiet strength, from the buildings of other men. In his work one is conscious of a reserve of power; he reaches impressiveness and dignity without straining for them. There is mystery and romance in what he does, but got so simply and ingenuously that, though the effect is supreme, the means seem quite ludicrously inadequate. Look at the entrance to All Saints', Margaret Street, and note the romance of the planning. The site was a small one, and hampered by restrictions as to light, but see what has been made of this commonplace

rectangle. The church stands back from the street, and the little court, 11 by 15 paces all told, is made, by its treatment, to produce an atmosphere of reverent quietness; the screen and archway, the elaborated buttress, sanctified and enriched with symbolism, all speak of protection and devotion, and the grave, quiet strength of the spired tower guards and withdraws the entrance to the church from the hurry and littleness of the street.

Honest building, with intimate knowledge of construction, gives him all the stateliness that he requires, after he has determined the proper proportions his building needs to meet exactly its requirements, and his buildings are stately beyond compare. Consider the splendid heaping up of the masses to support the tower of St. Alban's, High Holborn; the narthex at the west end of this church, and the proportions generally, are the most impressive achievements in modern church architecture, the outcome of a perfectly simple and loyal response to the conditions of the case.

Take the enlargement of Rugby School Chapel as another instance. As it stood, thirty years ago, it was a commonplace piece of "churchwarden" Gothic—in bulk a double cube, and in appearance from the outside it much resembled the outcome of a blanc-mange mould, sparsely decorated with cut almonds.

But the chapel knew Arnold, contained his body, and still held the echoes of his voice. So, whilst extension was imperative, the bulk of the fabric had to be kept. All the windows had stained glass, some of historical interest, some of mortuary, but all, with the stone tracery framing it, was to be left untouched or else incorporated with the new work. The old chapel was dark, and the problem of how to extend it was made thrice difficult by the position of existing school buildings, which had to be considered immovable. The body of the chapel was left untouched, Mr. Butterfield added lofty double transepts, where stood the old transepts and chancel, and with the space available easterly, set up his tower and apse. So short was the space actually, that the buttresses supporting the blunted apse are perforated to allow passage way. The result is a triumph. The new work gives distinction, not only to the chapel, but to the school buildings that girdle it about, whilst the tower rises sturdily as a focus and summary of the aspirations of the school. "Quit ye like men!" is the text, and, rooted and nurtured in the chapel, shouldered and buttressed by the chancel walls, the tower looks proudly over the close, dominating and protecting the school. And more—the chapel and school buildings crown the hill and dominate the town and the country for miles round, standing

there in the very centre of England, a sacred omphalos, from which radiate the hearts of Rugby boys, and to which, from the far corners of the Empire, "for Christian service and true chivalry" they return.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

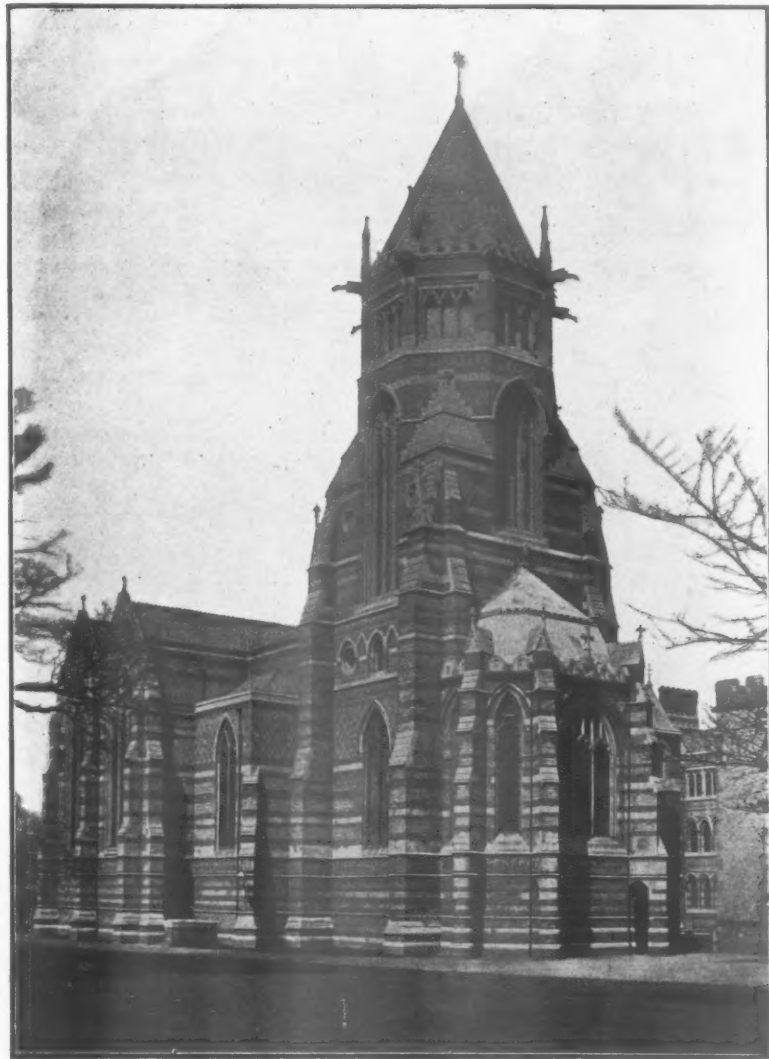
THE TOWN HALL AND NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, CHATHAM.

A PHENOMENAL increase in industrial activity, and a migration of the country population to the centres of this activity, have been witnessed by the closing century. These causes have called many new towns into existence, and have entailed alteration and enlargement to many old ones. In the case of an old town suddenly rejuvenated by the breath of modern life, the public buildings

which served all the purposes of the original population no longer suffice; enlargement or rebuilding becomes, in the majority of cases, their inevitable doom. With regard to the increasing needs of public worship and education, churches and schools can, no doubt, be multiplied at will; but in the case of a town hall this is out of the question; there can, in the nature of things, be but one. For a town hall is the centre of public affairs, around which gravitates the municipal life. It embodies and reflects the collective life of the community, and is, as it were, its outward and visible sign. When we come to consider how important is the part now played by our large towns in the great drama of national existence we realise how much is typified by these buildings, and how great is their interest. They hold a position second in importance only to that held by those erected for general national use, for the direct service of the national government.

What, then, is the problem which presents itself to the architect who is so fortunate as to be commissioned to design such a building as this, and what are the conditions under which he works? A municipal building has, first of all, to serve a certain utilitarian purpose. Here is the council chamber, in which the city fathers meet in grave deliberation; here are the offices, in which the officials under their control transact the business of the town; here is the public hall, in which is held the town's meeting, when the citizens gather together on occasions of unusual importance, in times of public rejoicing or anxiety.

Although we sometimes find the town hall separated altogether from the council chamber and offices, as in the small country towns where it stands over a covered market, this arrangement is not now considered most convenient. And although at other times we find the building enlarged, so as to provide accommodation for such purposes as a police-court or fire brigade station, yet its primary



RUGBY SCHOOL CHAPEL.

purpose is to provide a place of meeting, with its attendant offices, both for the citizens and their elected representatives to discuss and transact the local affairs of the town, or to determine what part the town shall take in the wider affairs of the nation. In this particular case the accommodation provided is confined to that necessary to discharge this primary function, with the exception—and this exception has, nowadays, become a rule—that the town hall is so arranged as to be suitable for other subordinate purposes, for receptions, concerts, dances, and entertainments and gatherings of various descriptions.

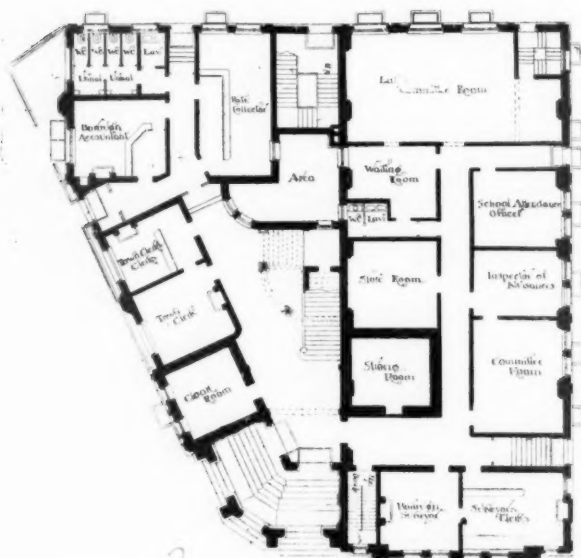
As this strictly practical and utilitarian purpose is, after all, the main reason for the existence of the building, the architect must, first of all, consider it from this standpoint. The public hall, the council chamber, the public offices, must all be so contrived as to exactly fulfil their purpose. Size, shape, and arrangement, lighting, ventilation, and construction must be dictated, first of all, by the necessities of the case. But although a building may—and, indeed, must—in the first place, serve its practical purpose, yet, if it only does this, it has no claim whatever to rank as architecture, or its designer to rank as an architect. To produce architecture, not only must everything be so contrived that all these practical requirements are exactly fulfilled, but it must all be done in such a way as to charm and delight the eye; and appeal to the emotions as well as to the intellect. Every hall and room must not only be placed in the position, and given the form, which convenience suggests, but they must also be so grouped and welded together as to present a total effect which is harmonious and complete, which expresses at a



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

glance the nature and functions of the building, and which is imbued with the sentiment or idea which prompted its erection. This is the object of the architect's existence, and it is the possession of this power to do everything just in the one special way that appeals straight to the heart that justifies that existence. This fact, we are afraid, is not sufficiently realised. A town hall such as this should not only provide accommodation for certain business purposes, but it should do so in a manner that expresses the dignity of its functions, and appeals to the imagination of the citizen. As it is the centre and visible embodiment of the public life of the city, so should it express the innate dignity and value of this life. Whatever public virtue and civic pride glows in the breast of the citizen, whatever power, or wealth, or importance the city has attained should be here set forth. The corporate life of our great cities is no unworthy life, and demands no unworthy expression; and such is the curious interchange and interaction between life and the art in which it is expressed, that when this expression is adequate—as when a noble building fitly symbolises the life of a noble city—it does have its unconscious influence on the minds and imagination of the citizens, holding ever before their eyes a visible, tangible presentment of the worth of that life, and a continual remembrance of their civic duties and responsibilities as freemen of no mean city.

But, apart from the expression of this general civic life, common to all towns, each individual town has also its own particular characteristics, which mark it out from all other towns, and which also need expression. Geographical position, the



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



CHATHAM TOWN HALL AND MUNI-
CIPAL BUILDINGS: GEORGE E.
BOND, ARCHITECT.



geological formation of the district, the presence or absence of minerals, manufactures, or agriculture, are a few of the thousand and one influences which tend to give it its peculiar character, and this character must be caught up and embodied in any building which fitly reflects its nature.

The general character of a thriving manufacturing town, with its ceaseless whirl of machinery, its foul and darkened atmosphere, its raw and sordid suburbs, and its prevailing sense of feverish activity, of strenuous life and material success, differs from that of the drowsy, red-roofed, country market town, with its clean wholesome streets, its sweet open sky, its branching orchards and rippling corn-fields—sleeping quietly on from week end to week end, in placid respectability and simple content. Or again, what a high-bred air of exclusiveness and scholarly seclusion distinguishes the University town, set midst fair meadows by the gleaming river side, "spreading out her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantment of the Middle Age" to generation after generation of the dreamers of the lofty dreams of youth. Or the cathedral city, throned upon a hill, crowned with a diadem of towers, outlining against the everlasting sky the faith and hope of mankind. Lingers there not in their streets, or around the silent walks of close or cloister, an unique, an all-pervading sentiment, a charm which is entirely their own? And in what building can this individual charm find a more free and more adequate expression than in the town hall? A church or a law court reflects, first of all, the religion or the law of the nation, modified only by local characteristics, but the town hall reflects the town.

In this particular instance geographical position and the natural formation of the surrounding country, led to the formation, in the time of Elizabeth, of a royal dockyard, which was much enlarged by Charles I., and greatly damaged by a Dutch fleet in 1667. Subsequent improvements, from time to time, have since made it one of the finest in the kingdom. It is now protected by strong fortifications and outlying forts. The town was considered as a suburb of Rochester, with which it is connected, till its incorporation in 1890.

Here, then, we have a town which has grown up around one of the centres of our national activity, whose principal industry is under direct Imperial control. This gives it a general character which, for a provincial town, is somewhat unusual, and which affords an opportunity for something a little uncommon in its expression; some feeling for

the grandeur of that aspect of our Imperial life with which the town is directly concerned, to dignify the purely local sentiment; some suggestion of the keen salt breath of the open seas, and our racial pride in the empire of them.

It is not that we expect to find this symbolised by a figure of Britannia ruling the waves, or a battleship carved in high relief; an otherwise characterless building cannot be made characteristic in this naïve manner. Such art is comparable only to that which writes "this is a cow" or "this is a house" to explain an otherwise undistinguishable scrawl. But the artist who has meditated on these things, and realises what they mean, who has entered into their spirit, whose heart is filled with the sense of them, will find, if he works with sincerity and in a right method, something of their strength and beauty reflected in his work.

What, then, is the method by which a characteristic expression can be obtained in a building such as this? The architect must proceed on certain definite lines, which will provide him with the necessary suggestion. The public hall is of a certain size, corresponding to the size of the town, its arrangements are such as suit the different



CHATHAM TOWN HALL: MAIN STAIRCASE.

subordinate purposes for which it will be used, which purposes reflect the customs and needs of the people. The council chamber, the mayor's parlour, the relative sizes of the different official departments, accord with the size of the council, the amount of business done, and the method of doing it, again expressing the size and nature of the town, and the customs of its inhabitants. The artist takes all this as data from which to work, and by noting the relative importance of every department and room, and by giving it its proper position in accord with this importance, and its corresponding relative value on the elevation, he obtains a result which is governed by, and which exactly expresses, the internal arrangements, which, in their turn, are suggested by the character and the needs of the town.

It is often remarked that an architect is the better able to appreciate the local sentiment of any particular town if he has been born, or is a resident, therein. From this point of view it is only reasonable when local men are employed, as is the case here. The presumption is that they know all the local peculiarities of workmanship and materials, and that, being more imbued with the local spirit, more conversant with the local outlook on life, are more likely to produce work which has local colour, and which shows those particular characteristics which give a town its individual charm. Other things being equal, no doubt this is so. There is much to condemn in the present system, whereby the eminent London architect sits at his drawing board and designs, one day a hospital for the south coast, the next day an hotel for Scotland, or a town hall for the Midlands. It is impossible to keep in touch and to sympathise with the different sentiment of each locality, so the tendency is to design the same style of town hall either for Devonshire, Yorkshire, or Norfolk. But, from another point of view, the provincial man is at a disadvantage. He is not at the centre and at the heart of things, and the heart holds the richest blood. He does not come so soon under the influence of new ideas, he is apt to rust, to grow one-sided in his view of life, to lack the larger sympathies, the higher ideals.

In this connection it is a curious thing to note that the corporation of an important town, which would employ a local architect to design the most important building in its town, would hardly dream of employing a local painter to paint a presentation portrait, or a picture of some great event in its history to hang in the council chamber, or even a local sculptor to design a jubilee statue for the market square. Yet the town hall is as great, or greater, than a picture or a statue, as a work of art, and demands equal or greater attainments on the part of the artist; and the probability is that the local painter is quite as competent as the local

architect, and quite as good in comparison with the best men in either art. In the one case the corporation seems to appreciate the value of an artistic reputation; it wants the best work of its kind, and knows where to go for it; but, in the other case, one can only suppose that it does not want the best work, or is ignorant that an architect may have a high personal reputation as an artist.

If we endeavour to form a just opinion of this town hall we should ask ourselves these questions—does it, first of all, serve its practical purpose? If so, does it do this in a way that expresses this purpose? That is, has it the character of a town hall suitable to this particular town?

A glance at the plans will sufficiently explain the general arrangements, and, in discussing these, we must bear in mind that the fact of their existence in this form is evidence that they have been approved by the representatives of the town, and that they may, therefore, be taken as, in some degree, representing the ideas of the citizens. But although accommodation must be arranged to suit the building owners, yet we must remember also that there are usually several ways of arranging a given programme, any one of which would be likely to meet the views of the public as to convenience, and that while some lend themselves to an expressive and artistic treatment, others do not. The duty of the architect is to select one that does. In this case there are certain arrangements which are not generally considered the most convenient, but if their adoption is due to the express wish of the people they must be taken as characteristic of the locality, and their exact expression on the elevation would thus become interesting as indicating this character. We are inclined to think, however, that some modification of this arrangement might have been found which would equally well have suited the ideas of the public as to convenience, and which would, at the same time, more exactly have fulfilled its practical purpose, and lent itself to a more artistic treatment.

Consider, to begin with, the public hall. This, the town hall itself, is the largest, and, we think, the most important feature in a building of this nature. The primary function it performs, the original character of the proceeding or ceremony for which it is erected—the exercise of every free born citizen's right of free speech and self-government—is the most exalted. It demands, therefore, a position and treatment proportionately dignified, and to be emphasised, and to have its due influence on the general outward appearance. Taking into consideration the size and shape of this site, no doubt it is placed in the right position, but, the platform being at the lower end of the hall which faces the principal approach, the hall is masked by the retiring rooms and a musicians' gallery, or with-



THE TOWN HALL.

drawing room, over them, and all expression on the elevation of the hall itself is thus frittered away. If the platform could have been placed at the other end—at the back—this front elevation could have been made more dignified and expressive, and the entrances to the hall, which are now too near to the platform, would then have been in the right place. If, however, it was found necessary to place these retiring rooms at the front, could not the musicians' gallery have been treated on the elevation in some way that expressed its purpose? This particular arrangement of platform, retiring rooms, and gallery is rather unusual, and its proper expression would have given this end of the hall a distinct and interesting appearance. In any case, surely something might have been done with the roof, to boldly emphasise this hall with a large gable end or pediment, and so make it a dominant feature in the design, more in accord with its importance, and the dignity of the function which it fulfils.

With regard to the approaches to this hall, one feels a certain lack of proportion.

The space occupied by staircase and vestibule is perhaps large enough, but there is not sufficient dignity of treatment for the approach to a hall of this size. The general shape is awkward and unhappy. If the stair could have been placed facing the entrances to the hall, in the position now occupied by the tower, and the tower put in the corner next the end of the hall, where it could emphasise and draw attention to the main entrance, a more architectural internal effect would have been obtained, and one more in harmony with the importance of the hall. The tower would then be tied into the building, and would compose better with the roof of the hall. The stair would add another expressive and charming feature to the elevation, and a larger vestibule to the council chamber, and a better shaped area, would have been obtained inside.

The principal entrance being at the corner of the two main streets, facing the main approach, is also in its right place, which is certainly the first and



COUNCIL CHAMBER.



MAYOR'S PARLOUR.

most important thing; but we think its treatment might have been more characteristic of this type of building, and its arrangement improved in detail. It seems a little too reminiscent of a theatre entrance with a foyer above, but, apart from this, it never produces a satisfactory result when the centre one of three arches is made narrower than the side ones. Could not this splay have been widened so as to give a large central opening on the angle, with porter's box at the side? Possibly it might work better to place the tower across the angle over this entrance, instead of against the hall, in which case the gallery stair would occupy the space left between the tower and the hall.

The treatment of the council chamber is, to our mind, far better. The function of this room, which is adapted for the deliberations of the elected representatives of the people, is important; and here we find it occupying a prominent position in accord with this importance, and treated on the elevation in a straightforward manner that expresses its character and purpose. Opinions may differ as to the beauty or appropriateness of every detail and feature with which its character is expressed, but the point is—it *is* expressed.

Knowing the nature of the building, we see at a glance that this is the council chamber, and are impressed with a sense of its relative dignity. Treated in this way, a building speaks—we read it like a book; and when every feature not only expresses clearly its nature and function, so that the whole life of the building is unrolled like a scroll before our eyes, but when, in addition to this, it does so in a way that charms, a building does actually become a "poem in stone."

Contrast with this the treatment of the two lavatories, which occupy positions out of all proportion to the dignity—or lack of dignity—of their functions. One occupies the prominent corner position under this council chamber, and the other is on the principal elevation, over the entrance to the offices, which is rightly emphasised by a projecting feature. The presence of the one might possibly be suspected from the appearance of the built up arches, but the window to the other gives the impression of a vestibule or ante room to the council chamber, and entirely misleads us. Could not these lavatories have been placed one over the other, in the position now occupied by the staircase, and be lighted into the central area?

At the very back of the site we find a large general committee room, or small hall. Could not this important room have been brought to the front and placed under the council chamber, where its position would have been more in accordance with its relative importance, and where, if practicable, its greater height would have raised the council chamber, and so have avoided the present unhappy drop in the main cornice? It is, however, an open question whether the council chamber should have been raised, or the rooms on the second floor either placed elsewhere or treated in some different manner, which would not overpower the council chamber and rob it, to some extent, of its due importance in the general scheme. If this small hall were moved, and the other committee room also were brought over and placed under the mayor's parlour, these two committee rooms, with a waiting room, would be *en suite*; the dark corridor under the hall could then be run out both ways, with the various offices and their entrances arranged, as most convenient, on either side.

All the more important rooms, those which help most to explain the nature of the building, would then show on the principal elevations, and would influence the grouping and outline and disposition of the principal features; and if each room, or hall, were then treated on elevation with a degree of emphasis in proportion to its relative dignity, and

in character with its nature and functions, the general effect would be more expressive, and so would be more artistic.

To make our meaning more clear, and to enable our readers the more easily to judge for themselves as to the justice, or otherwise, of our remarks, we give two rough sketch plans, in which the general idea of our suggestions is embodied. In making these suggestions we have endeavoured to avoid, as far as may be, the expression of personal likes and dislikes on such matters as may reasonably be considered to be matters of taste, and to confine ourselves to discussing the general character and treatment of the building on such lines as we deem to be reasonable and helpful.

Although this building has something of the general appearance of a town hall—possibly due to the presence of the clock tower, the treatment of the council chamber, and the adoption of a style which is, to some extent, traditional—yet we think, for reasons already given, that it does not express as truly, and as completely as it might have expressed, the nature and characteristics of this particular town hall, and, therefore, the character of this particular town; and we cannot but feel that no great enthusiasm has been felt on this point, and no great effort made. Yet from another point of view it does reflect—or rather, reflect on—the character of the town, for it shows that the town is content that it so should be; that it wanted certain accommodation arranged in a way that was sufficiently convenient, and given an appearance that was sufficiently imposing, and that there all feeling on the matter ended.

But it would have cost no more to have produced a lasting memorial of all that was highest and best in the life of the town, to its eternal honour and glory; a creation of living beauty which would render the town immortal. For when all things fade, beauty alone remains; and a beautiful building will, by the very vital power of its beauty, outlive the wreck of meaner things. So long as wood and stone will endure, so long will generations yet unborn tenderly cherish and preserve such a monument to the greatness of their fore-fathers—whilst all else is left to fall into decay.

When the seat of empire shifts, and Chatham, its dockyards and fortifications pass away, and become no more than a memory and a dream, of all that has there been suffered and done nought will remain but such things as have been conceived in a spirit of beauty. For beauty is the one immortal thing, and all else is of little moment.

NOTE.—The Editor begs to acknowledge his indebtedness to the town clerk of Chatham for his courtesy in permitting the photographs reproduced to be taken, as also for the use of the plans.

MEN WHO WORKED IN PEWTER: BY H. J. L. J. MASSÉ.

THE men who worked in pewter banded themselves together for commercial as well as social reasons at an early date in the history of the craft, but no trace of any official recognition of a guild or fellowship is found before 22 Edward III., *i.e.*, the year 1348, when the workers in pewter petitioned the Lord Mayor to make, or rather sanction, certain ordinances for the protection of their mystery. The petition was drawn up with a view to protect the pewtermen from dishonest dealers and unscrupulous workmen who may have wished to undersell the petitioners, and secondly, to prevent wares of inferior metal being put on the market. Restrictions were to be placed on the making of the pewter itself (the idea being borrowed from the restrictions made at Poitiers only a few years before), as inspectors or overseers were to be chosen from amongst "the most lawful and skilful in the trade." The workmanship, too, was to be supervised with great care, and to prevent any possibility of carelessness it was proposed that no unqualified person, *i.e.*, no one who had not been properly apprenticed, and who had thus become a lawful workman, should presume to embark in the trade. No secret working, *i.e.*, work done without the cognisance of the guild, and no working at night was to be allowed, a restriction more probably framed more with a view of diminishing the chance of secret profits than with a paternal care for the eyesight of the brethren.

The chief safeguard of the quality of the wares seems to have been the preliminary assay of the metal or alloy before it was made up, and the occasional inspection of the workshops was the only check upon the workmanship.

Disobedient members of the fraternity were punished for their first offence by the confiscation of the metal, for the second by confiscation of the metal and by punishments to be inflicted after award by the Lord Mayor, and for the third offence by expulsion from the ranks of the pewterers.

A common device for fraudulent workmen was to send out articles manifestly too light and flimsy for the purposes for which they were required. To counteract this the articles in commonest use were standardised in 1430, and their weights fixed; articles of less weight were not allowed to be sold.

About 1438 the fraternity took it upon themselves to make some further regulations without troubling the authorities, but were promptly called to order, and their ordinances, temporarily at any rate, annulled. Subsequently due submission being tendered, the petition to the "full honour-

able Lords and Sovereigns, the Mayor and Aldermen," begging for sanction to the new ordinances, was granted.

In 1444 the Wardens of the Mystery of Pewterers acquired the right to search and assay, *i.e.*, to test all tin that was brought into the City of London, either by land or by sea, and to claim one quarter of the metal. This seems an enormous percentage to claim, and no doubt some methods of evading the imposition were speedily devised.

The Mystery of Pewterers became a company in 1473, receiving its charter from Edward IV., and confirmation of the right to search and assay all goods made in pewter.

Thirty years later an Act of Parliament forbade the selling of pewter elsewhere than on the pewterer's premises, or in an open market or fair. This same Act made compulsory (it no doubt was optional before) the marking of the wares by the manufacturer as a kind of written warranty of their goodness.

Further statutes of 4 & 25 Henry VIII. extended the privileges of the company, and on the petition of the latter showing that articles of inferior quality were being made abroad, *i.e.*, in Germany, France, and Flanders, and imported over here, it was enacted that such wares were to be forfeited. To make quite sure of scotching foreign competition no foreigners were to be permitted to practise the trade in England, even in the humblest capacity, and no Englishman was to exercise the pewterer's craft abroad, under penalty of becoming, *ipso facto*, an alien—a penalty which, considering the repute English pewter enjoyed over sea, seems heavy.

As might be expected, the compulsory marking led to abuses, the chief of which was the counterfeiting of well-known pewterers' marks by less clever workmen, and as late as the time of Queen Anne regulations stipulating "one man one mark" were made by the company, and establishing a penalty of forty shillings for disobedience. The same fine was to be awarded to pewterers who unduly puffed their own wares, or depreciated those of other workers with a view to supplanting them in business. How the Inland Revenue would rejoice were such a regulation—for other trades—in existence now.

In France the pewterers, or *potiers d'étain*—the tin potters or the potters of tin—worked under practically the same conditions, but with fewer restrictions. From Etienne Boileau's "*Livre des Métiers*" (1260), it appears that in Paris anyone could become a pewterer provided he did good and lawful work, and that he might have as many assistants and apprentices as he liked. Working at night or on fête days was forbidden. The use of unusual alloys and the selling of pewter goods by

unauthorised persons was forbidden under pain of forfeiture of the work and a fine. The workmen paid their taxes like other folk, and were liable, unless they were wardens of their corporation, to serve on the town watch till the age of sixty.

Early in the fourteenth century the payment to the Crown of entrance fees on admission to the guild or brotherhood was made compulsory except in the case of the sons of master-pewterers. These latter, even though not through their apprenticeship, could become pewterers provided that their workshop was managed by workmen who thoroughly knew the trade. Other towns in France were quite as important as Paris as centres of the pewter trade, *e.g.*, Troyes, Amiens, Poitiers, Rouen, Dijon, Limoges.

Paris pewter was not required to be stamped until the reign of Louis XIII. (1610—1643).

Parisian silversmiths were prohibited in 1545 from working in pewter, a regulation which was also made in Nuremberg in 1579.

In Germany, pewter work can be traced back quite as far as in France or elsewhere, the earliest record being an enactment made in 1324 at Augsburg, making provision for visits of inspection to the workshops by the sworn masters, who were empowered to test the metal for purity, and to fine those whose work was bad enough to be rejected and destroyed.

Nuremberg records, too, show that pewterers worked there, and that they formed the most important guild in that town. Equality and fraternity existed, but very little liberty, the guild rules settling every paltry detail of workshop practice ostensibly that only wares "in the eyes of all good, irreproachable, and without flaw" should be put on sale.

In Spain the headquarters of the tin and pewter trade seem to have been at Barcelona, a place well suited by its natural position for the purpose. No trace of any corporation or guild can be found before the fifteenth century, and the statutes closely resemble those of the more northern nations.

It is known that the Italians used large quantities of tin, but pewter work was done at Bologna, and in other towns, together with much tinning of other metals, which in many cases was done by workmen—tinkers as one might call them, who went about from place to place.

In Belgium and Holland the guilds go back to the beginning of the fourteenth century, though they no doubt existed long before the first official mention can be found referring to them by name. Bruges was perhaps always the headquarters, with Liège and Mons running it close as manufacturing centres. Bruges claims to have been an emporium for little porringers and flasks as early as 1303.

The caravan trade for tin from Britain to the Rhine, viâ Flanders, made Bruges an important centre.

The men of Mons, of Liège, and of Ghent can claim quite as early a date for the existence of the pewterer's craft. Of most of the early men who worked in pewter, and who are known to us by name, not much can be said.

Nuremberg had its pewterer, tin founder, or zinngiesser—Karel, or Carel, in 1324, whose work was known far and wide; and later in the same century Sébald Ruprecht became famous as the originator of a method of giving pewter or tin the appearance of silver. Such a trade was certain to be remunerative. In the sixteenth century again, Martin Harscher obtained renown by the excellence of his metal, which was said to be far superior to English metal in quality. Candlesticks and water-pots were his specialities. Harscher died in 1523. Another workman, Melchior Koch, who died in 1567, found a method of making his pewter look as though gilded with pure gold. Hans Lobsinger, again, is credited with devices more ingenious still. He knew, or thought he knew, how to make tin as plastic as wax, and after working the most elaborate works, knew how to temper the metal and render it quite hard. These secrets no doubt caused the goldsmiths to look to their laurels and to procure, in 1579, the enactment of a regulation on the *ne sutor ultra crepidam* principle—that no pewterer might work in any metal but pewter, and, as a sop to the pewterers, that no silversmith or goldsmith might work in pewter.

Gaspard (or Kaspar) Enderlein (or Enderlein), also of Nuremberg, was the famous maker of hanging candelabra. He seems, like Briot, to have been a die-sinker originally, and to have applied to pewter were the minuteness of detail appropriate to other metals. By birth he was a Swiss, but he worked in Nuremberg, and died there in 1633. His fonts at the church of St. Laurenz are perhaps his best work.

François Briot, who probably flourished from about 1560-1625, or later, was born at Damblain en Bassigny, in Lorraine. The dates of his birth and death are not known, but as some of his best work was copied by Bernard Palissy in 1580, and as he was certainly living in 1615 the above dates may be taken to be nearly correct. Like Enderlein, he was a die sinker and medal maker by trade, and lived probably at Montbéliard, a town about half-way between Basle and Besançon, as he was in the service of Jean François of Wurtemberg, Count of Montbéliard, from 1585 to 1601.

In this latter year he was in some pecuniary trouble, as we find that he deposited as security for a loan several moulds, "*tant de bassin, aiguïère, vase, salière, qu'autres.*" The work

attributed to him is characterised as a rule by extreme delicacy, if not over-elaboration, and the wonderful detail would be more appropriate in works carried out in one of the precious metals. His works were much copied by Enderlein, who removed Briot's medallions and substituted his own. The original silver specimen of Briot's famous ewer and plaque seems to have been destroyed at Rouen in the troublous times of the Revolution.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF ROBERT ADAM: BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.: PART TWO.

ANOTHER incident in Adam's method is his marked *penchant* for the pilaster, and in most instances for the decorated pilaster. Many have taken objection to this architectural element. There can be no doubt that the pilaster has suffered from its constant adoption as a form of *plaster* decoration, it being stuck here, there, and everywhere, merely to break the surface and supply detail. A course of brick projecting a few inches supplies a sort of core, which is copiously "plastered over." This sort of thing is as unmeaning as it is odious. But who can deny that where the pilaster is *constructive*, and introduced to do actual work, that the result is dignified and effective? In Adam's buildings where the pilaster is used we at once see its *raison d'être*, and it suggests the notion of movement. In a brick front, pierced with many square or oblong windows, there is an air of insecurity, owing to the frailty and poverty of the material. A bold cornice, supported on genuine pilasters imbedded in brick, becomes a firm stone framework, especially if the lower storey be well advanced forward to furnish a base on which his pilasters may stand. A good deal depends, too, on the relief. In Portland Place, for instance, and in Cumberland Place, the effect is most satisfactory, and even dignified. The brick becomes subsidiary and not too self-assertive. In the common pilaster formed of plaster or "compo" it seems one piece from top to bottom, and thus its poor inefficiency and supererogation is betrayed. But Adam's pilasters were regularly and serviceably built up in separate blocks and bound up with the bricks. Now they are usually painted over and have lost their effect.

To show that this refined treatment of the column is not fanciful or mere speculation I will illustrate what I have been saying by a very striking contrast. We know these so-called porticoes with which it has been the fashion to garnish the leading West-end mansions. All the old houses in the great squares and adjoining streets have had these disfiguring additions fitted



A DOORWAY IN MANSFIELD STREET.

on to them. They are ungainly things, sprawling, ill-designed, defying all laws of proportion, and imperfectly carrying out their function of sheltering.

Any attempt at getting a double service out of a single portion of a building is always false art and false architecture. Thus it is common in London to see these vast porticoes attached to houses also made to do duty as balconies for the drawing-rooms! This has the look of a shift or contrivance, and enfeebles or weakens the original function, if it does not destroy it. To secure this balcony service the porch has to be raised to the level of the drawing-room, which destroys its function of sheltering.

From these portico abortions the eye turns with relief to Adam's elegant and reserved designs of doorways and porticoes. In Mansfield Street we find many of these patterns in different styles and with different methods of decoration, but in all are struck by their reposeful grace and calm dignity. It will be noted that the effect is entirely owing to the "feeling" imparted to the two columns. The

pleasing pattern of the balconies will be noted, the ornament being his hyacinth sprays, to which he was very partial as a form of ornament. The modern plate glass and sashes are incongruous: we want the detail of small panes; while the portico with its delicate ornament and fluted columns is discordant with the open spaces of the window, and the coarse bars. I admit there is something "prim" in these doorways, especially when you contrast them with the ponderous, monstrous things in Brook Street and Grosvenor Street; but then we should have the fanlight with its tracery, the windows with their divisions and the original pattern of railing—in short, the whole made to match and harmonise.

These regular porticoes of his show us an epitome of all his graces. There are not more than three or four in London, and they are worthy of the attention of all true architects. One, for instance, in Chandos Street, set off by its railing, lamps, etc., is a very elegant production, light, yet sufficiently important, and adorned with much airy, fanciful decoration. The eye rests upon it with pleasure. There are others not so good in Hanover Square, Portman Square, and St. James's Square. That worthy but grotesque auctioneer, George Robins, used to say of every piece of property that he put up for sale, "Here, gentlemen,

tact and propriety preside," and something of this feeling arises within us when we contemplate any work of Adam's. Propriety is always present, and we feel that the work is done, if not in the best fashion, at least as well as it could be done under the circumstances.

I am tempted to give some other illustrations of this propriety and feeling which Adam imparted even to his most trifling efforts. A gate pier is a homely thing enough, and architects usually content themselves with supplying what will "serve." Now, Lansdowne House, in Berkeley Square, is enclosed within a plain ordinary brick wall in which are two entrance gates. This wall in its own unpretending way is artistically dealt with, well proportioned as to height, and crowned with a delicately outlined moulding instead of the conventional heavy coping. This in itself is pleasing. But it is the gate piers that invite our admiration. These are of stone—structures almost, full of dignity and finely proportioned. They

have quite a monumental air. Near the top, below a delicately wrought moulding, he has inserted a small oval with convolutions spreading from a centre so as to supply the idea of movement. Here we have his favourite art or device which I have before insisted upon. This delicate ornament, which he thought so much of that he had it engraved on a large scale, is placed in the fitting spot, so that it could not be higher or lower without loss of effect—to attract the eye and decorate the whole. As usual, he put as much feeling and delicacy into it as was possible, so as to have a captivating effect on the passer-by. So would he insert a patera or some ornament in a blank space, say in the spandrels of an arch, so as to secure an effect of refinement. This was a Venetian device. Mr. Street in his interesting work on the Italian brick structures has shown how small ornaments could be inserted on these spandrels without risk of structural disturbance, settlement, or dislocation. For this gate pier Adam, according to his practice, had designed suitable lamps, with circular lines, for which have been substituted modern inharmonious attempts.

In one of the streets of the Adelphi, William Street, we find another of these more trifling efforts, which, if not Adam's actual work, is certainly of his designing or of his school. Here we find a bridge joining two portions of Coutts's Bank at an elevation of only some twenty or thirty feet. It is a rather striking piece of work. There is no doubt that it was erected some years after Adam's death, but it is certainly thoroughly "Adamesque," and has a Venetian air with a suggestion of the Grand Canal. The conception is very original, the lunette arch pleasing to the eye, and the dignity of the treatment suggestive enough. We have the association of perfect security and strength, as is fitting in a bank.

We now come to a very important element in Adam's system, one on which he much relied for producing effect. This is his system of "fenestration," as it was called. It was a radical principle with him, and really directed all the inner and outer arrangement of his mansion. In

most instances he made his window the note or keynote of the whole. Instead of the eye resting on the doorway or the cornice or the roof, it was at once attracted by the window. There was something novel and striking in the idea, and it was as effective as it was novel. Mr. Ferguson, who has little toleration for Adam's methods, and who rather treats him as a charlatan, thus describes the system. "He would group together, by a large glazed arch, several windows, so as to make the whole side of a house look like one room." This is rather a perverted account, as what Adam aimed at was the having a large central window arched over, and which conveyed correctly that there was a large room, or hall, behind. But no one who looks at the Society of Arts, or Boodle's Club, or the house beside Scotland Yard—all arranged after this fashion—could suppose for a moment that "the whole side of the house looked like one room." The arch, too, was rarely glazed, as Mr



A DOORWAY IN MANSFIELD STREET.



A DOORWAY IN MANSFIELD STREET.

Ferguson insists, but filled in with a sort of fanlike pattern wrought in stucco.

This great window was most expressive, and, as I said, signified the interior arrangement. You felt the presence of a great hall or stair, behind or below, or else of some great chamber. So large an opening required structural treatment, so as to support what was above; hence it was subdivided into smaller windows by two columns. As in the case of Gosford House, the pattern was capable of varied treatment, and supplied a general tone of movement.

Of course this pattern of window was known in England in some shape before Adam's day. We have it, for instance, at the Horse Guards. But Adam's treatment was different and more original. The old pattern was unobtrusive. Adam put emphasis into his window, and the special feature was the fan-shaped, stuccoed arch over the window which enclosed the whole. All this was before him at Spalatro, where the entablature, bent into an arch and supported on pillars, was one of the most striking features of the atrium. He always, as it were, hankered after this form.

And this leads us to what must have struck

every student of Adam's work—his extraordinary partiality for the arch. The arch, or some shape of it, he introduced wherever he could. He had almost a passion for it, and may be said to have "glorified the arch." Had he a square doorway he put an arch over it; two doors side by side he would enclose within an arch: he arched windows and ceilings; he made his staircases and rooms circular or oval; even the division between two rooms he would curve. This, again, was more "movement," and was owing, of course, to his love for delicately harmonising all the parts together. He was fond, too, of enclosing square windows within arches.

In this connection we also find his marked partiality for a special form of arch, the only one, indeed, which he ever used. This was the lunette, or elongated arch. The ordinary arch may be roughly described as a half circle; the lunette is about a third of a circle. The effect of the latter is a tendency in a longitudinal direction, whereas the half circle has a vertical one. Hence it is not fanciful to say there was a sort of "movement" supplied, owing to the vertical lines of the door below encountering the longitudinal lines of the arch above. The shape is interesting and pleasing because uncommon. All his doors are thus garnished with lunette fanlights, and thus seem to be broader than they really are.

In Whitehall, close to the Banqueting House, there stands a solid-looking house, Gwydyr House, once a nobleman's mansion, now a public office. It is an unpretending structure enough, rather shabby, and of late years has been much altered and disfigured—a storey has been added. Yet in its original state—as we can remember it—it was remarkable for its fine proportions and intelligent purpose. Even in its present condition one cannot but be struck by the elegance of the central window with its delicately outlined columns. Indeed, the whole of this central portion, the doorway, the window, and the smaller window above, which are united together, make a charming composition, well thrown out by the blank waste of brick. Due allowance must be made for the violence done to the door, two of the columns being torn away and the upper portion ignorantly altered. The cornice, too, is worth attention. A good idea of what is *true* proportion—and the *effect* of true proportion—can be obtained by studying the two bands or ribbons of white stone that separate the lower storey from that of the first floor. They are not of the same width, yet are traced with the most beautiful nicety—they really ennoble the common yellow brick surface on which they are laid.

So thorough and logical was Adam in

carrying out his principles, that he found it impossible to work without the aid of an entirely new material. Stone and brick he saw at once were incongruous: besides the cost and the difficulty of working stone, which in the form of dressings or columns found but inefficient support in so poor a material as brick, which it seemed to overpower. The stone made the brick appear more frail, while the brick made the stone seem more ponderous. The only terms on which he would tolerate their amalgamation was the sinking or "embedding" of the stone in the mass of brick, the fusing of both into one mass.*

So that for the popular system of decoration he proposed to introduce, stone was too inflexible and



GATEWAY, LANSDOWNE HOUSE.

* Even of this, however, I cannot be quite certain, for so hard and sharp has Adam's stucco become that it is really difficult to decide whether the pilasters in Portland Place or the columns of the Society of Arts are of stone or stucco. I am inclined to think they are the latter, set like terra cotta blocks,



A DOORWAY IN MANSFIELD STREET.

too expensive to work. Nor were there carvers in England of the free school that he desired. By a happy chance an invention that had been recently made by a Swiss clergyman, one Liardet, came under his notice. This was a sort of artificial stone or stucco, which turned out to be exactly suited to his purpose, and harmonised admirably with the common "stock" brick. It was said to be compounded of oil, lime, pitch, ground marble, and some other elements which were a secret. It is indeed a most extraordinary material this Adam stucco. Every year it seemed to grow harder and sharper, and more bleached, and more like stone. For indoor or outdoor work it was equally good. It defied all weathers. Its flinty character did not lend itself to free or flowing designs; Adam's taste was for formal geometrical patterns, to which it was exactly suited. It was used to represent carvings on a Portland stone ground, to which it was firmly attached: as may be seen in Fitzroy Square, where, though some portions have become detached from neglect, what is left cannot be distinguished from the real stone. Not a leaf has been disturbed on his many elaborate ceilings, in spite of the numerous scrapings and cleanings by house painters.

With this material he produced all his decorations. He made columns and pilasters of it richly embroidered. These were built up in blocks, unlike the common system of a core of brick cemented over. Hence they asserted themselves, and did actual work in the construction. Such were his pilasters in the Adelphi, which Horace Walpole likened to the braiding on a grenadier's



LANSDOWNE HOUSE.

uniform. At the same time it is impossible now to have an idea of the original effect of this work, because these cement pilasters and the rest are almost invariably painted over to make them look smart, and the union of new paint and shabby brick is mean and unpleasant.

Elmes, the father of the promising young architect who designed St. George's Hall at Liverpool, was an acute but prejudiced critic. He had little toleration for Adam's work, which he heartily vituperated, but he had a partiality, equally strange, for Nash. "Both," he says, "are fond of decoration, and both lay it on with profusion, but the former (Nash) does not bedizen his exteriors with confectionery so much as Adam does. It is also more pure, as approaching nearer to the Paladian and ancient Roman." He, however, gives hearty praise to a fine work of Adam's—the Duke of Bedford's house in St. James's Square. Of Portland Place, he says, with, perhaps, some truth, that "the style is feeble and effeminate." The architectural fronts next Foley Place were covered with the new stucco introduced by Wyatt as "Roman Cement," and which he declares to be "superior in every way to the oil cement of Adam, which has perished to the core, while the induration of Wyatt's is perfect and equal to the finest stone." This, it need not be said, is a complete delusion, the induration of the Adam cement being

truly remarkable, Wyatt's, perhaps, owing its preservation to coats of paint.

The most remarkable feature of all Adam's buildings was the fine workmanship, the admirable style in which the unseen portions were fashioned. He seemed to delight in making his basement storey quite monumental in treatment. He would turn solid supporting arches wherever he could throw a buttress across the area. Not long since there were some fine houses of his build pulled down in Dover Street, and it was interesting to see their foundations laid open to view. I was struck by two grand Roman-like arches, on which the whole weight of his mansion had rested. On Hay Hill adjoining, there was lately a solid mansion of great proportions, which he dealt with as a vast, compact mass of brickwork which supplied its own effect from its very compactness and grossness; much as the Flemish builders dealt with their huge church towers.

Nothing is more remarkable than the fine style of Adam's "setting" of his bricks. This can be seen notably in Portland Place, where we are struck by the smooth, close surface, so that the whole forms an impenetrable mass, the bricks being "laid" so truly as to exclude the entrance of damp. The effect, too, is most pleasing. It is curious to contrast this honest effective work with the modern Queen Anne treatment, where the bricks are all

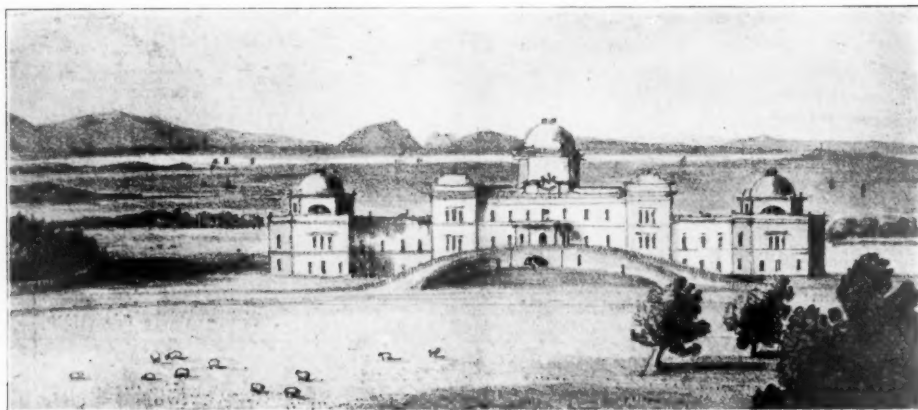
individualised, as it were, owing to the builder's profuse use of mortar, which seems to be applied as a building material, instead of the cement being used to join the brick courses. We often find the bricks separated by "lumps" of mortar in width about a sixth of a brick, so that in six courses this equals a whole course of bricks, which in a high house makes an enormous saving in cost. The result is a disintegration, and gradually the surface of the cement wears away and has to be supplied by "pointing," and thus the effect of a mass is never obtained.

In his book on Italian brick structures Mr. Street speaks with disgust of the odious yellow brick which has been so much used in this kingdom. As he justly says, good and pleasing colour ought to be sought, and nothing is more disagreeable than this tint. It is curious that we do not find any work of Adam's of red brick. In Harley Street, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, Bedford Square, all his work is of this gamboge-coloured brick. Terra cotta and brick was a combination unknown to Adam. Perhaps he was alive to its defects. Owing to the irregularity of the lines and the warping in the baking it is often set in a very straggling ill-jointed way, and the irregularity has to be cured by cement, which is, of course, a deception. Indeed, in some of the more elaborate façades, where it is profusely used, the effect is truly disagreeable, and the various pieces seem to be starting from their places. There is the uneasy feeling the whole will by and by separate. There is a hostility, too, in terra cotta joinings, they never seem inclined to fuse in one mass as is found in the case of stone. A long course of moulding or cornice has its air of continuity destroyed by the joinings which seems to grow more marked every day. We can see this in an exaggerated degree in Mr. Waterhouse's Natural History building at Kensington, which has the air of being built with a child's toy bricks, every block being distinct. It seems as though a touch would overthrow it. Further, the use of massive blocks to support columns, porticoes, and the like throws a strain on the material which it is unable to support. Hence abundant cracks and fractures; all of which show what is the limit in the use of this interesting and effective material. It

is, in fact, decorative, and, instead of supporting, should be itself supported. The decorative work should be in every case low relief, and shielded as in tablets by mouldings. The mouldings, too, should be, as in the case of brick mouldings, in the lowest relief, and this absence of prominence or emphasis suggests an idea of security against decay, damage from blows, lodgment of rain water, and the like. In those great blocks of brickwork — mansions, flats, and the like — which are rising round us in every direction, we, however, find our architects more and more leaning to this method of reserve, and with great gain of dignity and effect. In a walk down Victoria Street, Westminster, we have an opportunity of contrasting these different treatments. There is really a fine monumental style gradually being evolved for this class of building, and some of the more recent attempts are exceedingly striking, and show that the architects feel themselves secure in their treatment, and have discovered the legitimate logical principle.



BRIDGE ACROSS WILLIAM STREET, ADELPHI.



GOSFORD HOUSE: FROM A PENCIL DRAWING
IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF
WEMYSS.

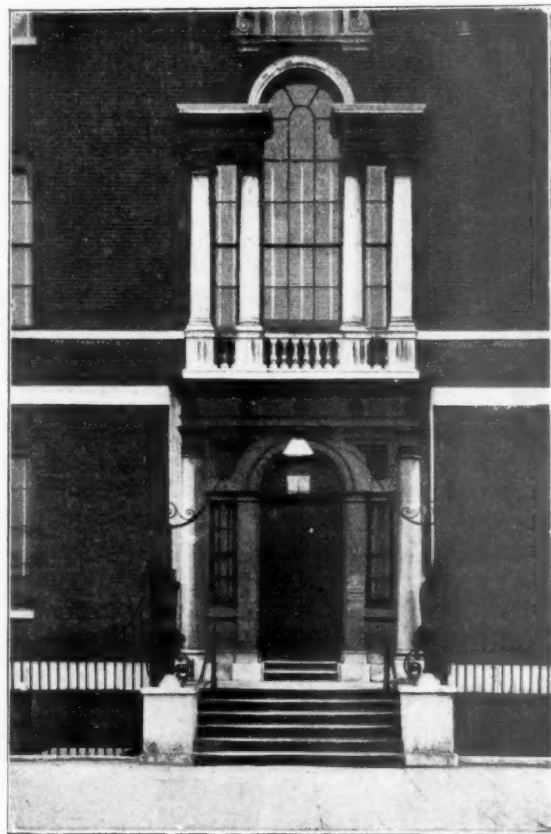
In the modern Queen Anne façade, where this terra cotta decoration is so profusely introduced, we find the same constant lack of propriety in dealing with the very limited capacities of the material.

All terra cotta decoration should be the ornamentation, as it were, of the surface. Adam's work in this has never this air of intrusion or excrescence. As I have shown, his idea was not to present ornament that should imitate material things, but to suggest elegant forms of some kind. All his tablets, ovals, medallions, garlands, flutings, borders, friezes, are conceived in this spirit.

Of this so-called Queen Anne style, one architect of our day may be considered the founder as well as the developer. Mr. Norman Shaw in some respects is a sort of Adam of our time, and he exhibits a good deal of the greater architect's versatility and fancy. Like Adam, he has applied his principles to great monumental works, as well as to small residential structures.

In nearly all the Queen Anne houses of the new school there is an uncertainty and capriciousness of treatment which points to the absence of principle and plan. The bowed window rises from the ground and, carried up to the second storey, seems to overweight the house. The ingenious theatrical arrangement of the interiors, the tricky halls, the "crannies," "ingle-nooks," corners, twisted stairs—all in white painted wood—are growing unwelcome and disagreeable from repetition. The general effect is of flimsiness. How unpleasant, too, are the established decorations—the fibre-plaster ceilings, simulating framed compartments, and which arrive in a cart ready to be fixed, and the brown *lincrusta* panelling, that imitates deeply-carved oak, and line the stair, such things are absolutely sickening. It is clear, however, that

we have not yet evoked a logical system in this dealing with brick, though we are feeling our way to it. Some experiments have, indeed, been very successful, and along the Buckingham Palace Road may be seen a lately-completed terrace of individualised houses, which, for their small size, are very effective, if a little suggestive of a scene at a play.



HOUSE IN WHITEHALL FORMERLY
GWYDYR HOUSE.

The list of Adam's works is really an astonishing one, and can hardly be paralleled. In London and its suburbs alone the amount is prodigious. It is of all kinds and in all departments. We have almost whole streets and "quarters," which include the Adelphi with its gigantic vaulted underground constructions, its streets and terrace; Portland Place, a great work in itself, with the adjoining streets, Mansfield, Duchess, and others: all Harley Street, and most of Weymouth Street, York Road, at the end of Baker Street, portions of Manchester Square and the adjoining streets, nearly one side of Portman Square and a portion of Portman Street, most of Grafton Street, much of Dover Street and Albemarle Street, Cumberland Place and Crescent, Gower Street and Seymour Street: houses in Berkeley Square and Curzon Street: houses in Hanover Square; we have also Bedford Square, two sides of Fitzroy Square, Finsbury Circus, a commercial "job" now levelled: and the whole of Stratford Place.

In the department of public buildings, we have Boodle's Club, the House of the Society of Arts, the Sunday School Society, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, the Patent Office, near Chancery Lane, the screen in front of the Admiralty, and the houses adjoining.

In the way of private houses and mansions, we find Chandos House, Chandos Street; a wing of Northumberland House now pulled down; Bute House, in Audley Street; Lansdowne House, Harewood House, Hanover Square; Gwydyr House, Whitehall; the Duke of Leeds's fine mansion and Sir Watkyn Wynn's in St. James's Square; with several others.

In the suburbs there are Syon House, at Isleworth, restored and adapted; Osterley House, Brentford, altered, added to and decorated; Kenwood, Lord Mansfield's seat at Highgate; a house close to the Duke of Devonshire's at Chiswick, which is quite in his manner. Apsley House was built by him, but afterwards altered and improved by Wyatt.

Also to these must be added many places, squares, and terraces, evidently built by his firm, and of the same school, after the death of the two brothers: such as some of the Bloomsbury smaller squares, and Whitehall Place. There are some fine houses, too, of his designing in Soho Square,



OFFICES OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, WHITEHALL GARDENS.

adorned with all his favourite enrichments. It might be said, indeed, that there is not a quarter of London that does not exhibit something of his handiwork. Even in one of the streets leading out of Oxford Street—a street nearly opposite the Princess's Theatre—we find an elegant little construction of two storeys.

Besides this you find his work all over the three kingdoms in the form of public buildings, noblemen's mansions, and detached houses. At the time of his death he is said to have had in hand some eight public buildings and over twenty private mansions. The modern architect might well envy this glut of lucrative patronage. But he was in truth the one architect of his day, and obtained numerous commissions.

It must not be concealed, however, that he belonged virtually to a great contracting firm or business which carried out great speculative building works, financed by great houses. It has been stated that his chief supporter in these speculations was the eminent miser, Mr. John Elwes. Even after Robert Adam's death this business was carried on in a spurious Adam style, as can be seen in Mecklenburg Square and other buildings, where all the outlines are coarsened and cheapened. All his iron-work patterns, chimney-piece models, and the rest, became trade articles, and were repeated. There is a firm which now holds, and uses, many of his ornament moulds. Adam's influence was felt long, and can be traced in the work of Sir John Soane and Nash, who used profusely his windows, *lunettes*, and other elements. Adam, indeed, left a regular school behind him.

Sir John Soane was a great admirer of Adam, and esteemed his talents and designs, yet Soane

had a style of his own, characteristic and, like Adam's, thoroughly individual and recognisable. In his classical effects there was always a feeling of the true spirit of the orders. This "feeling" is too often found wanting in the modern examples supposed to be recreative or correct imitations of old classic or Gothic. These, it might be said, would in many instances fail to be recognised by the old architects of past ages.

A good instance of this true feeling is furnished by Adam's treatment of so trifling a matter as the outlines of a sarcophagus, of which there is a specimen in Westminster Abbey. In the four outlines there is a certainty, an expression of form, a poetry, in fact, that proves that he had got to the very essence and meaning of the design. It was the same with his favourite "swags," garlands, and other minor ornaments.

Decimus Burton and Wilkins reflect the same

classical spirit, the same reliance on the expressed "feeling" in dealing with the orders. The much abused National Gallery has many points of merit, and the view as you approach it through Cockspur Street, gaining a side view of the open portico, always impresses with a genuine classical feeling of dignity and elegance.

The architect of the Regency, Nash—"the Apostle of Plaster," as he might be called—for whom brick almost seemed to be a material too mean to be exposed to view, introduced a system which was a natural evolution of what had gone before. His was another way of providing the classical on a grand scale, and on cheap and popular terms. This was done by imitating all the forms in paint and plaster, which in its way was a wholesale revolution. It is impossible to deny that some of the designs are really handsome, imposing, and showy, but these feelings are perpetually being nullified by the revolt against the general impression of "sham," and the perpetual suggestion that all was unreal and false.

He, too, was indebted to Adam for many suggestions, particularly in carrying out on a gigantic scale the system of Blocks. Extraordinary variety and fertility of resource was shown in these combinations. It must be said that in a street devoted to shops, like Regent Street, this treatment is not so inappropriate, shops suggesting glitter and theatrical effect. The whole is now grown so familiar and so confused by alterations and additions, that no one gives them a thought and scarcely a glance, but I could fancy that the thoughtful architect would find here many a profitable suggestion. The old quadrant in the days of its colonnade, was a most striking and original conception. The terraces in Regent's Park are thoroughly scenic, and are conceived in the most ambitious spirit. Yet in all these Nash efforts we ever feel their spirit of hollowness and pretence. A delicate, sensitive mind, we could imagine, who resided in one of the mansions, would feel a daily sense of self respect lowered.

There was an architect named



SYON HOUSE, ISLEWORTH: ENTRANCE GATES.



GATEWAY OF SYON HOUSE, ISLEWORTH.

Payne who was a pupil of Adam's, and built for noblemen, following Adam's methods in the closest way. Among other works he built a castle for Lord Arundell, the design of which with its magnificent rotunda and circular stair and gallery suggests Keddlestone. Here are the waggon roof ceilings, and in the chapel the most elaborate display of stucco extravagance.

There are two façades in Fitzroy Square of Adam's design, and these are interesting and worthy of study. There is a broad central compartment, itself sub-divided into three sub-divisions and treated in bold plain fashion, the two ends being rather elaborate. One part of the composition offers quite a study in the treatment of windows; here we have the boldly-outlined arched window, with its columns surrounded by other arched windows, and surmounted by a rich cornice. The whole is animated. The two doors show that there are two houses here, which leads to the awkward arrangement that the great central window has to be apportioned between them. I recall, at a public meeting, a protest by Colonel Edis, who said that however admirable—from an aesthetic point of view—this combination might be, there was something disagreeable in having to share a circular window with one's neighbour. It is worth while comparing the simple, perfectly clear outline of this composition with the confusion of the efforts of some of our more elaborate modern structures, where everything seems huddled and confused.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TOWN AND CASTLE OF ANNECY: WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. P. COOPER: PART TWO.

FIREs were of frequent occurrence, for within the town the houses were chiefly built of wood, roofed with shingles, the inhabitants having the right of felling trees necessary for their construction in the forest of Semnoz. In 1320 the town was almost entirely so destroyed, to be rebuilt by the reigning Count of Geneva. This act increased the devotion of the inhabitants to the ruling house, and there was great regret when, in 1401, Odon de Thoire Villais, having no children, sold the province to Amadeus VIII., Duke of Savoy.

But more grievous than the fires was the plague, which, during the 15th and 16th centuries, from time to time ravaged the whole of Savoy. Cities and villages were alike depopulated. It was probably aggravated in Annecy by the accumulation of bodies in the vaults of the churches, which were often flooded, especial those under the Church of St. Maurice, where not only the nobility but the wealthy bourgeois and artisans were buried. Various remedies were tried to stop it. In 1430, St. Sebastien was turned to for protection, a public procession being held regularly every Sunday in his honour. In 1548, the town called in a doctor. In 1580, to appease God's anger, it was decided that the townsfolk should hold processions in white

during nine days.* In 1587, processions were to take place for six Sundays, at which everybody was to assist under pain of penalty, and sheds were erected for suspected cases, and the food supply carefully looked into and distributed.

Despite fires and plagues, the town continued to increase. Vincent Ferrier, one of the most zealous priests of the Dominican order, caused by his preaching the establishment of that order in the town. Cardinal Brogny laid the foundation stone of the church and convent in 1422, and in his will generously provided for the continuation of the work, but at his death 2000 florins, a silver chalice, and other ornaments were all that the unfinished edifice seems to have received. The monks were lodged in the habitable portion of the convent till 1493, when one of the townsfolk endowed it with his fortune, and the work was completed. The church had been consecrated in 1435. To it Hélène de Luxembourg added the first of its many chapels, that of the Rosary; others followed, and were dedicated to the use of the several guilds and brotherhoods in the town.

The first, the Chapel of the Holy Rose and the four Crowns, for the use of the masons and plasterers.

The second, the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, the patroness of the tailors and tailoresses; their sign—the Shears—still figuring on a shield of the roof.

The third, the Chapel of St. Martha and St. Hyacinth, St. Martha being the patroness of the inn and tavern keepers.

The fourth, the Chapel of St. Joseph and St. Anne, St. Joseph being the patron saint of the carpenters, and St. Anne that of the joiners.

The fifth, the Chapel of St. Crispin and St. Crispinian, the patron saints of the shoemakers.

The sixth, the Chapel of St. Claude, the patron saint of the merchants.

The seventh, the Chapel of St. Thomas, over whose altar was the picture of St. Isidore, the patron saint of the labourers and workpeople.

The eighth was the Chapel of the Rosary, under whose banner a multitude of men and women were numbered.

The ninth, the Chapel of St. Peter Martyr, under whose protection were the members of the confraternity of that name, whose duty it was to do deeds of mercy and pray for souls in purgatory. Each guild celebrated the festival of its saint with high mass, sermon, and consecration of the holy sacrament.

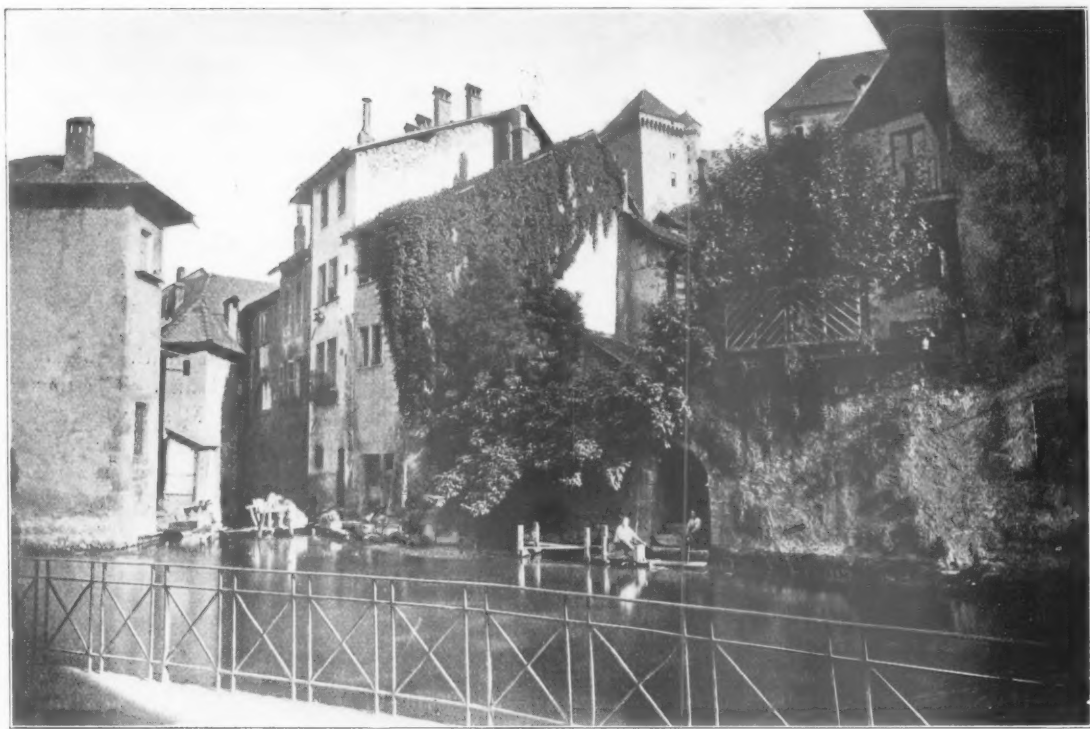
* Paradin, in his *Chronicles of Savoy*, tells how in 1504, after a very bad corn crop and vintage, people commenced public penance, saying incessant *oraisons*, wandering from church to church and village to village, clad in white linen, with bare feet, holding a cross of wood in their hands, and making a pitiable and horrible clamour,

In 1535 the Convent of the Dominicans was given over to the Sisters of St. Claire. They had been expelled from Geneva by the Protestants. For the last six days spent there they had lived trusting solely in the protection of their patron saint, the doors of their convent having all been broken open. Finding their position unbearable, they demanded leave to depart and follow their Mother Superior wherever she chose to lead them. On August 29th the permission was granted, and in the early morning, after a last “*De Profundis*,” they set forth accompanied by three hundred archers charged to protect them from all assault, the council also issuing a decree that whoever addressed a single word to them, good or bad, on their way out of town, should be executed without mercy. Once across the bridge over the Arva, which formed a boundary between Savoy and Switzerland, their dangers were past, and the nuns pursued their way in safety, greeted with joy by the inhabitants of St. Julien and the convent of Bonlieu at Sallenôve, until, at length, they reached Annecy on the 7th of September. They had been expected there all day. The evening of their entry was cold and wet, but, notwithstanding this, the road from Crans was lined with people bearing torches. Noble dames and the wives of the bourgeois stood in the street with lights in hand to welcome them. The houses were lit up “giving the town the appearance of being in flames.” “*Et toutes les cloches sonnaient mélodieusement*.” Lodged by Ancelin de Pontverre, they were treated with every mark of respect. Charles III. offered them the convent built for the Dominicans, and there they straightway removed, the duke providing them with the necessary furniture. They lived solely on gifts made to them by the inhabitants and returned all kindness shown them by acts of charity.

To them the council turned for help in 1586, when the numbers of poor sleeping in the streets caused a fresh outbreak of plague to be apprehended. Two of these sisters were received by Molière at Paris in 1573, whether they went to make a *quête* and it was they who, when he was brought home dying from the *Comédie Française*, tended him in his last moments.

Seven years previous to Molière's death, Prince Jacques entered the town of Annecy accompanied by his bride, the beautiful Anne d'Este, and the Holy Shroud from Chambery was brought over and exposed in Notre Dame. Amongst those assembled to welcome the prince was Françoise de Semnoz, wife of the noble and powerful François de Sales. She had come to contemplate the shroud and to pray the Lord for a son, whom she consecrated beforehand to his service.

The following year, 1567, the future Saint was



ANNECY.

born at the Chateau de Sales, near Annecy. His early years were spent under his mother's tuition. In his sixth year he was sent to the Collège de la Roch, and from there to Annecy. At thirteen he was removed to Paris, and thence to Padua, where he was under the celebrated Professor Pancirole. From Padua he returned home with his doctor's degree, and was received by his father in triumph, who endowed him with the Seigneurie of Villaroget, and made a vain attempt to get him married. He was offered, and refused, the dignity of Senator of Savoy, to one so young an unusual favour. Charles Granier, to whom he was presented, at once perceived his capabilities and prophesied that he would be his successor in the Bishopric, and he, together with St. Francis' cousin, Louis de Sales, procured for him the post of Archdeacon of the Chapter of Geneva. He now spent his time visiting the sick, confessing all penitents, and continually preaching. In 1594, when missionaries were wanted to convert the district of Chablais, the chief centre of heresy, his father, hearing that Francis had volunteered to go, rode off post-haste to Annecy to stop the meditated "folly." His opposition was, however, of no avail, and in September, Francis, accompanied by his cousin, Louis de Sales, set forth. They commenced preaching at Thonon. The winter was severe, and bands of ravenous wolves infested the mountains. From Chablais he went to Rome, and was made coadjutor of the Bishop of

Geneva. He had been several years installed when his father died. St. Francis was at the time preaching "la carême" in the Church of St. Dominique at Annecy. The news was brought him in the sacristy, just before the sermon. Though the subject chosen was the resurrection of Lazarus, he contained his emotion till the end, when having asked for prayers for the dead, he broke down and burst into tears.

In the following year he was sent to Paris, where Henry IV. asked him to remain. On his return he received the Bishopric, made vacant by the death of Claude de Granson, and was installed in the palace of Annecy, where he resided till his death. He soon made himself beloved, and his sayings passed from mouth to mouth. It became a proverb in Savoy that it was only necessary to offend the Bishop to receive his charity. "Monsieur," he said to an advocate, who everywhere spread injurious tales and calumnies about him, "I wish you to know that when you have taken from me one eye, I shall still regard you affectionately with the other."

The town was at the period of his residence there very much the same as it was immediately previous to the revolution. The building known as the Hôtel Favre, had but recently been built by Galois Regard, Évêque de Bagnorea, and was now in the possession of Antione, the future president of the Florimontane Academy.



ENTRANCE TO THE OLD
PRISONS, ANNECY.

Close by, the de Monthioux du Barrioz had their palace, built on the bridge called La Boucherie, where was formerly the slaughter-house. On the next bridge, towards the lake, was a chapel dedicated to St. George, and beyond that, in mid-stream, the Palais de l'Île, where the Counts of Geneva had their money coined by Jews. It had formerly been inhabited by the Comtes de Monthioux du Barrioz, under the name of the Maison Forte, and had been bought by the Dukes of Genevois-Nemours, who changed its name to that which it now bears, and established there a court of justice and dungeons. It was surrounded by the dwellings of the notaries and administrators of justice. Above stood the Chateau, and further towards the lake was the college of Eustache Chappuis,* built in 1556, which counted over 1000 pupils when under the direction of the Barnabite brotherhood, whom St. Francis established there in 1614. On the borders of the lake was the archery ground. Archery, which had been very popular under the Dukes of Geneva, and which continued to be practised down to the time

* Canon of Geneva, Secretary to the Constable of Bourbon, and afterwards Ambassador of Charles V. to the King of England.

of the Republic, had received a fresh impulse under the rule of Charles Emanuel, the third Duke of Savoy, who offered a reward of 100 ducats (£20) and the exemption from certain taxes to the King of the Archers. To this sum the town added 12 florins besides the usual prize of a pewter vessel. The monks also promised a Solemn Requiem Mass to be sung in the Chapel of St. Sebastien, the patron saint of archers, after which "pain béit" should be distributed. All members were enrolled in the "Brotherhood of St. Sebastien." All blasphemy was forbidden during the tournament, the violation of the rule being enforced by a strictly imposed fine. The tourney was held at the Paquier Massière, amidst a splendid plantation of trees. The bow, cross-bow, and arquebuss were used, the popinjay serving as a target. The place for meeting was the Town Hall. The procession was formed in military order, headed by the banner of the Brotherhood, and followed by a town official in uniform, carrying the popinjay. The experts presiding as umpires charged the bows, whilst the king of the preceding year drew the first arrow.

The meeting over, the procession reformed, stopping on its way back at Notre Dame de Liésse, where the King of the Fête disposed the popinjay on the shrine of their patron saint as an offering. They then proceeded to the Town Hall, where the prizes, bearing the impress of the seals of the town, awaited the conquerors.

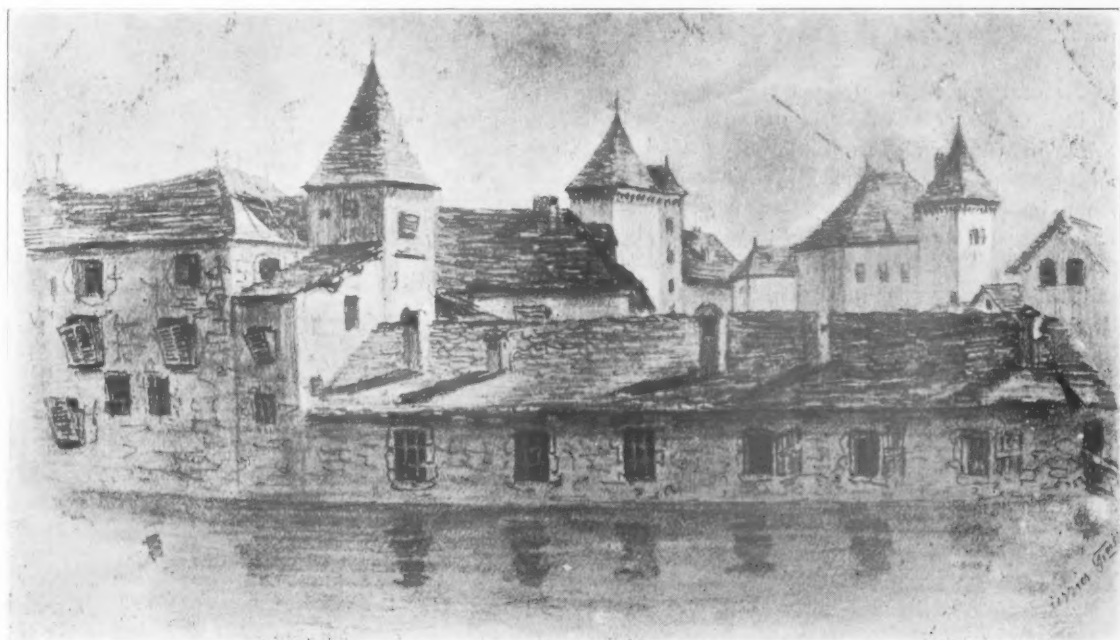
For a time St. Francis stayed the tide of abuse which had crept into the institutions of the Church, turning his attention chiefly to the women as a great reforming influence. To the Convent of St. Catherine he paid many visits in the hopes of reforming that community. For three centuries regularity and piety had reigned, and the sisters were much loved. Their rules were severe, the doors were shut at seven in the evening during the summer, and at five in the winter, and they were obliged to be in bed by nine. They, together with the Convent of Bonlieu, were the only institutions having as their object the education of girls, and in this respect their influence on the neighbourhood was enormous. But now these rules were relaxed, visits were received and returned, and, with the permission of the Superior, entrance into the town was allowed. The laws of poverty were no longer insisted upon, each nun having separate apartments, a certain income, and a servant. St. Francis, in speaking of them, said: "The doors of the religious of Citraux are open to whoever it may be, the nuns to go out, the men to come in." One of their rules was curiously worded; they were recommended to observe the laws of chastity "as much as the frailty of human nature is able favoured

by God." St. Francis persuaded five nuns, who were willing to follow his precepts, to go to Roumilly, and establish another convent on stricter rules, those of the Bernadine order. This separation had a good effect on the community of St. Catherine for a short period, but after St. Francis's death abuses again crept in, and in 1770, by the order of Charles Emanuel, the Bishop of Geneva held an inquiry into the affairs of the convent, which lasted two years, at the end of which period the community was annexed to that of Bonlieu.

In 1622, at the call of the Duke of Savoy, St. Francis, although feeling seriously ill, set out for Avignon to salute Louis XIII., the conqueror of the Huguenots. He hoped to obtain from the

Lord, relapsed into silence, and passed quietly away.

The city of Lyons wished to keep the body, but St. Francis in his testament had stated his desire to be buried at Annecy, and this wish was complied with. The body reposed on a shrine containing the body and key of St. Andrew of Antioch, the greatest treasure the church of St. Sepulchre possessed, till his beatification, when it was carried in triumphal procession round the town and conducted to the tomb of the family in the church of St. Dominique. Here Madame de Chantal was also buried. At the age of seventy she gave up her place as head of the Convent of the Visitation to Madame de Blonay. We are told how the nuns, like "a flock of doves or swarm of bees," went to



ANNECY: THE PRISONS IN 1850: FROM A DRAWING.

young king useful measures for the good of his diocese. The last three months passed at Annecy were spent in arranging his affairs. His farewell sermon was preached at St. Dominique. On his return from Avignon he stopped at Lyons, at the convent presided over by Madame de Blonay, who had been educated at the Convent of St. Catherine, and of whom St. Francis said: "I have remarked in her two things most excellent and most rare. She knows how to speak wisely, and she knows how to keep silence as if she had no words." There he was struck with apoplexy. As his end approached he said some verses of the Psalm, "Expectans expectavi Dominum et intendit mihi," and some instants after added, "Advesperascit et inclinata est jam dies," and, pronouncing the name of our

the alley of the cloister led by their foundress, who, as soon as the doors were opened and the Mother had put her foot on the threshold, threw herself at her knees and embraced her with transports of love and inexplicable joy. "Here is at last my mother, my daughter, and my sister, my soul and my own heart." Madame de Blonay, also on her knees and ravished with joy, was so confused at seeing her good mother in this posture of humility that she did not know what to say.

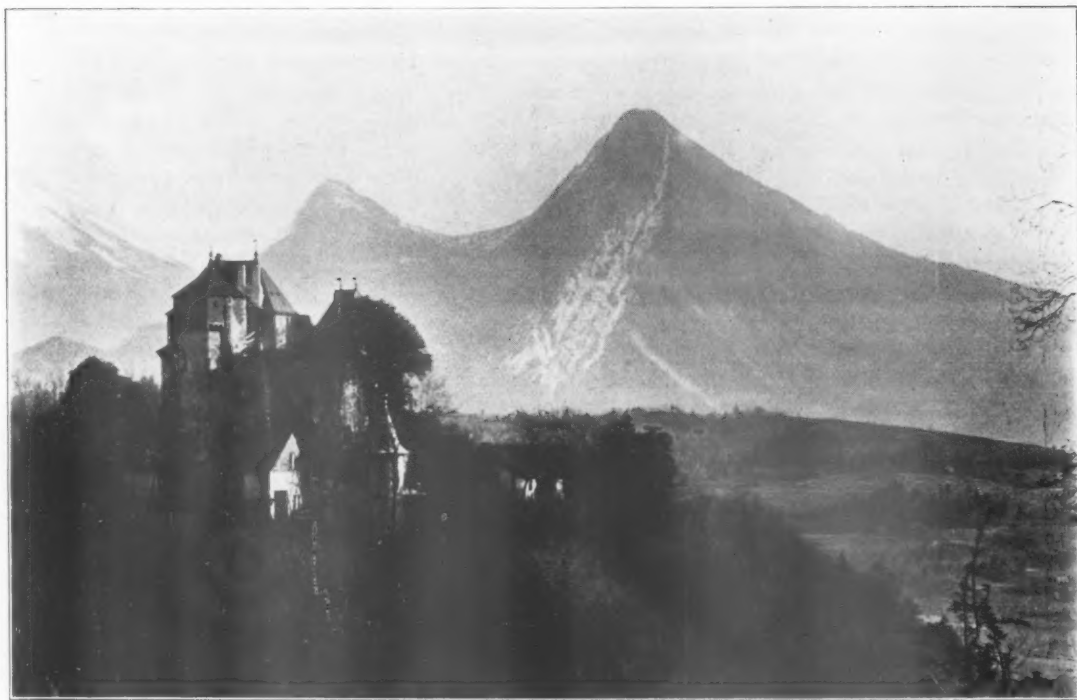
Madame de Blonay added a church to the convent, of which Charles Auguste de Sales gives the following description. "The church is 100ft. long by 56ft. wide, and 45ft. high from pavement to vault. It is perfectly oriented to the equinoxe, and takes its light on all sides from fifteen large

windows, glazed and ornamented with excellent pictures. The nave is accompanied by three chapels to the right and three to the left, in the highest of which are, to the right on entering, the body of the blessed Francis, and, to the left, that of the Mère de Chantal. The nave has four pillars with their pilasters, and all round the interior, running over the arcades, a fine cornice with its frieze and its architecture of the Doric order. The entrance is sustained on two piers, a rood screen 13ft. wide which one mounts on either side by two staircases of thirty-four steps, and on the top runs a balustrade with its supports. The sanctuary is raised on two steps, and the high altar on three, on which is placed the tabernacle with its gilded and blue retable of the Corinthian order. The choir of the sisters is to the left on the side of the gospel, and sacristy opposite on the right; this is big and vaulted, the other twice as big, and panelled in nine compartments, with eight windows "bise à l'ouest"; the pavement is of brick in octagonal form, intermixed with long hexagonal pieces. The material inside is of soft stone, between grey and blue, and outside of hard white stone, forming a frontispiece of perfect architecture, where one sees in three fine niches the statues of Jesus in the middle over the great door, of Mary on the right, and of Joseph at his left on the wings, in a reasonable and systematic order. Its roof is covered with tiles, and its bell turret of lead. This church is almost all surrounded by the lake, from which, indeed, a canal traverses it under a vault, and waters the monastery, and it has for avenues the Place du Port, and the market at the end, and a bridge with three arches."

To complete the church they had to take part of the garden, which was none too big already. Madame de Blonay, commenting on this in a letter, said, "I beseech you pray God that he so occupies the spirits of all those who ought to dwell therein, with the grandeur of the celestial Jerusalem, that they do not take notice of the narrow dwellings of this valley of misery, for truly the great secret of not troubling much over things of this earth is to think much of those of heaven."

In the year 1659 a remarkable funeral took place in the town, which throws a certain amount of light on the period in which it occurred. On the banks of the Fier lies the hamlet of Métet. Here, on the 30th July, 1652, a determined "frondeur," Charles Amadeus of Savoy, Duke of Nemours, Geneva, and Aumale, had been killed in a duel by his brother-in-law, Vendome, Duke of Beaufort, surnamed "Roi des Halles." The heart of the unfortunate prince was given to the "religieux recolets" of Gisois, and his body was entered at Nemours awaiting its translation to Annecy, in the tomb of the princes of his family. Seven years

passed. It was only in 1659 that his widow, Elizabeth of Vendome, granddaughter of Henry IV. and Gabrielle, found time to undertake the journey to Savoy, and to render the last funeral honours to her husband. Leaving Paris in the middle of May, the Princess took the body from Nemours and conducted it as far as Lyons. But when she arrived in this town she received letters from Madame Royale, Christine of France, inviting her on a visit to Piedmont. She had the body carried to Lagneu to await two months longer, at the end of which time, her visit over, she went to Faverges with her two daughters, the Duchesses of Nemours and Aumale, and made arrangements for the completion of the ceremony. The Marquis de Lullin, Master of the Horse to Madame Royale, General of the Cavalry of Savoy, and Governor of Chablais, was charged to represent the Duke Charles Emanuel II. The nobles of Geneva, Faucigny, and Beaufort were convoked in 215 letters addressed to the heads of families. From Faverges she went to the Chateau de Menthon, where she received a deputation of syndics, councillors, and bourgeois from Annecy. On the 26th August the body had arrived at Métet; that same day, towards evening, the Duchesses and their suite embarked in their covered boats at Menthon and rowed up the lake to Annecy. They were received into the monastery of the order of St. Marie. On the following day the town, with 120 horse, went to sprinkle holy water on the body of the prince at Métet. On Sept. 13 the Marquis de Lullin arrived with 40 horse of his own and 40 more furnished by the town, and was lodged in the palace of the late President Faure. The gentry arrived from all parts. A council was held, in which the difficulties of precedence were settled, and the date of the funeral fixed for Sept. 17th. Meanwhile, preparations for the ceremony had been carried on in the church of Notre Dame. The rafters were sprinkled with tears, candles, and escutcheons, its doors charged with trophies, and the mortuary chapel decorated with eight niches surmounted by emblems. On the day of the funeral the town trumpeters proclaimed at the four gates the order that every bourgeois should clean the street before his house, and that the shops should be kept shut. From three to four in the afternoon all able-bodied soldiers were told to take up their position under arms. Of the four great gates, that of Boeuf was alone to remain open, and it was commanded that all the windows from this gate to the church of Notre Dame, from the top of the houses to the bottom, should be provided with lighted candles. A little after four o'clock the bells of Notre Dame, followed by all the others in order, gave the signal for the procession, and four drums that for the marshalling of the troops. The Bishop was carried



CHATEAU DE MENTHON.

enthroned to the chapel of Notre Dame de Piété. Here it was that the Curé of Métet and the Vicaire of the Collegiate Church of St. Maurice were to deliver the body. The escutcheoned torch-bearers and the poor were ranged on either side the street, the poor, to the number of about 300, clad in black, holding with his torch each one his chaplet.

The procession was headed by a solitary herald in black followed by 46 deputies, the officers of the ducal land of Annecy under the sheriff, the Chatelaine and the town represented by 80 bourgeois. Then followed, in companies, 80 representatives of the Law Courts, clad in robes and bonnets of state; 132 torch-bearers for the seigneurial communities and 80 more given by the town and bearing its arms; 50 members of the brotherhood of the Pénitents Noir, clad in hair shirts with covered visage; 2 staff bearers with their chapelain in ordinary; the Capucin cross-bearer and 25 monks of this order, followed by the Cross of St. Claire and that of St. Francis; 18 monks of the "observance régulière"; the Cross of St. Dominique and 20 priests in black capes; the Cross of the Priory of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem with 8 canons of the order of St. Augustin; the Cross of the Parochial Church of St. Maurice, with clerks and curates clad in surplices; the master of the ceremonies of the church of Notre Dame with its silver mace and cross, with 6 choir boys dressed in blue robes and surplices, of whom two carried silver candlesticks; 11 priests; 8 canons, with their

armices, the dean marching alone. The Chapter of the Cathedral Church of St. Pierre, Geneva, namely, the master of ceremonies, the cross, 8 choir boys in violet robes and surplices, 6 habitués, 6 habilités, and 20 canons in violet copes and dominoes, 2 choristers, the bishop between 2 assistants followed by 2 priests in surplices, 6 in mantles, and 10 domestic servants. Twenty-five poor clothed in the name of the defunct prince, with torches and his armorial bearings; 50 poor supplied with torches; the two orders of St. Maurice and Lazarus of the Annonciade; 14 advocates in their robes and bonnets of reception; 40 domestic servants of the defunct duke, belted with their swords, "and marching with sad and pitiful mien, as having lost one of the best masters in the world." Then came the body, placed in a great chariot, drawn by six horses fittingly caparisoned, with a herald, town secretary, 2 syndics with their magisterial maces, 2 higher syndics with maces and in robes of office; 4 choristers of the church of Notre Dame in velvet copes, the Count of Menthon, the Baron of Monthioux for Geneva, the Baron d'Arenthon, and the Seigneur de Boège for Faucigny; 2 gentlemen on behalf of the nobility of Geneva and Faucigny, followed by a canopy of black velvet, decorated with the town arms on its four sides, borne by 4 gentlemen of the town, and on either side pages and varlets on foot. Then came the Seigneur Marquis de Lullin, walking alone, in a large mantle of black frise reaching to

the ground, and his squire bearing from afar the train of his funeral cloak. He was surrounded by his pages and several soldiers. At a short distance followed the principal gentlemen of the defunct duke, one bearing the ducal mace, another the sword of his master raised in its scabbard, and another carrying the ducal crown; gentlemen of his train following with a number of officers and domestic servants. Lastly came the body of the noblesse of the three provinces of Geneva, Faucigny, and Beaufort, composed of about 300 gentlemen, well mounted and well followed, so this band numbered from five to six hundred. As the convoy reached the town, it was received at the *Porte de Boeuf* by the colonel and his four companies of 100 men each, and proceeded to the church of *Notre Dame*, passing along the three streets of the faubourg of *Boeuf*, which, being in a straight line, and filled with lighted torches, made a most imposing spectacle.

During the early part of the eighteenth century the town was continuously in the hands of foreign troops. In 1701 it was invaded by Louis XIV., but no sooner was peace restored and the town evacuated than Victor Amadeus entered into an alliance with the Emperor of Germany, the French troops repassed the frontier, seized, and again occupied it. Thrown out, they regained their footing, to be in turn imprisoned by a band of 40,000 Prussians and Hessians, who committed as allies more outrages than the enemy had done. Eventually the French were left in possession from 1706 to 1713.

It was during this occupation, in 1711, that Annecy suffered the greatest inundation recorded in its history. The unusual fall of snow in the winter of 1711 was succeeded by a rapid thaw and continuous downfalls of rain, followed by a fresh fall of snow. The *Place de la Grande Visitation*, the streets of *La Halle*, de l'*Evêché* and du *Pâquier* were inundated. On February 24th the *Pont Morens* was impassable. A council of master builders and carpenters was called. Their advice, to destroy the locks and dams together with the mill of the Franciscan friars, was put into execution. The inhabitants being reassured, the bishop celebrated high mass at *Notre Dame*. But that same day, towards noon, the tower of the Convent of the *Cordeliers* fell into the *Canal du Vassé*, carrying with it enormous portions of the walls of the town. The noise was terrific and the effect disastrous, for, the canal being obstructed, the water flowed back with violence towards the town. Almost at the same time half the cemetery of the hospital of *Notre Dame* fell into the canal, and the water thus stopped formed one river with the flood already in the street du *Pâquier*. The College, the Convent of the Dominicans, and

of the *Grande Visitation* were cut off, whilst the *Palais de l'Île* was quite unapproachable. The streets were raging torrents. Shut up in their houses without food or hope of rescue, the inhabitants awaited the death which appeared inevitable as soon as the force of the water undermining the foundations of the buildings should bring about their downfall. Help reached them at last through the commander of the French garrison, who, traversing on horseback those streets where the water was not so deep, and swimming others, made a tour of inspection. Seeing all attempts to remove the *débris* were impracticable, he made an appeal to the inhabitants to destroy the walls of the garden of the hospital of *Notre Dame* and to dig a trench to carry off the water. With the help of the surrounding villagers this was accomplished, and, the rain ceasing, the floods went down. In 1728 Rousseau came to the town. On his flight from Geneva he had at *Consignon*, found a curé named *De Pontverre*, and, being curious to know how the descendants of the gentilshommes de la *Cuiller* were made, he visited him, and by him was recommended to *Madame de Warens* at Annecy. He has left in his memoir accounts of many of the inhabitants of the town at that time; of *Monsieur le Maître*, his music master, who left Annecy in embarrassment at the Easter festival by carrying off the music belonging to the Chapter of *St. Pierre*; of *Monsieur Simon*, the judge, who "was not assuredly above two feet high," who gave his audiences in bed, as those who saw his fine head on the pillow could not imagine that there was no more of him. In 1732 Rousseau left, and passed out of the town's history.

In 1792 the French troops passing through the lines of the Duke of Savoy entrenched at *Évians*, shortly afterwards occupied Annecy. The flood of 1711 had commenced the demolition of the old town, the Revolution was now to work its worst within its walls. On August 1st the order for the abolition of tithes and the confiscation of all the possessions of the different orders of clergy was given. On the *Place du Pâquier* three pyramids were raised, the highest being surmounted by the Goddess of Liberty. All the insignia belonging to the church—crosses, altars, mitres, vases, priests' vestments, etc.—were spread out on the border of the lake to be trodden under foot, whilst the new goddess was adored on bended knees. The Convent of the *St. Sepulchre* was destroyed, its church tower pulled down, and the body of the church used as a stable. The tomb of *St. Andrew* of Antioch was demolished as a monument of superstition, the armorial bearings on other tombs broken, and the tombs themselves levelled to the ground.

In 1793 a reaction took place amongst part of

the inhabitants, and the country folk took up arms. Provided scantily with weapons, the inhabitants of Thones made a new one for themselves by boring holes in trunks of trees, which they bound with iron bands and fastened to great carts. For these weapons, which went by the name of "Canons de Thones," the women and girls melted lead. One, Marguerite Frichelet, a lacemaker, in the family of the Marquis de Preaux, became one of the leaders of the insurrection. On news of the outbreak, the soldiers were ordered to march against them. Driven back by disciplined troops, they fled

she reached the place of execution she knelt one instant, then rose erect, shouted "Vive la Religion, vive le Roi!" and fell pierced with bullets.

During a short evacuation of the town by French troops the work of destruction ceased, to be renewed with increased vigour on their return. In 1794, the public observance of religion in any form was suppressed. The Goddess of Reason was enthroned in the Church of St. Pierre. A law was passed suppressing the keeping of Sundays. Albite, being sent to take the lead of the revolutionary party in the town, proclaimed the destruction



THE ABBEY OF HAUTECOMBE.

to the mountains. Marguerite, who had helped in the flight of others, and careless of her own safety, was taken at Thones, and thrown into the prison of the Palais de l'Île to await her trial. Condemned to death, she was bound and escorted by an armed force through the crowds which lined the way to the Place du Pâquier. She walked quietly telling her rosary. Seeing the sympathetic faces of the crowd she broke down, and tears filled her eyes, but, regaining her composure, with quickened steps pursued her way. The services of a schismatic priest were offered and refused. When at length

of the castle and all other monuments of feudalism, and set to work to destroy all trace of their influence and doctrine. Altars, pulpits, confessionals, were piled and set on fire. The municipality, obliged to consent to the destruction of all the towers of the town, sought in vain to save that of St. Dominique; they declared it would cost 16,000 francs to pull it down. Albite called the town architect and told him to execute orders. All the objects of worship were destroyed, the statue of St. Christopher in walnut wood was burnt, the tomb belonging to the family of Martigue was torn to

pieces, the great sculptured stone on the top being taken to cover the fountain de l'Île. Altars were carried away to form balconies, the only one escaping being that of the Chapel of Martigue. At Notre Dame the chancel and choir, containing the image of Notre Dame de Liesse and the tombs of the family of Savoie-Nemours, were destroyed, and the great bell split into fragments. Of the tower and its four turrets the body of the tower alone remained standing; because it was so solidly built, they despaired of pulling it down. The great bell of St. Dominique was taken from the church and used as a tocsin, and in spite of its crack, which renders its tone false, still holds the first place among those of the town. The old Roman bell tower of St. Maurice was destroyed "as offending the Republican eye." The nuns, considered as public property, were sold at a public sale. The Palais de l'Île was crowded with prisoners, its turrets, with their boldly projecting brackets, its coat of arms belonging to the Dukes of Nemours-Savoie, and huge masses of the stone-work of the palace, were thrown into the canal. The castle was saved by being turned into a prison. Albite now formed a plan for the "improvement" of the town, part of which consisted in the destruction of its walls; this was in a measure carried out, under other hands, after the Restoration, when the walls were pulled down "to give more light and air." The castle has been restored, and the Palais de l'Île alone remains intact of the many great buildings the town once possessed. It has stood fire and flood, and was left by the Revolutionists after they had washed its walls in blood. The proposal made but a short time ago to pull it down has been abandoned, and it may now remain a treasure to the town for generations, should it escape the restorer's hands.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION: A CANDID CRITICISM.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

In the doing of alms we are commanded not to let our left hand know what our right hand doeth, and you, sir, appear to have adopted a similar policy in connection with the composition of your review of the exhibits in the architectural room at the Royal Academy, for it is very apparent, not only that the first portion of your article was written by one hand and the latter part by another, but also that neither has taken cognizance of what the other has penned. This may be all very well when the two hands write in the same manner of text, but when the one is a large round hand, perhaps a trifle unformed, crude, and over bold, and the other an infinitesimally

small, if somewhat correct (save the mark), and a trifle dull and commonplace, the contrast is rather startling.

Feeling myself, dear Editor, an itching in my digits, and a desire to emulate the type of your hand No. 1 (right or left, it is no matter for the nonce), I venture to favour you with a few particular remarks on the examples put before the world in the architectural room aforesaid, taking for my text the principles, or want of principle, expressed by your large fist already mentioned.

It is all very well, of course, to feel (figuratively) very much up in the sky, and to look down with an indulgent eye on the failings of poor, frail architectural mortals, but we must sometimes take things as we find them—especially bad things, in which this world, alas, abounds—and see where and by what they excel, even, if it may be, in their badness; and if perchance we find a stray grain of wheat amongst the chaff, let us be truly and humbly grateful, for what is man but a vile cumberer of the earth, and what are buildings, even good ones of their kind, but blots on the fair face of Nature.

It is a matter for congratulation, perhaps, that three erstwhile great men, who have the privilege of writing mysterious letters after their name, are unrepresented, and that a fourth sends only one small drawing, *apparently as an afterthought*, as you so tenderly put it.

Have we not, sir, a soul-stirring exhibit by him—in the flesh shall I say? No, but in the wood and plaster—in the hall of entrance of the great exhibition itself. It would ill become me, a humble searcher after the light, to venture words of criticism. *Si monumentum requiris, etc.*

The hand of the Master is still visible in No. 1748, the design for the façade of Parr's Bank at Liverpool. Here is a design showing a dignified and simple composition, in which the material is varied legitimately and with what promises to be a pleasing and successful result.

Mr. Webb and Mr. Belcher, both recently promoted to the daïs, are well in evidence. In 1866, Mr. Webb is Mr. Webb with an accession of dignity. It would be interesting, however, to hear his views on the merits of running great arches up through main cornices. In Mr. Belcher's drawings, Nos. 1818 and 1821, we find many old friends in new environments; they proved useful in our studentship competitions of many years ago. The beautiful group carrying the sphere, in the observatory gardens at Paris, has helped many a lame dog over a stile! Jean Goujon's panels from the fountain also; but we hardly expected to find them worked in as part of a design by a member of the Royal Academy. Surely there are sculptors amongst that august assemblage.

Mr. Belcher's symbolism is a little difficult to

understand. What are the nymphs of the fountain, for instance, intended to represent; and the boys perilously balancing, or trying to balance, themselves on spheres; are they supposed to be the imps of the electric current, or what? If they were joined together by electric wires they might appeal more directly to the realism of the man in the street. It is a matter for congratulation that Mr. Belcher has kept clear of the heavy blocked columns of his Accountants' Building, which, by the way, seems to have attracted Mr. Collcutt. The shade of the heavy entablature over the third floor windows will surely darken the rooms under; *presumably* the dome will be seen from below. In his interior of the Moot Hall at Colchester, No. 1817, Mr. Belcher has committed what would be to the purist in design the unpardonable fault of hanging the cornice over the voids between the pillars without the support of an architrave. His entrance hall to the Telegraph Office, No. 1890, is better in this respect.

But to come down from a consideration of the works of the elect to those of the general mass of the work-a-day world, in which congregation we may recognise many well-known names, let us see what they have to show us.

Mr. Collcutt exhibits his designs for Lloyd's Registry for Shipping, Nos. 1766, 1780, and 1781. The drawings show a more or less correct façade of the Palladian type, with a heavy looking attic storey, and with curiously unsympathetic angle turrets cutting into the entablature in what one cannot help thinking is a very unsatisfactory manner.

In Mr. Mountford's design for part of Sheffield Infirmary, No. 1891, we find the always unsatisfactory arrangement of bay windows running up and cutting through a heavy mullioned cornice without apparent rhyme or reason. This particular heresy seems to be prevalent at present, as we see other examples in the room. Mr. Brydon's great circular court at the new Government offices, No. 1881, is distinctly commonplace copybook architecture in which there is neither freshness nor dignity. Perhaps there was no time to study either. After years spent in consideration or deliberation, or whatever they are pleased to call it, the authorities are evidently forging ahead, and so the architecture has to suffer. An architect requires time, lots of time, to mature his designs for a building of this magnitude.

Mr. Ernest George is represented by two drawings. In No. 1681 he takes us into that fine building county of Gloucester. In Gloucestershire one has at any rate good material to work with—stone for walls, stone for roofs, and timber still in the woods, to be marked out, felled, and used up on the spot; and even yet also, but it is breathed in whispers, a remnant of the old building tradition;

you can still build your house with good honest craftsmen, and with sound material found around you, in Gloucester county, and you have a chance therefore of making a simple, direct, and dignified building. Mr. George has, however, long ago formed his own tradition of design, and he comes in, like the Elizabethan architects, speaking a language that the craftsman wots not of, and so we have an architect's house, in its own way what is known as a *characteristic example*.

In Mr. Newton's bank at Bromley, No. 1688, the arrangement of the disposition of the materials has evidently been carefully studied with a view to a harmonious blending of colour. The projecting bays, with their cast lead panels and gutters, should show out well in the general line of the street, and the little extra touch of colour here and there brightens up the whole.

Mr. Prior's Medical Schools at Cambridge, No. 1689, offers us food for much reflection. Here we have a long façade treated in a simple manner without extraneous ornamentation, but with slightly projecting breaks running up from above the basement storey. If it was impossible to run the cornice right along the façade, was it entirely wise to introduce one at all? One feels the suggestion of the want of a definitely binding line along the upper part of such a purely lateral design.

Mr. Schultz has found a pleasant plaything in Wester Kames Tower, No. 1691. It should not be taken too seriously. One must have larks occasionally, even if they are somewhat heavily conceived in the Scottish Baronial manner.

As a study in plan Mr. Blomfield's house in New York, No. 1708, is not quite successful. There is a want of dignity of arrangement. The elevation is in *the manner which Mr. Blomfield has made his own*, and not very striking at that.

Mr. Nicholson's church at Barnsley, No. 1730, shows a simple plan and an elevation with traceried windows in the ecclesiastical manner, but straightforward enough of its kind. The turret, however, looks rather stuck on anyhow to the side of the wall. His two interiors, Nos. 1743 and 1749, are much more interesting, and the drawings are very beautiful. In his domestic work he is not so happy, as witness No. 1733, *The Grange*, *Totteridge*.

Mr. Mawson knows too much about plants and shrubs from the practical side to wish us to believe that he really in his inmost heart advocates the amount of clipping shown in his garden designs, Nos. 1736, 1737, etc., but clipping has again become the fashion of the moment.

Mr. Stevenson still persists, No. 1753, in crown-topped towers for his Scottish churches. They

may carry on a type of the past, but they do not lead us further.

In No. 1765 Mr. Corlette's tower looks too huge for his church. It would perhaps have looked better entirely detached. The east end has evidently been designed in a hurry (after all, was it not a competition?). Looking at the plan, we are tempted to ask how the tower is supported. His design for a church at Barnsley, No. 1769, is better.

In No. 1767, design for business premises at Kingston-on-Thames, the architect appears to have boldly *commandeered* the Guildford Town Hall façade and stuck on side wings. We see here a gross want of conception in trying to adapt (to put it mildly) a distinctly vertical composition, placed on a steeply sloping street, to a lateral façade on a flat side.

It is difficult to find any human interest in the new church at Sledmere Park, Yorkshire, No. 1778. It must have cost a lot of money.

No. 1788 is a large building, with a façade in the manner of the modern Arundel Street. It does not seem to be very suited to business offices.

Mr. Macartney's houses at Northwood and Chalfont St. Peters, Nos. 1790 and 1797, have the merit of simplicity and the air of respectability. In No. 1798 Mr. Macartney also exhibits the late Mr. E. G. Hardy's beautiful drawing of a portion of a public building. This was made many years ago for the competition for, was it, the Admiralty buildings? The subject is almost as much a thing of the past now as, shall we say, a design of Bramanti. One wonders why this drawing did not see the light long ago, and *why* it has been resurrected now.

Mr. Dawber evidently studies his local characteristics before he designs his houses. His house at Cley, Norfolk, No. 1800, is a study of a simple house designed for construction with local materials in the tradition of the district.

Two modest works by Mr. Ward, Nos. 1770 and 1903, show simple and unpretentious treatment of small houses with what we may venture to hope may be satisfactory results. The Steep House, Keswick, especially indicates thought and interest in the planning, and an effective adaptation to a difficult site.

No. 1804 seems to indicate that Mr. Baillie Scott is beginning to learn restraint; unfortunately it may lead to dulness, but still dulness is sometimes better than the other thing we know. He is, however, as rampageous as ever in his interiors, Nos. 1863, 1869, and 1870, evidently intended as habitations for those of the cult of the *very precious*. The ordinary mortal would be vastly out of place in such surroundings. Can the others really always live up to them?

In No. 1809 Mr. May has apparently been handicapped by circumstances, and the design is hardly

in his accustomed manner. The subject surely scarcely merits such a large frame.

Mr. Bolton's design for the National Schools at Paddington, Nos. 1829 and 1843, is simple and straightforward; but is it altogether wise to have such broadly projecting eaves when you have to cut through them for dormer windows?

In No. 1843 Mr. Cave submits a design for a modern country house in the *eighteenth century manner*. Is this quite logical?

In spite of ancient lights and other lucrative, if perhaps prosaic, interests, Mr. Pite still contrives to be romantic in his design for a street front, No. 1832.

In No. 1856, Mr. Horsley, like the child in the photograph, indicates that he was *reared upon* "Dawpool."

In No. 1892, Mr. Geoffrey Lucas, under the protection of Mr. Mountford, exhibits what appears to be a simple and pleasing design for the Hitchin Town Hall. We must not, however, look too critically at the arch over the doorway. Mr. Lucas also shows, No. 1783, a thoughtful design for a small house. The lady, no doubt, is responsible for the glasshouse. Why are they always so fond of sticking glasshouses on to their drawing-room windows? Mr. Lucas's drawings are always bright and pleasant. There are several others in the room.

Mr. Tapper's font cover at Grantham, No. 1824, is a good design in the archaeological manner, and the drawing is effectively done.

Mr. Crane's model for a small house, No. 1910, is well executed, but the composition is very reminiscent of a versatile designer whose manner was lately much in vogue, and whose light still shines brightly in its own particular radius.

In No. 1867 we see one of those monumental designs which come in as part of a foreign architectural student's course of study. It would be well if our youths would look at this carefully and try to grasp the value of work of this kind as training. It may be said "of what practical use is it?" Quite so, but the same may be remarked of the study of the classics as part of a general education. *Alas, going out.*

And so, Mr. Editor, I bid you farewell.

Yours fraternally, X. Y. Z.

DECORATIVE CRAFTS IN POETRY: BY ETHEL WHEELER.

ART, in all its manifold varieties, is the expression of a single truth. As a flower root draws from identical sources the nourishment which is to develop its form, its colour, and its fragrance, so in the mental and spiritual atmosphere of man, ideas of form, of colour, and of fragrance extract strength and fulness from the same

principles of beauty—stimulus from the same spring-heads of vitality. Painting, music, sculpture, poetry, these are inter-allied manifestations of one indivisible spirit, and they often give their interpretation of the essential in life in terms that are almost interchangeable.

It follows that poets, artists, musicians, have preferred, as a rule, drawing their material first-hand and raw from Nature, to seeking it already cut and polished in other forms of art. However artificial may be the instruments they use, they like to have for manipulation a clump of matter in the rough. Indeed, the only creation of man's hand and brain which has been freely used for translation from one art into another, is that of architecture into the sphere of poetry. So mutable is architecture, that in one curious case we find it passing first through the medium of music before reaching that of poetry, namely, in the poem of Abt Vogler, where the musician, in extemporising on the musical instrument of his invention, builds out of the manifold music a beautiful palace, with "rampired walls of gold, as transparent as glass."

But it should be noted that in this process of transference from one art to another, architecture undergoes a notable change. Architecture is capable of such indefinite extension that it is easy enough to give it a push over the borders of the actual into the realm of the imagination, and, as a matter of fact, architecture in poetry is an ideal quantity, removed to infinite distances from the practical art of to-day, that concerns itself with the building of public libraries and villa residences. The architecture of poetry is made with meteors and lightnings, and the vast glamour of dreams, and gives solidity to its structures by their weight of moral meaning. The simple transmutation of one art into another, unaccomplished by such radical change, the transmutation, say, of music into poetry, of poetry into painting, has been left to the experimental genius of this age of experiment.

One of the dominant needs of the present day is our need to express ourselves; we desire "to utter all ourselves into the air." "Produce! produce!" cries Carlyle. "Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product; produce it, in God's name!"

Our message may be less important than that of past times, but it is more importunate. And the restlessness and self criticism of the age will not let us remain satisfied with any one mode of expression. We are for ever hesitating between prose and verse, between painting, music, and sculpture. We experiment in painting, and then turn our picture into poetry; or, like the French artist, translate our scales of colour into melodious organ-sequences, our masses into designs for

cathedrals. We hover, perplexed, if delighted, about Dante Gabriel Rossetti's extraordinary parallels in art. We brood on the versatility of William Morris, whose craving for expression was so insatiable that neither the vehicle of verse nor of black and white would satisfy it; he must have his message worked into the weavings of the loom, the carving of the craftsman; and then must turn his carpets and woven stuffs back again into word-music and word-colour; so that we have the tapestries and hangings of the bedchamber in Love's golden house displayed before the sight of all in a shop in Oxford Street! Never before did a personality so bridge for us the actual and the ideal.

As an example of the magic beauty which may be made to invest the arts and crafts thus recently introduced into poetry, we may refer to Keats's Ode on a Grecian urn:—

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe, or the dales of Arcady?

The poem is an exquisite interpretation of all that the careless eye must miss; into every line of the "brede of marble men and maidens" the poet has put a delicate music and sentiment. Poetry has set its halo upon the craft of the potter.

For poetry is, as it were, the aroma of the more material arts, hovering about them like perfume above a flower. Like perfume, words retain suggestions, and lend a glamour of association; like perfume, they are by nature somewhat intangible, and transfer material objects to a more ethereal plane. Furthermore, poets see and interpret the edge of impressions which eludes the untrained eye—they show us the *aura* of the Master that floats above his work. Then, they are able to present their objects at the ideal moment when conditions of atmosphere and light are perfect; thus Sir Walter Scott bids us visit Melrose "in the pale moonlight"

When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebony and ivory,
When silver edges the imagery . . .

And, finally, poets have the power of sharpening all our sensibilities through the excitement of emotion—pity, sympathy, or horror—so that every detail of the decorations in the bedroom in "Cymbeline," and even the vaguely-defined carvings in Christabel's chamber, are imprinted in deep, tragic lines on our memories. A heightening of effect—a warmer flush of beauty, or, at least, additional suggestions of meaning—such we may look to find after the transmutation of the crafts into poetry.

Some arts, however, borrow their effects so largely from Nature that they become almost elemental; they attain to so great a perfection that they necessarily lose by translation from one medium into another. Among such we must reckon the art of staining glass, which presses the very light of the sun into its service, whose panels

Catch the sunrobe by the hems
And twist and cut it into gems;

and whose colours grow lustrous beneath the understanding touch of the moon:—

The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride;
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

We cannot imbue words with the rich intensity of stained glass colour—the fierce solemn glory of hue that is framed in deeps of shadowy grey—like a sunrise for ever cut out and burning in twilight—or, to use Mrs. Craigie's magnificent simile, "like a dream set in a rock." Furthermore, this glory is, as a rule, chastened by such asceticism of design, such attenuation of pain and suffering, such sublimity of association, that beside its heaven-won radiance all art seems pale and dim, inadequate to express the burning rapture of self-sacrifice—the sheen that lies about tears. And poets have felt this, for the allusions to stained glass in literature are few, and almost disappointing. Chaucer, in the "Book of the Duchess," makes allusion to stained glass windows, and gives us the subject of them:—

with glas

Were alle the wyndowes wel yglased
Ful clere, and nat an hoole ycrased,
That to beholde it was grete joye.
For holy al the story of Troye
Was in the glasyng ywrought thus; . . .

But there is no description of their beauty.

Milton has atmosphere—atmosphere and suggestion—but without colour or detail:—

Storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light.

Tennyson, in the "Palace of Art," achieves at least a warm intensity of hue, and a most exquisite tracery and contrast of arch:—

Likewise the deep-set windows, stained and traced,
Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires
From shadow'd grots of arches interlaced
And tipped with frost-like spires.

Matthew Arnold, in a longer passage (from "The

Church at Brou,") interprets beautifully the feelings of pure bliss—of satisfied aspiration, awakened in us by stained glass:—

So sleep, for ever sleep, O marble Pair!
Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
On the carved western front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
Prophets, transfigured saints, and martyrs brave
In the vast western window of the nave;
And on the pavement round the tomb there glints
A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,
And amethyst, and ruby—then uncloseth
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your brodered pillows lift your heads
And rise upon your cold, white, marble beds;
And looking down on the warm rosy tints
That chequer, at your feet, the illumined flints,
Say—*What is this? We are in bliss, forgiven—
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven!*

One notices how much room is given in these passages to the secondary beauty of stained glass, namely, the reflection on pavement and pillar. It is as if the major glory could only be approached through the wonder of the minor glory, just as intensity of mountain colour can only be analysed when seen reflected in a lake. And the reflections of stained glass stain, with their dimmer light, more pages of our poetry than the full illumination of the windows themselves. How charming Charles Turner's naming of these flitting reflections—"butterfly souls!" And here is a most perfect rendering of arch and window and reflection, which reminds us once more with what exquisite appreciation Keats values the arts and crafts:—

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of
queens and kings.

Full on the casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross, soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint! . . .

Nor must we forget the light of the oriels shining on the soul in the "Palace of Art":—

Through which the light, rose, amber, emerald, blue,
Flushed in her temples and her eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon drew
Rivers of melodies.

Passing to the consideration of wall decoration, we may divide this section into wall-paintings and woven hangings.

We find in the poets some very charming

suggestions for wall-paintings. Chaucer, for instance, saw the pictorial value of the most familiar of mediaeval romances, and his "wallys . . . were peynte" with "al the Romaunce of the Rose." It is indeed an eminently decorative subject, with its childish simplicity of fortress line, its conventionality of allegorical personage, and the freshness and flush that go with the allusions to the

Roser chargid fulle of rosis
That with an hedge aboute enclosid is.

Swinburne suggests a very beautiful series of religious subjects for narrow panels. It is a passage of marvellous simplicity and vividness :

And either wall of the slow corridor
Was dim with deep device of gracious things ;
Some angel's steady mouth and weight of wings
Shut to the side ; or Peter with straight stole
And beard cut black against the aureole
That spanned his head from nape to crown ; thereby
Mary's gold hair thick to the girdle-tie
Wherein was bound a child with tender feet ;
Or the broad cross with blood nigh brown on it.

Like Swinburne, it is with a series of figures that Tennyson adorns the dais of his Palace of Art :—

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare, bland and mild ;
And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song
And somewhat grimly smiled.
And there the Ionian father of the rest ;
A million wrinkles carved his skin ;
A hundred winters' snowed upon his breast
From cheek, and throat, and chin.

It is a fact of curious significance that tapestries occupy a far larger space in the wall-decoration of literature than do paintings. Indeed, generally speaking, tapestry is nearer akin to poetry than is painting ; it is a step further from the actual, and it gathers a vague, dreamy atmosphere about it, full of suggestion. Then the colours of tapestry have a softness, a shadowy richness, a brilliance faded or veiled, which can hardly be attained by the cruder methods of the brush. There is a glamour even about the workmanship, with its threads of silver and gold, its material of emerald and pearl.

Take, for instance, the effect observed by Spenser of the interweaving of gold thread in the arras hangings of the House of Busyrane. It would be impossible for paint to achieve the same delicacy of hinted light :

For round about the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great majesty
Woven with gold and silk so close and near
That the rich metal lurked privily,
As feigning to be hid from envious eye :
Yet here and there and everywhere unawares,
It showed itself and shone unwillingly ;
Like a discoloured snake whose hidden snares
Through the green grass his long bright tarnish'd
back declares.

And here is another passage of daring colour, which brings us very close to the craft of the weaver :—

Such dyes as stain the parrot's wing,
The May flowers, or the evening sky,
Made bright the silken tapestry ;
And threaded pearls therein were wrought,
And emeralds from far eastlands brought.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Morris's hangings have not always this splendid richness. Here, for instance, is another passage from "The Earthly Paradise," which is worked in the sober colouring of Burne-Jones, to whom, with William Morris, is due the revival of the art of tapestry in this generation :

A goodly hall
With glorious hangings on the wall
Inwrought with trees of every clime,
And stories of the ancient time,
But all of sorcery they were
For o'er the dais Venus fair,
Fluttered about by many a dove,
Made hopeless men for hopeless love,
Both sick and sorry ; there they stood
Wrought wonderfully in various mood
But wasted all by that hid fire,
Of measureless, o'er-sweet desire,
And let the hurrying world go by
Forgetting all felicity.

These lines vividly recall Burne-Jones's marvellous series of tapestries, with their knights and maidens, wasted by hid fire—tapestries which, by making the colours of the flesh and the too aggressive hues of life pale before the stress of the soul, have achieved an even more lovely sentiment of fading than the years have given to the tapestries of old times.

Tapestry in poetry is the medium Tennyson has chosen to embody the most beautiful colour-pictures he has given us. Spenser, in his long account of the classical designs of his tapestries, only occasionally indicates their delicacy of colouring, as, for instance, Neptune's horses :—

His sea-horses did seem to snort amain,
And from their nostrils blow the briny steam
That made the sparkling waves to smoke again
And flame with gold ; but the white foaming cream
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beam.

James Thomson, in the pastoral tapestries in the Castle of Indolence, omits the consideration of colour altogether, confining himself to a bald list of subjects :—

Reclining lovers in the lonely dale
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart
Depainted was the patriarchal age
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.

But in the Palace of Art it is colour first and foremost that the poet aims at setting before us—

simple colour of landscape and sea: exquisite combinations in figure pictures.

Tennyson surpasses himself in this series of stanzas, each sized and spaced to a picture; each full of subdued atmosphere; each in itself separate and perfect. It may be noted that while the mosaic floor of the palace symbolises labour, and treats of the "cycles of the human tale":—

The people here, a beast of burden slow
Toil'd onward, pricked with goads and stings;
Here play'd a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings,

while the paintings of the palace, as mentioned above, portray wise men, and appeal to the mind; the arras-hangings are purely esthetic, concerning themselves only with beauty—with beauty, and suggestions of peace. The very colours seem woven into ideals of themselves, the greens and blues

Showing a gaudy summer morn,
Where with puffed cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathed bugle-horn;

the dark tapestries of red—

A tract of sand
And someone pacing there alone
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land
Lit by a low, large moon;

and the purity of white and gold that is suggested in this verse:

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea
Near gilded organ pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept Saint Cicely,
An angel looked at her.

There is a curious charm in the sense of motion suspended for all eternity, the charm that Keats found so potent in the figures on his Grecian urn. Several of Tennyson's tapestry subjects have this arrested tension; we read of Europa's mantle, caught in the wind, blown unclasped from off her shoulder; of the Ausonian king, hollowing one hand against his ear, to list for the wood-nymph's footfall. The tension is sometimes so great that it creates a sense of movement; we all remember in our childish days, the mystery and rapture, when, in "The Snow Queen," the tapestried hunting-party began to gallop down the green glades. Tennyson feels the movement of this design of his:—

One showed an iron coast and angry waves,
You seemed to hear them climb and fall,
And roar, rock thwarted under bellowing caves,
Beside the windy wall.

And William Morris has experienced the same sensation:—

the wall—
Its woven waters seem'd to fall,
Its trees, its beasts, its loom-wrought folk
Now seem'd indeed as though they woke
And moved unto him as they went.

Furthermore, Morris gives to the pavement of Love's House, an appearance of motion:—

At last she came unto a chamber cool,
Paved cunningly in manner of a pool,
Where red fish seem'd to swim through floating weed,
And at the first she thought it so indeed,
And took the sandals quickly from her feet . . .

The art of floor decoration has, however, received but meagre treatment in literature. The mosaic pavement in the Palace of Art has already been alluded to. William Morris, as a rule, would seem to prefer to mosaic, marbles covered with webs "wrought by the brown, slim-fingered Indian's toil."

Here, for instance, is a marble floor, worked in a very beautiful and simple scheme of colour:—

I passed betwixt the pillars whose long shade,
Black on the white, red-veined floor was laid.

Again, in the "Lady of the Land":—

Marble was the worst stone of the floor,
That with rich Indian webs was covered o'er.

A design for a carpet is indicated with fuller detail in this passage:—

If such things hid the marble walls,
What wonder that the swift footfalls
Were dulled upon the marble floor
By silken webs from some far shore,
Whereon were pictured images
Of other birds and other trees,
And other beasts than these men knew;
That from the vaulted ceilings blue
Stars shone like Danae's coming shower;
Or that some deftly painted bower,
Thence mocked the roses of that day?

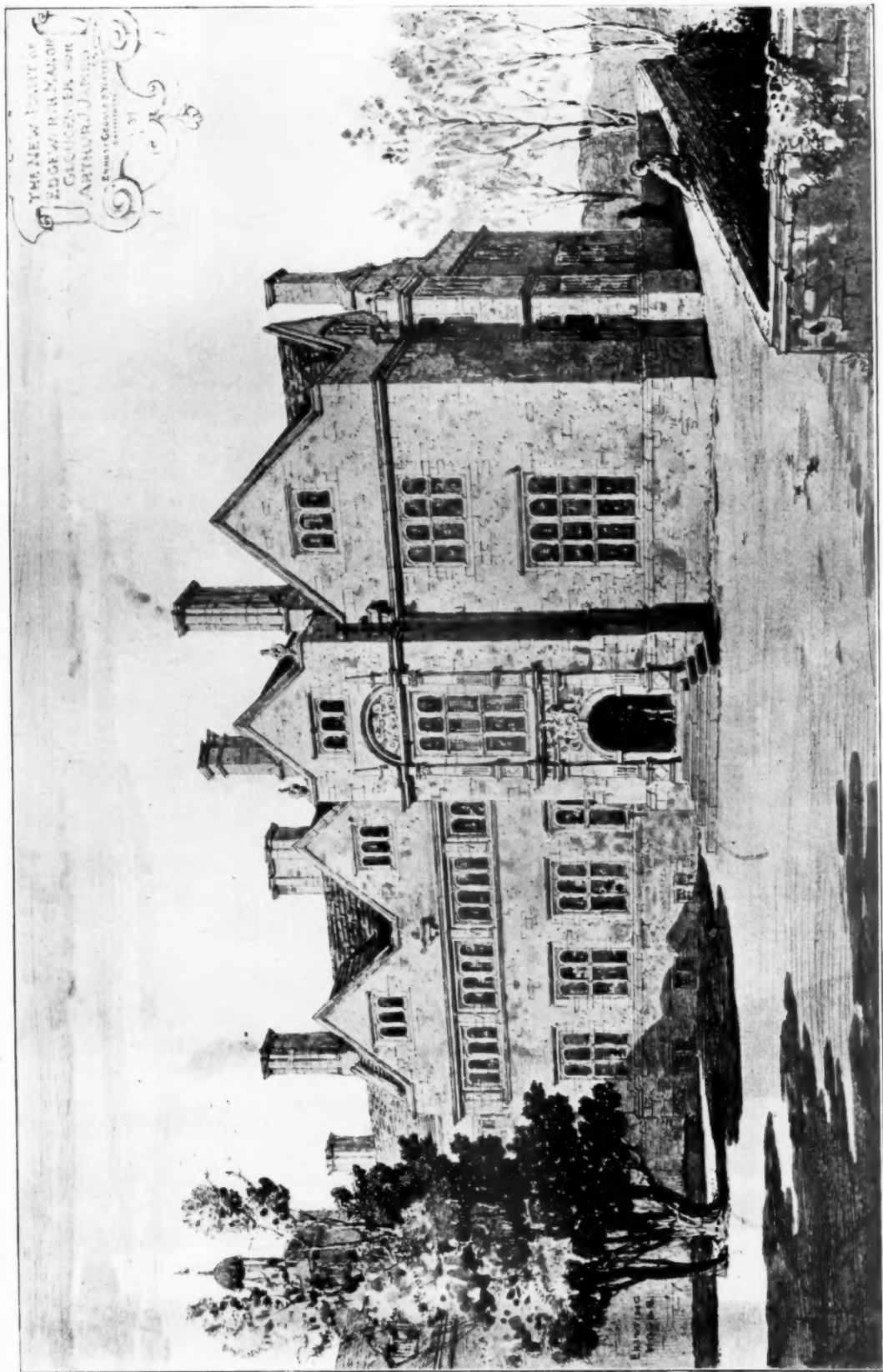
In considering these passages dealing with the arts and crafts in poetry, we are bound to feel how valuable is the interpretation of one art by another art; how each may be made to benefit by the slightly varying methods and slightly varying ideals of the other, and how the halls of literature have become more dimly radiant by reason of the stained-glass windows set within them, more richly varied with series of glorious paintings, and more dreamily suggestive with tapestry-hangings stirring about "long-sounding corridors" that overvault "grateful gloom."

CURRENT ARCHITECTURE.

PARISH HALL AND CLUB ROOM, HUNGERFORD, BERKS.—The principal portion of the site is occupied by the parish hall, 58ft. long and 28ft. wide, next to which is the club room, 30ft. by 24ft., with separate entrance and lavatory accommodation. These two rooms are warmed from the heating chamber below. The parish hall has an open-timber oak roof, and the walls are



NEW BOARDERS' HOUSE, BRADFIELD
COLLEGE, BERKS: MERVYN E.
MACARTNEY, ARCHITECT.



NEW PART OF EDGEWORTH MANOR,
GLOUCESTER: ERNEST GEORGE AND
YEATES, ARCHITECTS.

panelled in oak up to within 2ft. 6in. of the wall-plate, the intervening space being filled with a specially designed frieze, stencilled on jute, manufactured by Messrs. Rottmann and Co. The front portion of the building contains the caretaker's quarters, and a sitting-room, bedroom, spare bedroom, and bath-room for the use of a curate. The building generally is of red brick, and the roofs are covered with old tiles taken from a barn which used to stand on the site.

The cost of the entire building amounts to about £4000, and the work has been executed by Messrs. J. Wooldridge and Sons, of Hungerford, the architect being Mr. Arthur C. Blomfield, of the firm of Sir Arthur Blomfield and Sons.

and Yeates, comprises a wing built of limestone quarried on the adjoining estate, the roofs being of local roofing stones. A drawing in brown wash of the hall and staircase is exhibited at the Royal Academy, and shows the walls panelled to the stone arches of the transomed windows. The stairs rise behind an arcaded screen, and the ceiling is of parquet. The contractors were Messrs. Hayward and Wooster, of Bath.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

OURS is a country peculiarly rich in historic and sentimental landmarks ; rich, one



PARISH HALL AND CLUB ROOM, HUNGERFORD, BERKS.

A. C. BLOMFELD, ARCHITECT.

THE NEW BOARDERS' HOUSE, BRADFIELD COLLEGE, BERKS, from designs by Mr. Macartney, has just been completed, and is designed to accommodate sixty-six boarders with resident staff. The style is a domestic type of Renaissance, and is a welcome change from much of the present-day domestic work. The house is built of local red brick, and hollow walls have been employed. In addition to open fireplaces, the building is heated with hot water pipes, and lighted throughout with electric light.

* * * * *

THE NEW PART OF EDGEWORTH MANOR, GLOUCESTER, designed by Messrs. Ernest George

might almost dare to say, in these things beyond all other lands. That we, however, of all peoples should be thus richly dowered is something of a paradox, because, of all nations, we are the least sentimental and but little given to musing upon sites where perchance the fates of dynasties were sealed, and the fortunes of others made ; where poets dreamed, or where seers foresaw and prophesied. We are a practical people, as we are never tired of proclaiming to the listening earth, which smiles superior, and immediately proceeds to undersell us in markets essentially our own preserves. Practical—thus to concede the point—we have the defects of that quality in our unfortunate

lack of the imaginative faculty, a gift denied to all Englishmen save those whose business it is to draw up the contents bills of the evening papers. Our battlefields, and spots famed in song or legend, are either unmarked by monuments, or else disfigured by memorials of the most vulgar, or at the least commonplace, type. A witty Frenchman held that Waterloo was avenged in the dreadful equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington that once surmounted the Triumphal Arch at Hyde Park Corner, and other eyesores desecrating historic landmarks are not far to seek. Hadley Green has its inoffensive obelisk, erected considerably over a century ago, marking the site of the Battle of Barnet; but even here the utilitarian friend has been at work, and beneath the inscription, also cut in stone, we find the recent codicil "STICK NO BILLS." Historic sentiment, recalled thus vividly to the nineteenth century, flies abashed!

* * * *

HIGHGATE HILL is a spot, if not historic, at least informed with the pretty sentiment that clings around the legend of Dick Whittington. No need to recount here the story of Dick and his Cat; how the bells bade him—

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London,"

or how the bells, as after years proved, spoke truly. Every nursery hears the tale; every "grown up" remembers it, and possibly it still makes for inspiration. But alas! for the spot itself, marked by a commonplace stone bearing the dates when Sir Richard Whittington was Lord Mayor, surrounded by spiky iron railings, and surmounted with a gas lamp bearing the name of a public-house opposite. Bathos? Aye, and more. High treason to the tender and inspiriting legends of our youth.

* * * *

WITH new town halls and municipal buildings rising all over the country, some good, but mostly bad from an architectural standpoint, it is rather surprising to find a town whose councillors seem anxious to do without such a monument to their incorporation. Such appears, however, to be the case with the councillors of Ayr. Until two years and a half ago Ayr possessed a town hall which, although by no means an attractive building from the street, was of good proportions, and in many ways suited to its requirements. If my memory serves me rightly, it was somewhat gloomy inside with its dark panelling and gallery, and the sanitary arrangements left much to be desired. The whole building was then destroyed by fire, and up to the present very little seems to have been done to rebuild it. As is usual in such cases, there are various opinions as to what is best to be done. Some advocate rebuilding on the same site, while others

favour a new hall on a new site. Again, some of the council have pledged themselves that the cost shall not exceed £9500, and, although a suitable building might have been erected at the time of the fire for this sum, the cost of materials is now at least 33 per cent. more than it was then, and the same building would at the present time cost about £13,000. A competition was arranged for amongst local architects, and most stringent conditions laid down as to cost, with a result that all the competitors withdrew except one firm, Messrs. Douglas, Hunter, and Whitson, who estimated the cost of a suitable building erected in a "creditable manner" at £13,000 to £14,000. The Town Council is now in a quandary as to what is to be done. In the meantime Ayr has no town hall, and is not likely to have one. One cannot help thinking that if economy has to be carried to such lengths, the site which the old town hall occupied, in the best part of the town, might have been let or have been put to some use until the powers that be have made up their minds whether Ayr can do without a town hall or not.

A HISTORY OF GOTHIC ART IN ENGLAND: BY E. S. PRIOR.

ONE can picture to oneself Professor Moore rubbing his eyes over the title of this book, and exclaiming, "Bless my soul! Why, I thought I had exploded that myth once for all!" but Mr. Prior is not American, and does not share the American's blind partiality for all things French. The indebtedness of England to France had, indeed, come to be generally over-estimated; writers on Gothic architecture only varied in the nice discrimination of more and less; but it remained for Professor Moore to declare, in a spirit of narrow partisanship, that, in its translation to this country, Gothic architecture had lost all claim to the title. Mr. Prior not only refuses to subscribe to arbitrary and misleading limitations, but he appeals to solid facts to show that we have done ourselves less than justice in crediting France with the origination of beauties which are of veritable native growth, and these facts are marshalled in a way which testifies equally to the ability and thoroughness of the writer.

Gothic has been defined as "a system of mechanism maintained by thrust and counter-thrust"; Mr. Prior holds that no mere mechanical contrivance could unlock the emotions by which art exists, the key to such "may indeed come in economy of material, but as the means for the perfection of grace." The comely flesh and blood, then, of the English style, is an expression of the Gothic idea as lovably complete as the severer and more logical correctness of French tradition is admirably so. "English art," says Mr. Prior,

"kept the fancy and tenderness of a genuine humour; in France the intensity is that of a Greek tragedy; but, all the same, the Gothic spirit itself was one in both countries."

The arguments on which the theory of a pervading French influence are based may, as the writer claims, be easily summed up in a rough way, and as easily answered. How this is done cannot be more than hinted at within the limits of a notice. It must suffice to say that the building of Canterbury choir by William of Sens, and, fifty years later, Henry III.'s action in sending for the newest fashion direct from France, under the stimulus of which our second phase of Gothic was said to have been created, are corner stones in the argument of the French party, to which Mr. Prior rejoins that the influence of William of Sens was stillborn, that William, the Englishman who succeeded him, and who is wrongly stated by some to have been his pupil, began almost immediately—as soon as he had used up the worked stones—to build on very different lines, more rather than less Gothic, and characteristically English; further, that the effect produced by Westminster Abbey was transitory beyond all the probabilities. The humour continued to be all for broad, low effects, as against what Mr. Prior dubs the "leanness" of the continental type, while such likeness as there is between French and English work was due to the chance that it was for a period running on somewhat similar lines in the two countries, and not to any imitative impulse on the part of the English craftsmen; finally, that the first years of the fourteenth century saw a style as distinctively English as perpendicular itself in the fullness of vigorous life.

Apropos of the generally accepted derivation of the square east end from Citeaux, Mr. Prior says with much truth that, even if it were the case, it would be a question of ecclesiastical, not racial, filiation, but he points to the existence of the feature at St. Martin's, Dover, in Bishop Gundulph's work at Rochester and elsewhere, as well as to its adoption at Laon by a bishop who had been Chancellor of England, as proving not only that the earliest known examples are English, but that already in the twelfth century a French bishop who was imbued with English ideas, showed his predilection by the abandonment of the national chevet. That the square east end of Citeaux was reproduced generally in Cistercian churches as distinguished from the abbeys of the Benedictine order proves nothing beyond the power of the Mother Establishment to exert a controlling influence.

The whole subject of planning is one of great interest, the square east end, the great side porch, the long arms stretching north and south from the crossing, the ever lengthening perspective of the choir, everywhere English tradition runs on its own

lines, and preserves, by direct inheritance, as Mr. Prior thinks, the outlines of the simple little Irish structures of the sixth century. "The type followed the Irish into Scotland, and, under the teaching of the Scottish missionaries, revived in Saxon England." The well-known example at Bradford-on-Avon at once proclaims its descent from Cormac's Chapel, and forces on one the conviction that here are the rude beginnings of our great parish church plans.

Mr. Prior carries us on by porch and chantry and lengthened chancel, by aisle added to aisle, till the simple Saxon place has grown into a mass of complicated groupings like those of Witney or Burford, or St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth.

Here, as always, whether he is tracing the development of leaf carving, the forms and modifications of piers, the treatment of the wall face, he shows that large, imaginative grasp, without which industry is only as that of Dryasdust. He follows a motive, it may be through the county of Wootton Bassett, it may be through Augustinian buildings, a motive depending now on material, now on moral causes, and makes a necklace of the stray beads. Every example serves to emphasise some point, to supply a link, to establish a relation. Such workmanship ensures a cordial welcome, but what goes to one's heart is the unblushing hardihood of the writer's patriotism, even although it is not always to be justified. While the French school shudders at the mere mention of a wall rib, Mr. Prior waxes lyrical over the "radiance" of English wall treatment. Our western screens at Ely, Lincoln, Wells, Exeter—great open-air iconostases—which some have condoned with an air of apology, hold him spell-bound, but these are questions of taste, and here perhaps one may not always see quite with his eyes. It is possible to smile at Professor Moore or M. Gonse, and yet feel that wooden vaulting is a falsity, and a flat ceiling somewhat of a bathos. Mr. Prior asks one to admire a bay of the nave at Christ Church, Dublin, but, admitting that the mere forms are pleasant to the eye, one must resent the almost barbarously large proportion of solids to voids on plan, and contrast the mass of rubble pier with the sinewy strength of French examples, little to the advantage of the former.

Considering his rather intolerant attitude towards decorative work, Mr. Prior is strangely enamoured of perpendicular, even to the T-square aspects of it, such as the everlasting wall panelling, which Ruskin regarded as the most purely mechanical way of enriching a wall, and what in the modern vault he holds up to execration, as well as everything else in modern Gothic, that the "curves are brought to the tracing of the compasses," he seems to look upon in fifteenth century work, in common with Viollet-le-Duc, as the last word of English good sense.

One little omission may be noticed in his treatment of the subordination of tracery and the position in which the glass was set, that a common way to secure delicacy in the traceried head was to set the glass nearer the outside of the wall there than in the main lights. The east window of Merton Chapel is a case in point.

Mr. Prior's style is good, of course, but the book would make easier reading if he put some restraint on his love of metaphor and lent a less willing ear to the seductions of preciosity; the illustrations are uneven, but for the most part excellent, and a commendable use is made of them; they come in connection with the letterpress which deals with them, and are referred to over and over again where a better understanding of the text suggests it.

Finally, we may say that what Mr. Blomfield did for Renaissance, Mr. Prior has done up to a certain point for Gothic; both books are of unusually high class, a credit to their authors, and, through them, to the profession at large.

A. E. S.

"A History of Gothic Art in England." By Edward S. Prior, with illustrations by Gerald Horsley. London: Geo. Bell and Sons. 1900.

THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN: BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

INTO a volume of convenient form and of much interest, Mr. Collingwood has re-cast his earlier "Life and Work of John Ruskin." His preface is sufficiently explanatory of this re-modelling; "not merely the reprint. . . . The whole has been re-written. . . . The story unfinished before is now brought down to its close." That last sentence is magnetic: the magic of a great personality attracts irresistibly, and who would not know all that one might, with reverence, desire to know of the closing chapters of a wonderful life-story, transcribed as these are with loving insight and scholarly conception?

Had Ruskin's strength enabled him to continue his own "Praeterita," its full frank pages, completed now by some understanding hand, had almost sufficed those who follow him in a "Love's Meinie" of admiration and regard. Not the less are we grateful to Mr. Collingwood for his able use of exceptional opportunities, for his restrained careful judgment, and withal tender appreciation of his valued friend in this, rightly, uncontroversial epitome of a highly gifted and nobly-productive career.

It had been said—"all England will mourn when Ruskin dies," and truly England, though pulsating with the pain of a great war, did sorrowfully thrill with sad sense of loss when this one among the pure in heart went to see more of God.

L. A.

"The Life of John Ruskin." By W. G. Collingwood. London Methuen & Co., Essex Street, Strand. 1900. 6s.

CORREGGIO: BY SELWYN BRINTON.

MR. SELWYN BRINTON'S "Correggio" is a pleasant addition to Messrs. Bell's series of Great Masters. The story of the artist's life—known and conjectured—is clearly and effectively retold, while the descriptions of his works, and especially of the Parma frescoes, are admirable. No one who reads the little volume with moderate attention can fail to obtain clear ideas of Correggio's peculiar message and manner of giving it, of the influences which helped to develop his art, and the bent of genius which kept it essentially unique. The works are classified in several groups, the characteristics of each group are carefully studied and amply illustrated. The Franciscan Madonna is taken as the test work of the early pictures, and to it and the three series of frescoes most space is given. It is interesting to find Mr. Brinton of opinion that the resemblance in the frescoes at San Giovanni to the work of Raphael is so strong as to make Correggio's conjectured visit to Rome almost a certainty. In connection with the same series of frescoes, warm acknowledgment is made of the debt students of Correggio owe to Signor Toschi's conscientious labours.

"Correggio." By Selwyn Brinton. Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture. London: Geo. Bell and Sons. 1900.

THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS: BY "X."

UNDER the original title, but very much supplemented by reprints of warrants, Acts, etc., and otherwise enlarged, "X." has republished the papers on heraldry which first appeared in the "Saturday Review." The author's object, which he seems to attain, is to prove that, in order to establish the right to bear arms in England by inheritance, legitimate male descent must be proved to the satisfaction of the College of Arms, from some person to whom the right has been granted by patent or confirmed at the Visitation, and that unless arms have been sanctioned at some time or other by the Crown or its officers, they are neither legal nor valid. Upon those who bear them not so sanctioned "X" pours much contempt. His manner is, indeed, decidedly aggressive and argumentative throughout; but he is extremely interesting, and especially so in the account which he gives of the origin and authority of the Earl Marshal, of the officers of the College and Arms, the manner of granting arms, and of the sixteenth and seventeenth century "Visitations."

E. M. M.

"The Right to Bear Arms." By "X." London: Elliot Stock. 1900.

